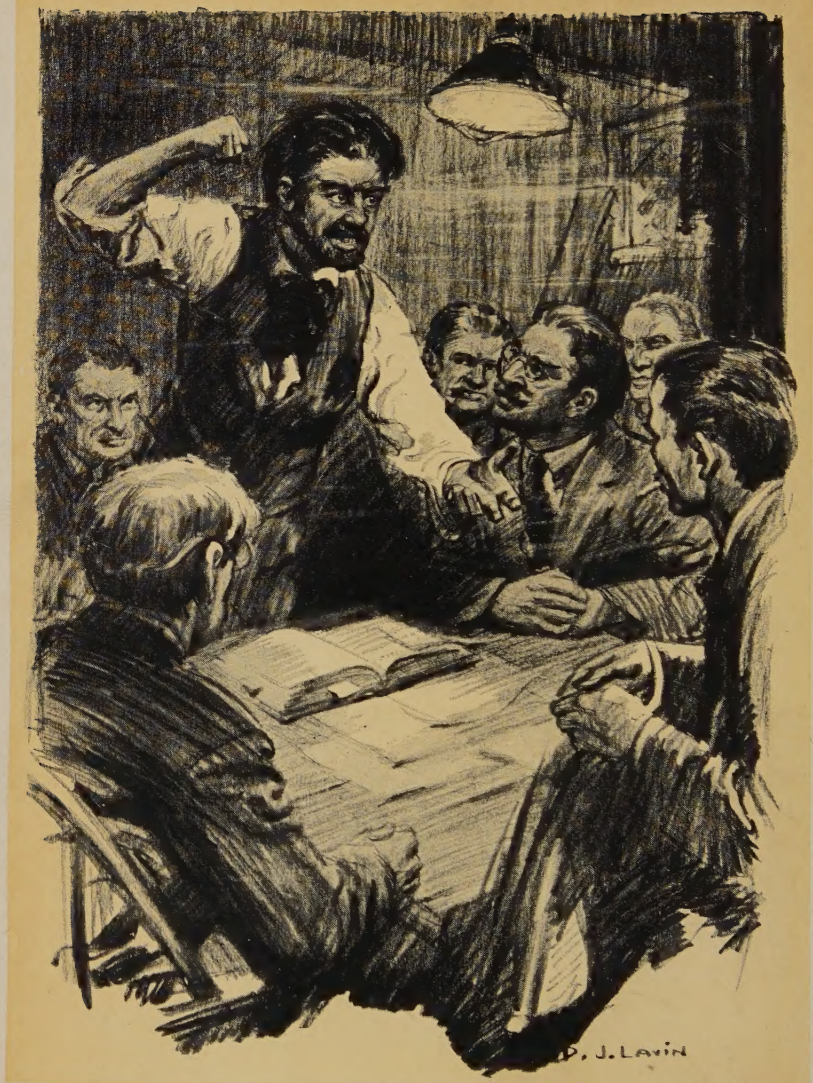
Hadley

Sinister Shadows

DISCARD
THE CHICAGO PUBLIC LIBRARY
DISCARD
LITERATURE AND LANGUAGE
11/77

DISCAR
B00046 08062

SINISTER SHADOWS



"I TELL YOU THE HOUR HAS STRUCK"

(*Page 83*)

Sinister Shadows

By

Edwin Marshall Hadley

CHICAGO

THE TOWER PRESS, INC.

180 North Michigan Avenue

1929

CHICAGO PUBLIC LIBRARY

FIC

COPYRIGHT, 1929, BY
EDWIN MARSHALL HADLEY
All Rights Reserved

DISCARD

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

434243
4134

TO THE
WORTHY PROFESSORS
OF MY YOUTH

As a debt of gratitude this book is dedicated, with the hope that, in a humble way, it may aid them and their worthy successors in purging their ranks of those who are bringing discredit upon one of the noblest of professions.

PREFACE AND PROPHECY

WHEN this book takes wing for its initial flight, certain wild eyed hunters will foregather with slingshots, cross bows, blunderbusses and poisoned arrows, frantically endeavoring to bring it down.

Among the number of the hunters will be a certain writer in Kansas—a woman novelist in Wisconsin—a rabbi in New York—a columnist discharged from a New York newspaper—a professor discharged from Columbia —a notorious criminal lawyer in Illinois—a discredited radical minister of the gospel in New York City—a smug social worker in Chicago—a discharged professor of an old college in the East, now professor in a Mid-West university—a professor in a fashionable Eastern school for girls—a certain dean of an eastern law school, etc., etc., etc., etc.

An aggregation of critics who clamor, in season and out, for a free speech that would go to the length of advocating violence, are going to read in "Sinister Shadows," Free Speech,* not the kind they are striving for, but Free Speech, that advocates *construction* and not *destruction.*

The object of this book will be accomplished if it succeeds in driving such critics into the open where Americans can see them under a bright sunlight.

The writer of this story suggests to the defamers of those who love our country, that the time has passed for defensive only, on the part of those against whom ridicule

*See Chapter XIX, page 254, for U. S. Supreme Court definition and decision.

has been levelled on account of their love for their country.

In our military hospitals are gallant men. For ten years they have been there. They paid the price for our security.

The royalties of this book will be turned over to the Advertising Men's Post Number 38 of the American Legion which will administer the funds through the "Veteran's Welfare Committee and the Board of Directors for the relief of the wounded and incapacitated veterans of the World War."

It is for these boys and for the fathers and mothers of the coming generation, this book has been written with the eager and earnest desire that the teaching in our institutions of learning may be sound and sane.

* * *

The Communist and Socialist reviewers and critics march under exact orders. Here are the orders:

> "We must take care that our writers be *well puffed* and that the *reviewers* do not depreciate them; therefore we must endeavor by every means to gain over the *reviewers and journalists;* and we must also try to gain the *booksellers,* who in time will see it is *to their interest to side with us.*"
>
> (Professor John Robison, professor of Natural Philosophy, Edinburgh, in "Proofs of a Conspiracy," page 191.)

> "If a writer publishes anything that attracts notice and is in itself just, but *does not accord with our plan,* we must endeavor to win him over or *decry him.*"
>
> (Professor John Robison, professor of Natural Philosophy, Edinburgh, in "Proofs of a Conspiracy," page 194.)

There is the program—the plan of Professor Weishaupt, the founder of "Illuminism" from which came the Marxian Serpent that is leaving its slimy trail across our literature of today.

That is why the author of "Sinister Shadows" knows the *Book* will be *decried*. The order will go out *"decry it."*

America, however, has a way of making up its own mind when facts are in her possession. She does not need the assistance of critics who "decry" everything not lending itself to destructive propaganda.

Let the writer of this book suggest that in the duel of pens, the button on the end of his pen is easily removed.

Whether it remains on or is taken off depends upon the actions of the critics who seek to tear down our American Institutions.

THE AUTHOR.

Contents

CHAPTER		PAGE
I	Peddler Zug	3
II	Standing on the Knoll	16
III	The Torch Passed On	25
IV	The Coded Telegram	32
V	The Debacle of Russia	37
VI	Cobwebs and Victims	56
VII	Plots and Plans	72
VIII	The Meeting of Two Old Friends	93
IX	The Dawn of Yesterday	113
X	The Sowing of Tares	122
XI	The Sword of Damocles	160
XII	Figs and Thistles	169
XIII	The Hidden Key	182
XIV	"Let There Be Light"	200
XV	The Searchlight of Definitions	211
XVI	Behind the Curtain	219
XVII	The Lure of Loot	233
XVIII	The Trap and the Bait	241
XIX	Thus Spake the Court	253
XX	The Witches' Cauldron	256
XXI	Under the Doors of Congress	262
XXII	The Trail Through Europe and Asia	268
XXIII	While We Sleep	277
XXIV	The Shade of Herod Stalks at Dusk	286
XXV	College Degrees and Prison Stripes	297
XXVI	The Little White Hen Lays an Egg	309

CHAPTER		PAGE
XXVII	The College President and the Gangster	314
XXVIII	The Quicksands of Rage	324
XXIX	Examination Time	333
XXX	The Revenge That Banished Reason	336
XXXI	The Woman Spurned	339
XXXII	The Third Down, Two Minutes to Play	346
XXXIII	The Hour of Decision	356
XXXIV	Drastic Remedies	369
XXXV	The Peddler Completes the Circle	376
	An Afterword	383

SINISTER SHADOWS

Chapter I

PEDDLER ZUG

"Rags an' old iron,
Rags an' old iron."

Long before the old bay horse poked his white nose into the alley, the voice of old Zug, sing-song and monotonous, came floating around the corner—"Rags an' old iron."

A pathetic figure of a man was old Zug, the Russian Jew, huddled on the seat of the dilapidated, weather-beaten wagon piled high with the pick-up of the day. His old felt hat, through long association, had fallen into typical curves and creases. It would have been difficult to have pictured Zug in any hat other than that old nondescript felt. His eyes, slitted by many summer suns and many winters' driving snows, seemed to mirror in their depths the woes of far away Russia. They told of a long line of Zugs scourged with the whip of Autocracy and symbolized, at one and the same time, the cringing of the ruled and the undying hatred of the oppressed; but, with it all the faint but unquenchable spark of hope.

No razor had ever profaned his face. His eyes looked out upon the world through a veritable jungle growth of whiskers. His forehead, high and seamed, however, was that of a thinker and redeemed his face from mediocrity.

From time to time he clacked mechanically to his old horse and at times he made great show of waving his whip menacingly; but, through long experience, the old bay had

learned that these demonstrations always subsided without damage, and he accepted the outbursts as part and parcel of his daily routine.

On top of the load sat Zug's only son, Izzy, belying his youthful age of twelve years by the hard scheming lines of his little face, making one think indistinctly of a weasel.

On down the alley went the groaning and protesting wagon and the bay horse with ears flopping grotesquely.

On a back fence sat the youthful heir of Conover. The two boys, one on the back fence, the other on the wagon, looked into one another's eyes. Hard would it have been to have imagined a greater contrast than these two boys afforded, one the son of a Russian Jew, the other the offspring of a long line of Nordic ancestors; the one a part of the flotsam and jetsam thrown on our shores by the careless tides of immigration, the other, one whose ancestors carved an empire from the American wilderness decades ago.

Hate and envy glared from little Zug's eyes, surprise and wonderment from young Conover's. In the meeting of two people ofttimes antipathy quickens in a flash. It was so written in the book of life before their little hands thumbed its pages. The shrill voice of Izzy hurling denunciations at his hereditary foe caused Zug to turn around.

His memory sped back to the hatreds and raucous quarreling voices of barbaric Russia.

For a few seconds he seemed powerless to speak. Accustomed as he was to violent scenes, he was unprepared for the realization that in the person of his own small son had been distilled a venom so malignant, so diabolical that

all human traits had been changed in the twinkling of an eye to the instincts of a ferocious beast. The wolfish glare in his eyes, lips drawn back from grinding teeth, the tenseness of impatient fingers, all combined to paralyze the father.

Suddenly the dam of surprise and indecision gave way and from Zug's lips came a torrent of Yiddish that rose and fell like the waves of an angry sea, submerging by its swirling volume, the little throwback whose anger had precipitated the flood of words that were now engulfing him.

Rose and fell that volume of words. Now and then came a snarling interlocution until snarls faded to mutterings and mutterings finally dwindled to silence.

With a final admonition Zug shrugged his shoulders and again took up his task, but into the cry of "Rags an' old iron" there crept a new note, one of bewilderment and apprehension.

Memory carried him back to a Russian hovel. On the bare ground with a few rags under her lay his wife in child labor. Around her, defying the pleadings of the husband, stood half-drunken Cossacks singing ribald songs and polluting the air with obscene remarks.

In such an atmosphere was ushered into the world Izzy, inheriting the prejudices, the animosities and the hatred of his class.

Then arrived the day when the great resolution was made. Groping to find a way out, the dazzling thought possessed him—why not put it all behind him and go to America?

So came about the Great Adventure and Zug, his wife

and the small boy, Izzy, found themselves in the steerage of a great ocean liner plowing through the waves towards the land of promise.

The discomforts of the steerage did not exist for the Zugs. It was better than they had ever known in Russia.

The quagmires and nightmares of oppressive Russia were back there in the wake of the steamer.

The swish of the knout of the Cossacks, he heard no longer. Whisperings and plots were a thing of the past in his new land of freedom.

It seemed as if he could never fill his lungs enough with the glorious air of emancipation.

His goings and his comings were his own affair.

He was old—too old, maybe, to avail himself of all its opportunities; but, he dreamed dreams for his only son.

Dreams that dazzled—but—could he make over this were-wolf son of his?

Could he change the natural product of the hatreds of his class?

Long after the old wagon turned the corner of the alley, young Conover remained sitting on the fence thinking over the strange incident, and in his boyish way reconstructing the scene.

* * * * *

A few years later the two boys entered the Freshman class of a local High School.

Although young Zug was possessed of a bright mind, the natural venom in his makeup dominated all his actions. He established no companionships, was known as a morose boy incapable of friendships, but credited with an oddly balanced brilliancy.

He was gloomy and taciturn, leaning towards mysticism with the odd and bizarre appealing to him—a mind filled with phantasmagoria.

After school hours he haunted the bookshops and the libraries. His very oddness, feeding upon itself, produced a mental jaundice.

He was familiar with the books written by tainted geniuses. He developed a taste for literature that was "high" and was drawn irresistibly to the "odor of decay emanating from unbalanced brains."

What, then, was more natural than that such a one should gravitate to Rousseau, Weishaupt, Marx, Engels, Bakunin, Babeuf, Nietzsche and similar twisted mentalities?

One day in the Senior year of the High School in a history class, Conover, who had made special preparation on the American Constitution, was telling the class of his findings, when young Zug sprang to his feet and with flashing eyes sought to tear down everything that loyalty and nationalism and patriotism had built up.

On and on his fanaticism carried him. Hate motivated him and back of that, envy and greed.

The professor and the class sat dumfounded. It was elemental and tempestuous.

"I know these things," he shouted, "I am a dialectician, the superior of you all."

That night his path and Conover's crossed as they were leaving the schoolhouse. A group of Seniors was standing in front of the school discussing the affair. Young Zug came out the door. Immediately the cry was started and taken up by all: "Make way for the Dialectician!"

This book promises to be

When he approached the group, his egotism did not permit going around it, but he sought to force his way through.

Someone pushed Conover towards him. Instantly Zug's face became distorted with rage, and he spat full in Conover's face.

For a second, the group froze into living statues.

"Will you wipe that off?" came the low, even voice of Conover.

The answer came in a repetition, accompanied with a torrent of invectives.

Then started a fight that became a classic in that school, a story that classes told succeeding classes.

A crowd quickly formed. Angry murmurs swelled as Zug repeatedly tried foul tactics. Fuel was added to the intense flame of his anger by the cool tactics of Conover.

And as the fight went on, the coolness of the one drove the other to desperation.

Now Zug was fighting with hands, feet, finger nails and teeth. His head he sought to use as a battering ram.

But Conover took what he couldn't avoid and awaited his time. Zug was weakening. Conover feinted him into an opening and then with all his weight behind a short blow, drove into the solar plexus and, when Zug doubled over, shot in a right upper cut to the chin, following by a left to the nose.

A battered youngster was on the ground, gory and disgusting.

Not a hand went to his assistance.

"Will someone please get me a basin of water?" asked Conover.

When it was brought to him, he turned to the whimpering boy on the ground, merely saying "Don't go away" and proceeded hastily to wash his hands and to tidy his clothing. His face he didn't touch.

Finishing, he turned to Zug who was now on his feet. Taking out his own handkerchief, he handed it to Zug and commanded him with a voice that cracked like a whip, "Now wash away your insult from my face."

For a second Zug hesitated, but the fight had gone out of him and he complied.

"Now go," said Conover. "Take the handkerchief with you; you have touched it; I can't use it again."

Next day the two boys were back in their classes.

Their educational paths parted at graduation day. Young Zug disappeared; but, having no contacts outside of his family, his disappearance created no special stir.

Young Conover went to Paxton College from which his father had graduated, and in due time graduated and entered business life where his talents and popularity speedily gave him the standing of a substantial citizen in his community.

Busy as he was, his activities did not prevent him from maintaining a very active interest in his old college and its activities.

A June day in 19— found him again in the old college town. His affection for the old college quickened, because in a few years his own son was to enter; and here he was again in the old town of Paxton in the heart of which was the famous college with its campus studded with the great oaks, and with the winding avenue arched over with

the stately elms, leading up to those venerable doors upon which generation after generation had knocked for admission.

Wonderful doors those, the gift of the class of 1850; the class of 1831 had given the chimes in the stately tower. Year after year, the classes had left behind them something for their memory to cover lovingly, much as the ivy caresses the ancient tower from which the chimes ring out.

For decades had gone from its portals men who had made their mark.

At every commencement had come her alumni from the four corners of the world, for the old foster mother beckoned to them lovingly.

Back to the old shrine they came yearly to gather new inspiration at its fount, but in recent years when they returned, the old "grads" felt a subtle change. They were filled with a vague unrest, a sense of something impending, intangible, elusive.

For one thing, most of the old professors had answered to the last roll call. Very precious to the memory was that old guard that had sacrificed creature comforts and luxuries to the call of teaching. Yes, maybe that was it, the call, the mission that had been theirs, the putting of the cultural side of things before those other things which were proving so enticing to some of the younger professors.

True it was that there were many who gave promise of becoming worthy successors to the distinguished teachers of former years; but, here and there was a swaggering, blatant self-seeker who sought to achieve prominence by running amuck through sane traditions, and seeking noto-

riety, felt well repaid by newspaper publicity, even if achieved at the expense of sober and sound sense.

The higher educational system, the old "grads" sensed, was becoming a huge, unwieldy thing. Often the charge was made that our colleges and universities were becoming graduate factories, "fordizing" the minds. The fetish was size.

In former days, the enrollment was spoken of in terms of hundreds, now by thousands. The old personal touch between teacher and pupil was missing. It was mass against man, quantity production. More and more one heard the expression "Sold" on this and "Sold" on that.

The increased tempo of modern life had drawn into its vortex the former peaceful calmness of academic life. Where formerly there had been an atmosphere that had lent itself so delightfully to the earnest pursuit of scholarly attainments, now there existed a disquieting spirit born of excessive activities.

Education for education's sake was relegated to the store room of outgrown things. "How could one be so naïve as to think that learning for the sake of learning was anything other than archaic?"

Much more important, it seemed to the student body, was leadership in the multitudinous college activities.

Raw nerves were spurred to new interests by new stimuli. It was a case of restlessness tortured to new lengths by newness.

And in turn when the yeasty ferment of such a condition came to an appointment to a professor's chair, it was not surprising that a few, losing a sense of proportion, and having been taught a smattering of everything except how

to think, chose the short cut to publicity by promulgating the sensational and untried things that history and research would have shown them were the rejections of our wise forefathers, who had sought to avoid those things that had within them the elements that had destroyed former civilizations.

In former days these undesirable teachers would have been weeded out; but, now, in the crowd, they were allowed to swagger along, strutting to the tune of notoriety and bringing discredit upon the great army of teachers who were devoted to their calling, but whose profession was in danger of being discredited by the misfits.

Such a misfit was Professor Benedict Covet, a man of warped mentality, a superlative egotist, an eager opportunist; envious, supercilious and exercising a most pernicious influence upon the minds of the students.

On this same June day Professor Covet sat pondering in his study. An accomplished actor, he never put aside his rôle. Even when his study door was closed, he played the part, for always with him was an audience of one, his alter ego; a most appreciative audience, and enthusiastic claque. Altogether he was a most interesting type to pathologists.

Over his desk, ornately framed, was a smugly patronizing photograph, extravagantly over-autographed with mawkish expressions, extolling the great learning of the all wise professor by "Your friend in the cause, Jeannette Meddle"—a worker in a settlement house whose halls were thrown open to meetings of anarchists.

To have made the thing complete she might have added "Social Worker identified with nearly every unpatriotic

society in the United States and many whose ramifications run through various foreign countries."

There was a time when many women had been carried away by this theorist, when her prominence had appealed to them as the one who was leading her sex into the promised land of public life.

Years ago when she appeared before a certain group of women, they would stand up in rapt adoration until she took her seat on the platform. This was at a period when her charitable acts were many—with other people's money.

And then came the day of all days to a woman of a certain age, a day cataclysmic and to be dreaded. A day from which almost all women emerge safely; a few, broken and bent.

From that day dated the wanderings of that distorted brain in the labyrinths of radicalism.

And the eyes of the women were opened. No longer could she lead them blindly.

When that day came, the iron entered her soul and she plunged from one activity into another, often adroitly, always with an uncanny stealthiness, hiding her bitterness under a mask of saccharine placidness.

This, then, was the Patron Saint of the learned Professor Covet, who on this particular June day was sitting in his study in what he was pleased to call profound meditation. He was in a vicious temper because he had been thrown from his usual stride. The same thing had happened in the month of June for so many years.

His mind went back to a certain spring day many years before. He saw again an old dilapidated wagon, an old bay horse, with flapping ears; saw again, huddled on the

seat, a bewhiskered Russian Jew; saw himself, a small boy seated on the load; saw again the Nordic boy, whom he had thenceforth hated with stupendous hatred. Mentally retracing the intervening years he remembered leaving the old town hated and friendless; he recalled the day he discarded his past, throwing away the name of Zug forever; he revisualized the days and nights of intensive study, he found himself prominent with collegiate distinction, for now he was the Professor Covet, Head of Economics.

The metamorphosis had happened—Izzy Zug had become Professor Benedict Covet. The past was buried. A heavy shock of hair, a carefully trimmed VanDyke beard and a moustache completed the transformation. Rumor had it that he came from a very distinguished family. When this was hinted at in his presence, he assumed a mysterious smile, giving the impression that one would be surprised indeed if he was at liberty to tell.

His study window looked out upon the campus with its wonderful shading of greens, with its elms and oaks and maples casting dancing shadows on the grass.

From the trees came the songs of myriad birds. Overhead wheeled and darted the martins. Thrushes and robins, bluebirds and noisy bluejays added note and color to the scene. On the other side of the campus could be seen the placid little river, the mirror that Mother Earth held up shyly to catch therein the grace of the turquoise sky.

It was a scene of serenity and peace, a sanctuary for tired and buffeted humanity.

But Professor Covet saw nothing of the panorama,

heard none of the songs, reacted not in the least to the inspiration.

The fly in his ointment was the presence in that surrounding of his former class mate of high school days, for Conover had come back for commencement and was walking across the campus, unconscious of the baleful gaze following his steps and unaware of the drama so soon to take place, in which he was to be so vitally interested.

Chapter II

STANDING ON THE KNOLL

Conover threw back his head and filled his lungs to the full with the glorious air. The years slid off his shoulders, his step grew lighter, a new luster came into his eyes. It was good to be alive.

He smiled whimsically at what the world called success. What were his wealth or honors or position in life compared to the joy of living he was experiencing now?

It was the eternal boy within him that fascinated his friends and acquaintances.

His word was law to over three thousand employees. He ruled with firmness and fairness. "Lucky" his competitors called him because strikes, walkouts and grievance committees were unknown in his factory.

He had built an organization that had caught from him enthusiasm and whole-souled co-operation.

He had a way of looking into a man's eye and talking himself straight into the other man's heart.

His outlook on life was broad, his enthusiasm boundless, his activitics many.

His path through the campus was taking him to the walk winding its way through the trees towards the main building. From the ivy-covered tower came the music of the chimes mingling their notes with the songs of the countless birds.

Conover paused and removed his hat. Wave after wave of emotion swept over him. The last note of the chimes

had scarcely melted into silence when the bent, gray-clad form of President Potter framed itself for a moment in the doorway of the stately towered hall and like a monk from his cloister slowly came down the steps.

As the hatless figure came towards him, Conover stood still. An odd lump arose in his throat and a suspicious moisture filled his eyes. What a tremendous toll the last year had taken! A day is a month, a month is a year at eighty.

The sun filtering through the trees touched, with gentle fingers, the beautiful white hair that, worn long, caressed his coat collar.

Under his arm he carried a book as tenderly as a mother carries her babe.

His was an aura of contemplation and serenity. Wisdom, charity and understanding had etched their blessings on that wonderful face, smooth shaven and like old parchment, ivory colored.

His features were strong and rugged, toned to mellowness by high resolve and lofty purposes, and radiated kindliness. FRANK MERRIWELL, NO LESS

Looking up, he recognized Conover and hurrying his steps put out both hands as he advanced.

"Why, bless my heart, William Conover." And as the two clasped hands and looked into each other's eyes, the sea blue eyes of "Prexy" twinkled. Age had snowed his hair and slowed his steps and dimmed his eye, but the brain of "Prexy" was young.

For a moment or two no other word was spoken. They stood and searched and understood.

Here was the man who, next to his parents, had exerted

the greatest influence in his youthful days. A genuine and mutual love and admiration shone in the eyes of each. Conover put his arm lightly around those bending shoulders and together, without discussing it and apparently with one inclination, directed their steps towards a rustic bench.

"Well, well, William, I am glad indeed to see you. It warms my old heart to talk to you again."

In former days when the two met, always there had been a delightful little cross fire of questions and answers.

What golden ingots of thoughts had Prexy! How he could coin those ingots into sparkling words. Word pictures! He possessed the dramatist's instinct in being able to pick up apparently trivial things and embellish them with the wealth of his imagination and the pure gold of his heart.

Such had been his custom in the past. But today he plunged, precipitously, into a subject that he had been waiting, impatiently, to discuss with this clear eyed man before him.

"William, I am disturbed over the subtle change that is coming over our educational institutions. I am filled with alarm when I encounter the attitude of mind of some of our young professors. I feel like a trainer in a cage of lions. The trainer must keep his eye upon them constantly lest they spring upon him. He is not deceived by the fawning and prated docility. Occasionally there comes to my ears reports of their activities off the campus.

"When I discuss these things with them, invariably I am told they have been misquoted. Maybe so, but misquotations today must be the rule, not the exception. You

have no idea of the difficulty we are experiencing in securing high grade teachers, those who have a broad culture and with a personality measuring up to the requirements. It is getting more difficult every year.

"You remember the type we had in your day—how broad their vision—how eager most of them were to guide and assist—how friendly and kind they were—how under their real dignity was an earnest and eager desire to talk over intimately various problems with the individual student."

"Yes, Prexy, I remember a talk you and I had just twenty-five years ago this month. I was at a cross road then. I recall it as if it was only yesterday, your sage advice, your charity of analysis, your wonderful presentation of facts that simplified many things for me. What patience you displayed! That talk alone is the thing I remember best of all in my college course. It oriented me and has been with me all my life."

"William, what a reward is mine! There is no greater profession in the world than teaching. Think of the joy of directing youth along the lines of straight thinking and patriotism, developing the youthful minds towards the end of making their possessors better Americans.

"I am distressed when I see a tendency to cut loose from old and accepted moorings, when I see a readiness to throw overboard the anchors, when I see experimenters playing roughly with the compass. There are eternal truths. To juggle with them is to court disaster.

"Sometimes I close my eyes and visualize a figure of the dissolute King Louis XV in a luxurious and degenerate court. I seem to see that figure after all the intervening

centuries, strutting again across the stage of today. He is in all his foppery—lace and ermine and showy baubles. He pauses and with airy grace and ceremony draws forth an ornate and bejewelled snuff box. Slowly and daintily he presses a pinch of snuff to the jaded royal nostrils—a cynical smile and again he says: 'Après moi, le déluge!'

"Sycophantic courtiers take up the cry: 'Après moi, le déluge!'

"Is a cynical civilization today saying, parrot like, 'After me, the déluge'?

"God forbid!"

The earnestness of "Prexy" held Conover breathless. He felt that he was in the presence of one of the patriarchs, one whose eye had pierced the veil and had looked with reverence into the mysteries of life. The simplicity of greatness was his. Yet he had as many facets as a diamond, each with a dazzling brilliance.

For a moment or two "Prexy" paused. His eye roved over the ivy covered tower. He received the benediction of sunbeams, shadows, songs of birds and shade of trees. Here and there were groups of students on which his eyes rested lovingly.

Slowly he went on: "William, years ago a great man sat on the banks of Lake Geneva in Switzerland and wrote his heart into an intimate little diary. The man was Henri Frédéric Amiel and after the gentle soul embarked on the last great adventure, his friends gave to the world this precious record of his microscopic analyses of his feelings. Amiel's 'Journal Intime' is a book, the heart throb of which is felt when it is opened with understanding.

"On September 6th, 1851, he wrote in his intimate little diary these lines:

" 'The age of great men is going; the epoch of the ant-hill, of life in multiplicity is beginning. The century of individualism, if abstract quality triumphs, runs a great risk of seeing no more true individuals. By continual leveling and division of labor, society will become everything and man nothing.

" 'As the floor of valleys is raised by the denudation and washing down of the mountains, what is average will rise at the expense of what is great. The exception will disappear. A plateau with fewer and fewer undulations without contrasts and without oppositions, such will be the aspect of society.

" 'The statistician will register a growing progress and the moralist a gradual decline; on the one hand the progress of things; on the other a decline of souls. The useful will take the place of the beautiful; industry, of art; political economy of religion; and arithmetic, of poetry.

" 'The spleen will become the malady of a leveling age.

" 'Is this indeed the fate reserved for the democratic era? May not the general well being be purchased too dearly at such a price?'

"William, a seer and a prophet uttered these words and voiced that question over seventy long years ago. Was he right?"

For several minutes the two men sat silent, each rapt in his own thoughts. Then old "Prexy," he of the white hair, he who entertained "visits from the Muse Urania, who traces around the foreheads of those she loves the phosphorescent nimbus of contemplative power" spoke

again with the modulated voice that had all the charm of music.

Conover glanced at his face, spellbound.

"William, I too have had a vision.

"It seemed to me that I saw in the distance the three crosses. On the right and on the left were the thieves, in the center the figure of the Nazarene.

"And as I looked, the cross on the right and the cross on the left slowly faded from view, while the cross in the center grew to mammoth proportions.

"The figure also changed. It was no longer that of the Nazarene. It was a figure of a strong, virile youth of gigantic stature, symmetrical as a Greek God. Around the cross I saw a mob and heard the music of the jungle. 'The Internationale' mingled with 'The Volga Boatman.' I heard jeers and growls.

"The figure was that of Civilization.

"Men and women and children of all nations milled around.

"Now passed before that cross upon which civilization was being crucified, men who bore aloft, with cynical smirks, statues grotesque, illy proportioned, like replicas of Totem Poles, the conception of ultra modernists who called themselves sculptors.

"And on a knoll near by stood the shades of Phidias, Praxiteles, Michelangelo and Saint Gaudens wringing their hands in despair in witnessing the desecration of their art.

"Now came men who jeered and held aloft to that suffering patient figure canvasses on which were depicted things that offended the taste, conceptions that seemed to be the

product of the orgies of drug addicts, violating all the rules of the Masters—things that reeked of garbage and sewage.

"And on the knoll stood Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, Rembrandt and Rubens, wide eyed and in despair.

"Now came the pseudo, self-styled Philosophers holding on high their weird works and dangerous theories of the jungle.

"And on the knoll stood Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Bacon, and Spencer with poignant pain stabbing their hearts and with looks of helplessness and despair.

"Following came a group, strutting and high voiced holding aloft books, polluting the air with so-called realism, as if realism did not also include decency and things of beauty—books filled with the mouthings of gossip mongers, espousing filth and catering to morons—books that sought to tear down everything the laborful years had slowly built, glorifying things that had plunged other civilizations into chaos.

"And on the knoll stood Homer, Dante, Goethe, Cervantes and Shakespeare with drooping heads and eyes in which there was a great misery.

"Came a dancing, weaving tribe, jangling the nerves with musical instruments from which came sounds from which melody was missing. Sounds that summoned to the feast of death all baser impulses; the call of abandon.

"And on the knoll stood Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Wagner, Schumann and Verdi, with hands over ears and their faces, on which were sinking ever deeper the lines of agony, upturned in mute appeal to the heavens.

"As the motley crowd passed the figure of Civilization

on the cross, they spat upon it and saluted it with obscene gestures.

"And wonder of wonders, joining hands with the Communists, the degenerates and the outlaws, with the reds, the pinks and the yellows, were paid pacifists who would disarm America so as to make it an easier prey for the powers of darkness—preachers who grasped for secular power, unmindful of the fact that the union of State and Church was always baptized in blood—politicians who would sell their birthright for a mess of votes—professors who played with the dynamite of unbridled license in governmental and private affairs, ridiculing Church and State and marriage.

"Around and around circled the wild eyed, shrieking, gesticulating mob, lifting high their caricatures of art and their subversive works.

"They stamped and leaped to the music of the jungle.

"It was a prancing of pigmies."

Chapter III

THE TORCH PASSED ON

"William, my race is nearly run. I am an old man. Maybe my mental eyes see clearer than my dimming bodily ones.

"It would be difficult to overemphasize the seriousness of the situation in our schools today. The 'dreams of honest visionaries, the schemes of fanatics, and ambitious egotists—the undigested thoughts of unbalanced brains, the greed of gold or of power' are working with feverish haste at the foundations of civilization.

"When their plans are exposed and thwarted, they hurl the old cry 'You are standing in the way of progress,' as if they knew what progress was. What they mean is 'You are standing in the way of change.'

"Progress must not be confused with change. Progress implies change, but change does not necessarily imply progress. The words are not synonymous.

"There are both change and progress in the process of graduation from greenness to ripeness in fruit.

"From ripeness to decay there is change but not progress.

"Change in the one is progress; change in the other is disintegration. It is easier to make a change for the worse than for the better. It is easier to tear down than to build up.

"Edmund Burke comforts me when I read his lines: 'Better be despised for too anxious apprehensions than ruined by too confident security.'

"Then there comes to my mind these words of St. Augustine:

" 'Let them laugh at me for speaking of things which they do not understand and I must pity them while they laugh at me.'

"William, I am not an alarmist—I have maintained a judicial attitude. There is a well organized movement seeking to convert the youths of our land to the doctrines and policies of Socialism, Bolshevism, pacifism, communism, atheism, and other equally vicious 'isms.' In various colleges and schools there are liberal clubs, directed by central groups of subversive master minds. Before these clubs there appear from time to time men, some of whom have served sentences in penitentiaries, men who seek to tear down everything that our wise forefathers have created, men who are trying to Sovietize our America, men who seek to instill into the minds of students germs which they hope will destroy everything the ages have slowly built up.

"In 1912, in the *Metropolitan Magazine*, a New York Socialist, Misca Hilkowicz, alias Morris Hillquit, a Russia[illegible], boasted: 'The American Schools and Colleges, as well as the press and the church are honeycombed with Socialist sympathizers.'

"This same exultant note rings in his book."

Prexy fumbled among his pockets and finally produced a newspaper clipping review of a book from which he read:

" 'In Russia, the Socialists are in full possession of the power of government, and it is their immediate political task to maintain themselves in power. In Russia the revolution has been accomplished. In other countries it is yet to come. In the Western countries the Bourgeoisie is in political control and the immediate task of the workers is to wrest the power from the hands of their opponents—The Russian revolution is beyond doubt the *greatest event in the history of Socialism.*

" 'The Russian Revolution has suddenly ushered in a new era in the Socialist movement in the world—the era of direct efforts for the practical realization of the Socialist program. To the masses of the workers and non-workers, *Soviet Russia is and always will be a practical demonstration of Socialism at work and the prototype of all Socialist Governments.*'

"There is the acknowledgment that Socialism is only Communism, better groomed for its appearance in college circles. Communism is Socialism in its working clothes.

"Bear with me, William, for a word or two more and I will finish.

"So clever are these people that they are leaving no stone unturned. Skilled tacticians they are, with the canniness of prowling foxes. In their gross materialism they seek to remove from their paths all opposition.

"They would slap the very face of the Creator Himself.

"I have in my pocket a clipping from the *Springfield Daily Republican.* It illustrates my contention."

Prexy handed Conover the clipping. He read:

"Oust Theology, Help World, Labor Told.

"Prof. Frank H. Hankins of Smith College speaks at Holyoke.

"Holyoke, November 14—'If we could wipe out the theological notions of the world,' said Professor Frank H. Hankins of Smith College, speaking at the opening of the 7th annual Holyoke Labor College tonight at *Dynamiter's Hall,* 'we would banish forever all hindrances of mankind such as wars and pestilence.' He would, in its stead, substitute the methods of science 'which would make us healthier and happier.'

" 'Hardly a professor in any of the Connecticut Valley Colleges will publicly deny the existence of God, but when they talk with you in private where their views will not be proclaimed, then it is a different story,' Professor Hankins said."

"William," said Prexy," "I wonder what Sophia Smith, the founder of Smith College would say if she were alive. Her will states that the institution is to be founded on the principles of the Christian Church.

"Do you know that chapters have been organized in various colleges by an Atheistic Society?

"Here is the Atheistic boast:

" 'The beauty of it is that we have so many Atheists in the college faculties of America. But of course they can't say much about it as they would be thrown out and then where would their living come from? But they encourage the students all they can in Atheistic thought.

" 'As the movement grows, the professors will become more and more open in their private beliefs.'

"Another leader in this group states:

" 'We are going to undermine the churches of America as certainly as time comes.'

"Still another says:

" 'We can do it, for the churches are already slipping; and when we show the reason to the people who have been humbugged by preachers and priests they accept it. We have found putting over Atheism in America much easier than we had anticipated.'

"Now, William, go back to that Socialist's boast in 1912 that 'The American schools and colleges . . . are honeycombed with socialistic sympathizers.'

"They are making good their claims.

"This menace is inside our colleges today.

"God grant that we Americans will wake up before it is too late!

"William, to use the words of Mr. Hughes, formerly Secretary of State, 'We must build our redoubts and man them with patriots of peace equipped with common sense and the teachings of past struggles and fired with as unquenchable a zeal as that of heroes in arms.' "

"Prexy" ceased speaking. On his face was a glow of earnestness that held Conover breathless. A few minutes passed, then in a voice that came from his very soul, "Prexy" leaned towards Conover and, placing his arm around William's shoulder, continued:

"William, I love you as a father loves his son. I know you. My hands are getting feeble. Some day my fingers will relax and the torch will fall from my hands.

"You—you—you, William, must carry on. Make haste —study this thing—investigate—get at its foundation.

"It is a long, long study. I will aid you to the limit of my ability and my endurance.

"Take upon you this burden—consecrate your life to this great adventure. You have the talent—you can find the time.

"The best thing you can leave your son is a decent world in which to live. It is the most important mission I know of today."

"Prexy" paused. For a few seconds the two men sat silently looking into one another's eyes. Then Conover clasped President Potter's hand solemnly and firmly.

It was typical of Conover to pack super-resourcefulness, determination and confidence into his answer, ringing with earnestness and conviction.

"I will."

Scarcely were the words uttered when an approaching footstep was heard, and looking up President Potter and Conover saw Professor Covet walking towards them.

"Pardon the intrusion, President Potter, but you wished a conference with me this afternoon, I believe. Shall I wait for you in your office?"

It is a singular thing, the wide variance of effect the same words can summon. Commonplace as were his words, yet there was an intangible something about them unpleasant and repellent. It was as if a veiled challenge had been delivered. These were lip words, not heart words. It is the price that insincerity cannot dodge. Maybe it is the uncontrollable rattle, nature's precaution and wise provision.

"Yes, Professor Covet, if you will be so kind as to meet me there in half an hour, shall we say? By the way, I would like to have you know my dear friend and former pupil, William Conover, Class of '98—Professor Covet, head of Economics."

The two bowed and shook hands. Into Conover's grasp slid a clammy talon-like hand that signalled immediately a message that neither artifice nor words could belie. Conover caught the flutter of an eyelid quickly trying to screen the thoughts behind it.

"I am indeed delighted to meet you, Sir, especially a friend of our great President," came from Professor Covet.

Conover smiled gravely, an enigmatical smile.

"I am very glad to have made your acquaintance, Sir," to Conover, and to "Prexy," "I will have the pleasure of seeing you then in half an hour."

With a smirk which he was pleased to think was a scholarly smile and a low bow he resumed his walk.

That evening when Conover was alone in his room, he gave himself up to the puzzle. There was something strangely reminiscent about those eyes. What was this thing he was searching for? Where in the past had he encountered this sector of an incomplete circle? The solution evaded him.

In the meanwhile, Covet, at the other end of the campus, was smiling in disdain thinking:

"I know him but he has no idea who I am."

Chapter IV

THE CODED TELEGRAM

We must now turn back the clock of time to a certain night a few years before that saw Professor Covet en route to the East.

Singular it is that so many who rebel against the existing order of things, professing lofty superiority to luxury, avail themselves with such remarkable alacrity of the thing they profess to abhor when the opportunity presents itself!

To have been thoroughly consistent, Professor Covet should have spurned the luxury of the finest train running between the middle west and New York City.

A certain night five years before saw him seated in the dining car. The Professor had ordered carelessly as befitting one whose mind was above mundane absurdities; but, by a very singular coincidence, the result of his ordering was a masterpiece of epicurean selection.

And now the waiter, suave and expectant, presented the bill on a little silver platter.

With a bored expression, the Professor looked at the amount.

Immediately the seven devils of hostility danced in his eyes. You see, his great mind never permitted him to count the costs.

Counting out the money, he pushed it and the bill far from him and stalked from the car, scowling viciously—just another little example of not counting the cost.

He antagonized the gray haired train conductor with the insignia on his sleeves showing thirty years' service. He made the Pullman conductor feel resentful. Towards the porter his attitude was that of master and slave.

It wasn't so much what he said as it was his manner of saying it—his assumed superiority.

Yet, when the occasion demanded, he could hold in leash the traits that gave offence. At such times he was a master in ingratiating himself. Many people responded to his flashes of brilliancy. He talked glibly of the brotherhood of man, yet deep in his heart, he harbored contempt for others. His own aggrandizement was ever uppermost in his thoughts. His subconsciousness, trained to effacement, always stood on guard in dark corners subtly insinuating revenge for the years when he and his parents calloused the knees in bending to the will of those who taught the present rulers of Russia their lessons of atavistic cruelty.

He was positivism personified. Intrigue and duplicity came naturally to him—they were part of his flesh, blood and bone.

As he sat in the sleeper, he studied his fellow passengers with illy-concealed scorn. Across the aisle from him sat a young farmer and his wife evidently unaccustomed to travel and to whom everything was a matter of surprising interest. They were neat and clean and wholesome. The man was tall, big boned and muscular. His face was strong and made one think of hills. There was a great deal about his appearance and manner that made one think of Lincoln.

His drawling comment, pithy and full of shrewd com-

mon sense had the charm of Kentucky, the state from which he came. Of schooling he had had very little. He took audacious and unconscious liberties with grammar, but the charm of his southern accent and the meat of his thought and observations made the rules of grammar sink into a relatively unimportant place.

The difference between the young Kentuckian and the supercilious Covet across the aisle was that the young farmer expressed common sense in bad grammar while the other expressed twisted thoughts in good English.

Here was the ironical comedy of the situation. The graduate of the steerage, the one who had lived in squalor, in whose recollection often ran the words "Rags an' old iron," the tainted genius whose colossal egotism repudiated the guidance of precept and precedence was registering disdain and contempt for an American whose ancestors were making an empire from a wilderness, when Covet's forebears were steeped in mental darkness and physical cowardice. The Russian Jew was holding the American in contempt because the farmer said "I done it" and "her and me was." So judicial and calm and profound were the deductions of this lofty intellect.

The train slowed down and stopped at a station. The farmer leaned towards Covet and said, "Stranger, life just seems full of comings and goings, ain't it?" He received a curt nod for an answer.

"Why am I annoyed with such vapid nonsense?" thought Covet. Shrugging his shoulders he left his seat, going to the club car. Arriving there, he secured a magazine and settled himself in a chair. With studied calmness he turned to an article on "Pragmatism" by Sherwood

Cage. He felt quite a glow in thinking how few people knew that Sherwood Cage was the nom de plume of Benedict Covet. It had its drawbacks, this thing of writing under a pen name, because there was no food to his vanity in not having the name Covet blazed across the page; yet, there were compensations because it made quite a machine gun nest of invulnerability for him. It had its compensations. The time had not yet come for open field work. It was coming; but, for the present, ambuscades and indirection must serve.

He settled back in his chair with finger tips pressed together and gave himself up to the puzzling telegram, the receipt of which was responsible for his trip. Though he could repeat the words from memory, he produced the message from his pocket to reread it much as one would read a message for the first time. True it was, the words "manuscript, publishers, illustrations" were the agreed code words around which could be built a blind message, but the whole telegram had too much of a peremptory ring to suit one of his overmastering egotism. "Come to New York at once. Bring duplicate manuscript. We have prepared illustrations. Will have representative meet you at train. Wire time arrival. Publishers."

Grim lines settled around his mouth. The thing was moving faster than he had anticipated. But he was too far involved now to hold back. He decided that he would counsel a somewhat slower development on the grounds of expediency and felt convinced that his judgment would be followed.

While the Professor is making his plans for his New York conference and the train is speeding eastward, let us

leave him to his meditations while we spend a few minutes in making an estimate of the congenial co-workers awaiting him.

Surprised, indeed, would have been his acquaintances had they peeped behind the scenes.

Chapter V

THE DEBACLE OF RUSSIA

With a bold stroke geographers drew a line from the Arctic Ocean down the length of the Ural Mountains and proclaimed the decree—this on the west is Europe—this on the east is Asia.

Like a huge clothes pin the Russian Empire straddled this line. Her European lands are dwarfed in size in comparison to her Asiatic holdings.

The center of her ethnographic gravity ever moved eastward towards the loadstone of Asia, her natural affinity. Richer by far and a greater storehouse of natural wealth than European Russia are those vast lands of Siberia. Russia has turned her back to Europe and faces east.

The Slav stock of the Carpathians has nearly lost all original distinctiveness by the dilution of Asiatic elements. To every drop of Slav blood has been added thousands derived from oriental sources. Thus has come the preponderance of the Asiatic in the Russian character.

The Anarchistic fanatics with their bloody hands at the throat of Russia have now dragged their victim away from the civilization of Europe.

On the ground writhing in her agony, mutilated and ravished she lies. The Barbarians who ruined her glare and crouch with gnarled fingers while the malignancy of their hatred for humanity distills more poison in their brains to spur them to greater atrocities.

In the first five years of the Soviet rule in Russia,

millions were killed in Russian prisons—millions of voices stilled because they would not pledge allegiance to the murderers who sat in the seats of the mighty.

The *Detroit Free Press* under date of November 7th, 1927, states:

"As the decade closes Russia is to the civilized world a dreadful example of doctrinaire madness let loose on the complex, economic and political fabric of a huge country. The fanatics have not yet finished tearing up institutions, laws and customs; with the zeal of witch burners and the hooliganism of bullies, they put the happiness of scores of millions of terrorized peoples on the roulette wheel of their crazy experiments, with nothing to offer as a substitute for the past except a set of formulas which never have been tested in the crucible of history, or have been tried, only to be rejected as nonsense. But if Russia must be permitted every freedom to play with suicidal revolutions on her own ground, what about her position after these ten years in the field of international relations?

"The Red rulers of Moscow have been at every trick, every desperate, mean and shameful intrigue, to force their way into the society of self-respecting and honorable nations.

"But they sought hospitality for the sole purpose of betraying and destroying their well meaning hosts . . . In England and China they have been caught red handed at their plotting—and shown the door.

"Today they are the only government which can-

not be treated with the usual courtesies and confidence of diplomacy, but must be required to show that it has clean hands before being admitted into the presence of decent statesmanship."

The shameless effrontery of the present unscrupulous rulers of Russia was demonstrated at the recent Geneva conference when the Soviet delegate raised his voice in that assembly and outlined his insincere plan for disarmament. The Soviet delegate was known to the delegates of the other nations as Maxim Litvinoff. He was none other than Meyer Moisevitch Vallakh, alias Finkelstein, alias Buckman, alias Graf, alias Harrison, alias Litvinoff.

He was assistant Commissar of Foreign Affairs under Georges Tchitcherin.[1] His letter on "Revolutionary Instructions" to Soviet agents in Great Britain resulted in the "Arcos Raid" terminating in the severance of diplomatic relations between Great Britain and Russia. Laughing in his sleeve was Stalin, the head of Russia, in thinking of the joke he was playing upon "the brains of the world," by foisting an outlaw upon them as a delegate—why not? Who was Stalin to criticize a little thing like murder and robbery?

---

[1] In October, 1926, Georges Tchitcherin, Commissar of Foreign Affairs for the Union Soviet Socialist Republic, who was then in Berlin, Germany, stated:

"I rely on American business and banking interests, together with the influence of Senator William E. Borah, Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, to change the attitude of the United States government towards the Soviets."

The *Chicago Daily News* on October 22, 1926, contained this interesting item:

"The bureau for Cultural Relations, in refusing to assist Edwin S. Vail, a student of Stanford University, to continue his research work in Moscow, explained that Americans desiring to enter Russia must first secure a letter either from Eddy or Borah." *(Sherwood Eddy,* a *Y.M.C.A. Worker.)*

At noon June 13, 1907, a bank in Tiflis was robbed. The robbery was planned by two of the Red Rulers of Russia. What? Do jungle monsters presume to stand in the assembly of world diplomats and speak for one hundred and forty million people? Here is Stalin's record. His real name is Josef Vissarionovich Dzhugashvili, alias Koba, alias Nischeradse, alias Tschischikov, alias Ivanovitsch, alias Josef Stalin, the present real head of what was Russia.

On the outskirts of Baku he made his headquarters in a low saloon frequented by criminals, morons and the dregs of the gutter—degraded Georgians, Ossets, Inguschs, Armenians and the outcasts of society gathered here and took for their leader a ruffian of many aliases, the last one Stalin.

Stalin and his gang planned the Tiflis bank robbery in 1907. Fifty victims were murdered in cold blood for gold. The gallows and the cell were not for them. Instead they sit in power and a timid world listens to their suggestions.

Probably never in all history has such a desperate crew of pirates and cutthroats wielded such power as do the present rulers of Soviet Russia.

To desolated Russia with arch criminals in power, a shambles, with religion banished, education stifled, the arts throttled, industry smashed, with a record of four divorces to five weddings, with hordes of fatherless and motherless children running wild in packs like animals, to this country, sunk by unscrupulous usurpers in degradation and sensuality and bestiality, in the year of our Lord, 1928, went in a body nearly two score American College Presidents and Professors to study the educational system.

Why? Were these men of learning so naïve as to think Russia desired to change its so-called educational system sponsored by leaders to whom culture is a sign of weakness, a system that teaches that the family is to be disbanded, that children should be taken from parents and raised by the State, a system that teaches "religion is the opium of the people"? Their apparent creed is "Better to reign in hell than serve in Heaven."

Russia wants no interference in its deformed educational system. Her leaders would not permit a change. Do these American educators think they could gain anything from the educational system of a country sunk in barbarism to transplant to American education? Or was the thought in mind that these educators might be hoodwinked, flattered and cajoled into drafting a whitewash report lulling the awakening world into another period of apathy while America disarms and Russia arms to the teeth?

The Commissar of Education in Red Russia is L. V. Lunatcharsky. He it was who entertained and exerted high pressure salesmanship upon the visiting American educators.

A despatch was sent to the *New York Times,* extracts from which were printed in the book, "Red War on the Family."

The following facts taken from the despatch will stand as impregnable fortresses against which Red Russia sympathizers will break their puny arrows of propaganda in vain. The despatch reads:

"Anyone reading the decrees and articles issued by Lunatcharsky, Commissariat of public instruc-

tion, would suppose that Russia has been transformed into *a children's paradise, but the truth is altogether different.* . . . In some cases extremely illiterate supporters of the Bolshevistic regime have been appointed instructors.

"There being no schedule of lessons, *the scholars of the four higher classes decide themselves every day what they shall be taught.* Side by side with the teachers, in the school councils, sit delegates of the scholars' committee, children from the age of 12 and upward, and the *decisions of the children are obligatory upon the teachers.*

"Religious instruction, of course, is strictly prohibited. This prohibition is particularly fiendish, because co-education in 'absolute liberty' in a primitive country like Russia, must inevitably lead to revolting conditions, if moral guidance is completely lacking. But *it is a deliberate part of the Bolshevik plan to corrupt and deprave the youth of the land,* in order to obtain a lasting hold over them, and to train them as future propagandists of Lenin's materialistic and criminal doctrines.

"With tears in their eyes the mothers of Russia will tell you: 'There are no longer any children in Russia today, only vicious little brutes whose chief talk is of money and pleasure.'

"The atmosphere of the Bolshevik schools is impregnated with precocious criminal instincts, and bestial jealousy. . . . In the state boarding school *boys and girls are quartered together in the same dormitories.* . . ."

"It is evident that there will be a generation of men and women morally and physically corrupted in Russia, these victims of the Bolshevik schools, who will be a future menace not only to Russia but to the entire civilized world."

Professor Karlgren, professor of Slav at the University of Copenhagen, has studied Russia's educational system for years in contrast to the week end trips made by some American professors with a flair for meddling. In his book, "Bolshevist Russia," Professor Karlgren states:

"We meet the same picture everywhere throughout the Russian educational system. Culture and scholarship are crushed by the bear's paws of Bolshevism."

He quotes Lunatcharsky, the head of education in Russia, as saying:

"People who are cogs in the state educational mechanism, but who do harm to the Communistic propaganda must be removed remorselessly from the state apparatus."

Dr. Arthur Shadwell, M.A., M.D., LL.D., in his book, "The Breakdown of Socialism," on page 76 states:

"Education is in a truly desperate condition, on the authority of Lunatcharsky, Commissary of Public Instruction, Madame Lenin, and the Congress of Teachers. In 1914 there were 120,000 primary schools, giving instruction to 8 million children. In 1924, according to Lunatcharsky, there are 40,000 schools with 3 million scholars and they were threatened with the necessity of closing 20 per cent, or one in five,—one book to four children—teachers' salaries are below the pay of wage

earners. They have, in addition, to perform other public services and carry on propaganda . . . Wherever inquiry was held the same fact stood forth—yet personally conducted visitors to Russia have selected the 'educational system' for special praise, and held it up to the admiration of more benighted countries."

On page 78 of the same book appears these lines referring to the children blessed by the Russian school system so admired by some of our American professors who are entertained by the Russian Communists.

"The poor little things, ragged, famished, shaking with fever, sleep under the braziers for boiling asphalt, in the public lavatories, on the dung heaps. They are driven away, struck and beaten. Their cheeks are eaten with lumps and sores; they have scurvy and their gums bleed. Many are in such a state of prostration that they can no longer beg."

Madame Lenin herself says it is a "picture of nightmare and horror."

These are the truths regarding Red Russia's miscalled educational system. One of the visiting American Professors, in 1928, poured out his reactions to the Soviet entertainment by writing a letter to L. V. Lunatcharsky, People's Commissar of Education of Union Soviet Socialist Republics. The letter was published in "Isvestia," a Soviet paper. All papers in Russia are Soviet owned and censored. The letter reads:

"Dear Sir:

"Preparing to leave and on the eve of my de-

parture from the U.S.S.R., I first of all wish to express my gratitude for the *generous hospitality* . . . The delegation does not intend to prepare a *combined* report because we did not have at our disposal the *time* requisite for a *thorough-going all around* study of the subject in its entirety . . . I am convinced, however, that the individual members (of the delegation) will *acquaint their circles* with the result of their observations . . . Thus we hope to do *something* and to share with *others* our *sentiments* to your great country . . . I shall be glad to do *everything within my power* for this end."

It will be noted that this letter signed by an American professor was addressed to Lunatcharsky, People's Commissar of Education of the Soviets. This head of education in Soviet Russia has said:

"We hate Christianity and Christians. Even the best of them must be regarded as our worst enemies . . . Down with the love of one's neighbors; what we want is hatred. We must know how to hate, for only at this price can we conquer the universe . . . The anti-religious campaign must not be restricted to Russia; it should be carried on through the world."

Does the press agent made American professor who led his American educators into Soviet Land subscribe to the theories of the Communist educator to whom he wrote his letter in which he states: "Thus we hope to do something and to share with others our sentiments to your great country"?

The Soviets in Moscow have baited their traps. They

have built a few "exhibit" factories, a few "exhibit" hospitals and a few "exhibit" schools as scenery to delude the gullible. This is the same coating of gold that confidence men put on their goldbricks in order to sell them to the credulous. To the Soviets the cost of the goldbricks, the cost of lavish entertaining, is a bagatelle, if they can wheedle from visiting educators a report that conditions are better than might be expected.

Several years ago some hand picked guests were invited to visit Russia. They were "wined and dined" lavishly and shown the "goldbricks" the Soviets wished them to see. They were taken in automobiles past factories, at which they did not stop, but from whose chimneys belched forth dense clouds of smoke. They would have been surprised had they stepped inside. They would have found working only the men feeding the furnaces with hay to create the smoke, a typical case of Soviet deception.

Ivan Ifoolemalwaysavitch, looking out the dusty window of the deserted factory at the speeding automobiles filled with prospective promoters for his Soviet comrades must have winked craftily at his sweating comrade stoking hay in the abandoned furnace and murmured, "Is it that the foreign jackass eats hay with his eye?"

Interpreters, themselves Communists, hired by a Communist Government, can be depended upon to interpret as Moscow dictates even if those interviewed dare attempt to tell the truth. Russia is spy mad. Every interpreter in Russia is a Communist.

The *London Times* in June, 1923, stated:

"No qualification is strong enough to describe the horrors of this diabolical system. Men are also

victimized. They suddenly disappear for a few days, then come back with white faces, pretending, as a rule, that they have been ill. Sometimes the truth escapes from them with tears, and supplications that their revelations may be kept secret . . . It is this which divides the enemies of Bolshevism in Russia, and makes all union among them impossible."

A man on the street is apprehended. After a few days in prison the Tcheka speaks. "You have friends; you must spy upon them; if not, your wife or your daughters, or your fiancée will come here, or your mother or your father."

Russia is a bedlam of spies. Thus are kept in power the monsters who have set brother to spying upon blood brother.

Honor and truth have been ground to destruction under the ruthless heels of the present rulers of Russia.

Children are given candy to spy upon their parents—friends, for a piece of bread, betray friends—starvation converted cultured people into animals.

Waiters, janitors, drivers, the women of the street in Russia are spies of the dreaded "Tcheka," the secret police.

Letters and telegrams are opened by the G. P. U.[2] whose headquarters is in the Lubianka. At the edge of Moscow stands a huge red prison, the Butyrky.

---

[2] The Inquisition of Red Russia is known as the Tcheka, which is a shortening of the words Tchresvytchainaja Kommissija meaning Extraordinary Commission, the political secret police. The Tcheka today functions under the name Gosudarstvennoe Polititcheskoe Upravelenie meaning the State Political Division. This sinister body is commonly known as the G. P. U. and is the most diabolical inquisition of all history.

"The condemned prisoner is ordered to leave his cell and as he walks down the ill-lighted corridor, the executioner steps up to him from behind, presses the muzzle of the revolver behind his ear and fires."

If Soviet Russia has nothing to conceal, why has it abolished the freedom of the press? Not a paper is published in all Russia that is not minutely censored. Why does it censor all news? Why does it resort to its present underhanded methods of publicity?

Who is the master mind behind these trips to Russia? What is the real motive? Gregory Zinoviev, alias Apfelbaum, one of the leaders of Red Russia, says:

"We hope that the party will step by step conquer the proletarian forces of America and in the not distant future raise the *Red Flag over the White House.*" From Zinoviev, alias Apfelbaum, comes this prophecy:

"I can share with you the information that our comrades at the head of the Soviet Union are awaiting calmly and with absolute assurance the day when America will recede from its nonsensical position and will recognize Russia."[3]

Russian gold has been poured into our United States and other countries in tremendous volumes to accomplish their propaganda purposes. *(See page 58).*

Paid secretaries of subversive societies, in one and the

[3] Senate Resolution 44 introduced in the United States Senate, December 12, 1927, by Senator William E. Borah, Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, reads: "Resolved, That the Senate of the United States favors the recognition of the present Soviet Government of Russia."

same breath, are clamoring for American disarmament and advocating the recognition of Soviet Russia. Russia has the largest standing army in the world, yet they wish to recognize Russia with its enormous army and to disarm America. The soil of Russia trembles under the footsteps of more than a million marching Lettish, Tartar and Mongolian soldiers trained and armed, waiting the zero hour to spring at Western civilization when Soviet Russia's adepts and dupes in other countries disarm the people for the slaughter.

In spite of all her precautions, in spite of censorship and terror the truth comes out regularly. From a Russian prison came a petition to the world. It is dated Russia, May, 1927; it reads:

> "We appeal to you, writers of the world. How is it, that . . . you take no heed of us Russians, whose free speech is utterly suppressed? . . .Don't you know about the communist censorship of 'socialist' Russia? . . .
>
> "It pains us to think that the clinking of glasses filled with government champagne to which foreign writers were treated in Russia deadened the clanking of the chains with which our literature and the whole Russian people are fettered.
>
> ". . . Modern writers suspected of idealism have no chance of ever seeing their works in print. They are treated as enemies and destroyers of the present social order, are dismissed from every post and deprived of the means of earning their living . . .
>
> "Nothing can be published without the approval

of the censor, not even works on chemistry, astronomy, and mathematics. . . .

"Under the conditions, only that which is certain to be approved by the communist censor is accepted for publication, and only that is published which does not deviate from the universally binding *communist doctrines*. No other works, however talented or remarkable, can be published; they have indeed to be concealed. Their discovery during a domiciliary search may lead to the banishment or even the execution of their author. Professor Lazarevsky, one of the best Russian authorities on jurisprudence, was shot solely because a draft scheme of a Russian constitution was found in his flat.

"Do you know all this? Do you realize the horror of our position? If you do know, why are you silent? We have all heard your loud protest against the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti. . . . But the death penalty and the persecution of the best of the Russian people who do not even try to spread their ideas, knowing that propaganda is impossible, seems to leave you cold. In our gloomy prison we have never heard your voice raised in protest or indignation or any appeal on your part to the moral feelings of the peoples! Why?

"Writers, you who are the ear, eye, and conscience of the nations, respond! . . .

"We are perishing. The coming dawn of liberation is not yet in sight. Many of us are no longer capable of passing on to posterity the terrible experiences we have lived through. Learn the truth

about us, write of it, you who are free, that the eyes of the present and coming generations may be opened. Do this—and it will be easier for us to die.

"We are sending this letter as from a subterranean dungeon. At great risk we are writing it; it will be carried across the border at the risk of life. We do not know whether it will ever reach the free press. But if it does, if our voice from beyond the grave is heard by you, we bid you listen, read, think of what we say."

Yet in spite of all proofs to the contrary, professional propagandists attempt to convince the American public that America should clasp in friendship the hand of Russia ruled by gangsters whose hands are red with the blood of slaughtered millions.

The Vice-President of the American Federation of Labor and President, International Labor Press of America, in an article printed in the International Labor Press of America states:

"The appearance of Professor John Dewey as an apologist for the Soviets has become a much more serious matter than it seemed to be when I first called public attention to it at the New Orleans convention of the American Federation of Labor. At that time I was struck by the menace to our schools that lay in the speeches of this eminent educator presenting the Soviet schools as models for this country.

"Professor Dewey had gone to Russia for an international propagandist body founded and fostered by the Soviets. He has returned, like nearly

all the others invited by this body to tour Russia and officially guided through that country, a thorough-going apologist for the Soviets. . . .

"Professor Dewey's return was hailed by the communists as well as the non-communist supporters and defenders of the Soviets as a great event for the Soviet dictatorship—especially in view of the latest campaign for official recognition by the government of the United States. Professor Dewey had been back only a few weeks when a meeting was held in which, . . . he defended the Soviets from a 'cultural' standpoint, . . .

"As an example of the propaganda efficiency of this body I am reliably informed that one of the Soviet agents directly connected with the organization has openly said that Professor Dewey is doing more for the Soviet cause than all the avowed communists the country has ever sheltered or produced.

"While Professor Dewey was insisting that the Soviet-Communist régime is mainly constructive, the Communist International—in session when Dewey was in Russia—was declaring once more for *'the overthrow by force of the whole of the existing social order,'* . . ."

In the group of American professors visiting Soviet Russia in 1928, there was one who was not deceived by the red propaganda. Professor Robert H. Gault of the psychology department at Northwestern University, in the *N. U. Alumni News* of April, 1929, in referring to the Dewey excursion states:

"The leaders of Soviet Russia profess an absorbing interest in the elevation of the common level of culture. Incidentally one cannot escape the feeling that this abundant activity is one form of propaganda; . . .

"The one great aim of education in Soviet Russia is to rear men and women who will be supporters of the political and economic doctrines that underlie the present régime. Everything is bent to the straining point in this direction. Not even science and politics are divorced. These statements have been made by ardent friends of the régime. It is one central authority—the Commissariat of Education—that determines for the realm not only what educational policies shall prevail, but what doctrines shall be taught in the schools. Woe to the violator! . . . The land and the universities —student body and all—are filled with spies to seek out violations. Autocracy is on the other foot. The over-bold and independent are being transported to prison and to Siberia, as of old.

". . . One result of it is that the visitor can hardly avoid feeling an atmosphere of dread among these people who, we have always believed, have, for a generation, been struggling for freedom from just this sort of situation. We of the West cannot conceive of a great civilization arising upon such a foundation as is in Russia today.

"On the whole, the atmosphere of Soviet Russia, as I felt it last summer, made an unfavorable impression upon me. . . . Soviet Russia will have

to change her line of advance in order to get very far ahead. . . ."

Even Professor Dewey himself, in discussing the so-called educational system of Red Russia, blows hot and cold in his book.

He states:

"The main effort is *nobly heroic,* evidencing a faith in human nature which is democratic beyond the ambitions of the democracies of the past."

Yet this same author continues by saying:

"Apart, however, from the effects of the oft-recited Bolshevist modifications of marriage and divorce, the institution of the family is being sapped indirectly rather than by frontal attack."

On another page, Dewey states:

"In consequence, propaganda is education and education is propaganda. They are more than confounded; they are identified—Marxian theories—there is plenty of that in the schools."

"Education is propaganda!" *"Nobly heroic!"* Lunatcharsky, the head of Red Russia's distorted educational system, states:

"Down with the love of one's neighbors; what we want is hatred."

"Nobly heroic!"

From a newspaper correspondent who escaped from Red Russia after months of horror comes the carefully tested fact.

"In the schools and universities the Tcheka has its special watchers among the scholars and stu-

dents who have to test the 'Communist purity' of their own comrades. This tragedy of the Russian students was the work of the Tcheka. Every student was tested. As a result 60,000 students were expelled from the universities and their careers ruined. Hundreds and thousands of the unhappy students committed suicide."

"Nobly heroic!"

Yet the little Red Riding Hoods from American colleges visiting Red Russia say, "What big teeth you have, grandma!" to the jungle beast that wrinkles its nose derisively at the colossal gullibility of those who return to our country disseminating the "Soviet made" schemes.

Chapter VI

COBWEBS AND VICTIMS

Prior to the Russian Proletarian Revolution in 1917 hordes of Social Revolutionists and Social Democrats had flocked to America, swarming in a Russian colony in New York City.

Working in close contact with exiles in other countries and with those who remained in Russia, the conspiracy was hatched, not only to overthrow the Czar, but to wage an intensive propaganda campaign among the American workers to recruit them for the International Revolutionary cause. The fountain head of this conspiracy was the Russian Socialist Federation, a branch of the Socialist Party of America.

At this time there was started in New York a newspaper called "Novy Mir," published in the Russian language. Its editor was Nicholas Ivanovich Bucharin, the "literary mouthpiece and program maker of Vladimir Ulianov, alias Nikolai Lenin, and the leader in the Soviet Educational System."

In an article titled "Church and School in the Soviet Republic" published in the "Class Struggle," he aid:

> "One of the instruments for the obscuring of the consciousness of the people is belief in God . . . God so to speak is a really rich, powerful master, a slave-holder, one who rules the heavens, a judge —in a word, a precise counterfeit. . . . It is of course clear that these fairy tales are a hindrance

in the path of human progress . . . the priests may continue to exist, but let them be supported by those who wish to purchase their poison, or who may have some other interest in their continued existence. Another poison of this type is opium. Those who have smoked it behold all sorts of lovely visions, are at once transported to paradise. But the use of opium later results in a complete undermining of the health and the user gradually becomes a complete idiot. It is the same with religion. . . ."

Associated with this Atheistic Bolshevist on the "Novy Mir" was one who resided at 1522 Vyse Ave., the Bronx, New York City, known as Leo Davidovitch, alias Leon Bronstein, alias Leon Trotsky, destined to swagger across the bloody pages of Russian history.

Another worker in this group was Ludwig C. A. K. Martens, who at a later date showed his hatred of luxury by ruling over extensive headquarters in the World Tower Building, 110 West 40th Street, New York, having announced himself as the Representative in our United States of the Union Soviet Socialist Republics. Born in Russia of German parents, he was registered as a German. He became affiliated with a revolutionary organization while in Russia, in which organization was Ulianov, alias Lenin. After serving a prison term he was deported to Germany. From that country he went to London, later entering the United States with a German passport.

In his forced testimony before a legislative committee of the state of New York, he stated he was a member of the Communist party of Russia. He admitted to the Com-

mittee and also before a sub-committee of the Foreign Relations of the United States Senate that the *Russian Soviet régime had appropriated moneys to carry out a propaganda for a world wide revolution.*

In this same group was Santeri Nuorteva, and Gregory Weinstein, who was connected with the "Novy Mir." At a meeting held at the Central Opera House, Weinstein, turning from his audience and facing Martens, shrieked:

> "We have come here to tell Comrade Martens that we have come prepared to take over this country, just as the working class is taking over Russia."

Like a huge hairy spider, his web being spun, sitting in a dark corner with eyes gleaming with hate and intrigue there sat Ulianov, alias Lenin, the master mind, an exile, in Zurich, Switzerland. In later years he became a raving maniac, dying in confinement. He it was who, with Machiavellian adroitness, winked at the separation of the Russian Socialist Party into Bolsheviki and Mensheviki, a measure that the world at large considered a weakness; but the spider knew, in the conspiracy in which he was engaged, a small compact group was more effective than a large unwieldy one.

Here in Zurich, he talked, conspired, corresponded, and wrote works, all milling around his creed:

"We set ourselves as our final aim the task of destruction of the State."

He wrote with caution using the "Aesopian" methods of the Reds.

The method designed by the word "Aesopian" consisted

in circumlocution; for instance, in referring to "Social Democrats" the term used was "Consistent Marxist." Key words were used, each with its own particular significance.

Snowden said: "These fanatics are destructive maniacs without an atom of constructive capacity."

Poliakoff, a White Russian, after his life long study of the Russian Bear in reviewing the despoilers of Russia, states:

> "It is worse than useless to judge them by our standards or try to impress them with our moral arguments. A compromise in the conflict waged by the Soviets against civilization is impossible. Whilst we are losing time in an interminable demonstration of the falsity of Bolshevik principles, Moscow is undermining the position in which our principles are founded. We are inclined to treat the issue as one for public disputation, but the Bolsheviks look upon us as enemies and treat us as such. The instinct of self preservation and whatever there is left of pride suggest the necessity of treating them likewise *together with those who sympathize with them, for the worst enemy of civilization is not Moscow but the parlour Bolshevik intoxicated by a novel doctrine.*"

From Russia came an edict to the conspirators:

"The International Bureau insists on the junction of all groups that stand on the Soviet platform. The work of the party must be done in co-operation with the work of the Soviets.

"Anarchists, former Menshevists and Social

Revolutionaries, *Intelligentsia,* etc., who express the wish to co-operate with the Soviets must not be rejected."

Intelligentsia!

Quick to perceive, lightning fast to act, the Russians developed the plan to make use of the weapon thrust into their hands by the Socialists of various countries. They rolled under their tongues the sweet morsel.

"The American schools and colleges are honeycombed with Socialistic sympathizers."

With their uncanny understanding of organization, they clearly perceived the necessary step that must be taken in order to weld this scholastic influence to their cause.

Intelligentsia!

The time had come to departmentalize this branch of their activities in the United States. A leader must be selected. No false move to be made here—the task was of colossal size. The decision might either make or break this angle of their plan.

A few years before these events were taking place, there had come to the attention of the inner group the name of Professor Covet. In a public speech Covet had used the magical expressions "production for use rather than for profit" and "there is too much civilization, too much means of subsistence, too much industry, too much commerce."

When the inner group read this speech in a daily paper, there was great elation, for these were exact quotations from the Communist's Manifesto—the exact words of their dead leader, Mordechia, alias Karl Marx, a German Jew, whose false doctrines have spread contagion around a world.

Little by little, Covet gravitated to the inner circle, first as a dupe, then as an adept.

He smarted under the thought that as yet he had not been admitted into full confidence. Under the long novitiate, he became restless. The skilled tacticians were permitting him to "season." They were leading him from one commitment to another against the time when their hold upon him would be such that no order could be disobeyed; their hold upon him would be too secure for him to attempt anything other than strict and immediate compliance.

The time of test had come. The telegram calling him East had been sent. He was speeding to New York to come into his own.

On their part, against his arrival, their plans called for greater fire under the witch's caldron in which was brewing their revolt against civilization.

In the jungles of Africa the natives beat huge hollow logs, telegraphing thereby from mile to mile their messages and warnings with a despatch and efficiency truly remarkable.

By word of mouth, by apparently innocent blind advertisements in the daily papers, by "aesopian" editorials in radical newspapers, the word was spread to "stand by" and wait. There was much whispering in out-of-the-way places by those on the outer edge.

Socialist groups met at various halls in New York, on 84th Street, on 127th Street, on 5th Street, where the tom-toms of radicalism were beaten to bring to a white heat the wild-eyed mob that Roosevelt designated as the "lunatic fringe."

Shouted one of the speakers with the veins of his fore-

head standing out like whipcords, with eyes flashing with the light of insanity, and with saliva dribbling from purple lips:

"Comrades, Capitalism is tottering—the Revolutionary spirit is spreading throughout the world. No more temporizing and hesitating. Long live anarchy! The world is ours! Kill the vermin who stand in your way."

At another meeting a speaker shrieked:

"We will take over the factory, the store, the farm, the warehouse and every other necessity for life and happiness without having any profiteer government or church parasite to profit by *our* labor."

Most of the labor this speaker had ever done had been behind prison walls when a convict. He didn't mention this feature. However, if he had, he would not have lost caste in this choice assemblage, because a great percentage of his audience were alumni from similar institutions.

In another hall before an audience of greater selection, a gentleman with gold rimmed glasses from which descended a wide black ribbon climaxed his talk with:

"Oh, America! When will you, too, join the great procession? When will you unfurl red banners and proclaim yourselves the rightful owners of the world?"

Before the largest group stood an Eastern college graduate who had been granted one more opportunity by the inner circle after incessant requests.

At thirty-five years of age, he was still an "allowance man." Against him there had been leveled the charge by his comrades that he spent all the allowance on himself and gave nothing to the cause. Some day though, the comrades thought, they might manage to get their

fingers on that allowance and then the cause would prosper.

With broad a's and with marked evidence of a veneered culture, he said:

"There's inspiration in knowing that thousands are doing what you are doing for the same cause you are laboring for. You are invited to join the thousands, to work with them, a little every day, to get into the hands of the thirty million wage workers the message of communism. The task before us is the substitution of worker's control for capitalist control in industry.

"There they are, 30,000,000 of them waiting to be educated, 30,000,000 of them, most of whom are literally murdering themselves in the capitalist's shambles.

"We are going to destroy the upper classes. We will laugh to scorn their sweet ideals and dear moralities.

"We intend to scrap their silly patriotism. No quarter! No quarter! Death to them! Exile for their God!"

The night of ravings wore to a close—the audiences filed out, wild-eyed, gesticulating, sharpened to razor edge. The last light in the halls of treason went out. Gleefully did the leaders rub their hands—"Well done, Comrade, well done."

Late that night in a den, improvised from a coal cellar, after much reconnoitering and with the stealth of prowling things, came singly eight men. The first man took his position as guard outside the coal cellar door. As each man sought admission he placed his mouth close to the ear of the guard, who ran his fingers under the coat collar of the whispering one till he found the crossed pins. Another whispered word and he passed within while the lone guard took up his lonely vigil.

The persecution of Czarist police had schooled the plotters into a caution that much exceeded ordinary vigilance.

Outside, the city was stretching and brushing the sleep from its eyes. Came the heavy rumbling of early trucks on the cobblestone pavements. Came the shrill cry of newsboys, the calls of street peddlers, the noise of an early morning in a city.

One by one, unobtrusively as possible, the men left the place, mingling quickly with the passing throng.

Their work of the night was done. The details had been worked out. They were ready for Professor Covet. On time to the minute the train pulled into the station. The engineer swung down from his cab, stretched himself, flexed and reflexed tired fingers and called "hello" to a fellow engineer on the next track.

Back of him came his passengers pouring from the cars —little cries of joy when the waiting ones espied the friend, the wife, the husband, the son or the daughter, happy faces; sad faces, all the gamut of life; kaleidoscopic, the world in microcosm.

At the exit gate from the train platform stood a "Comrade," alert, his eyes darting from passenger to passenger, scanning the faces rapidly. To him had been assigned the task of meeting Professor Covet at the train.

Though he had never seen him, he was sure he would recognize him from the photograph that he had scrutinized carefully before he had set out upon his errand.

Among the comrades he was known as the "Disinherited One," because his family had disowned him after years of patient attempts at reclamation. His family name was a thing to conjure with. In his line were illustrious names

of ancestors who had played great parts in American History. Educated at one of the leading eastern colleges, reared in a home of culture and broad understanding, advised by parents who judged, with remarkable clearness, the relative importance of the things of life, nevertheless, some queer kink in his character caused him to gravitate to a profligacy and debauchery that was a wonder even to the underworld where surprise is not registered easily.

He became enamored with a girl working in a cigar factory on the east side of New York City. Russian born, gifted with not a little brilliancy, endowed with Amazonian voluptuousness and possessed of a dynamic personality, she had made a name for herself in Communistic circles by dint of inborn leadership.

To a native wit, she had added a meager smattering of elemental education, garnered at odd times in various night schools. A barbarian, living thousands of years after her era, the civilization of the day was beyond her ken. She was a true throw-back to the time of club and fang. A dyed-in-the-wool Communist, she outran her male comrades in the vehemence of her radicalism. Constantly she hurled her challenges to her audiences. Her taunts of their softness spurred them and shamed them if they lagged behind her steps in violence. Her face in repose gave little hint of the maniacal fury that played over it when she was in full swing, haranguing the mob.

Many times she had been arrested. The police came to dread this biting, fighting Amazon from whose lips poured out a stream of filth that caused even those familiar with handling the dregs of humanity to wonder.

There was a certain feline gracefulness in her move-

ments that fascinated. In her lighter moments, when her claws were sheathed, she could purr softly and make her glances as languishing and as enticing as any of the sisterhood who hunted. There was no mirth in her laughter that rang out in a rich contralto. Glistening-white, perfectly-formed teeth behind naturally red lips were magnets that drew to them her victims.

There were Kornsky and Rottenberg who had fought for her. In a dingy alley Rottenberg had been found with his head beaten to a pulp. Kornsky came to her weeks afterward, a shadow of a man, a physical wreck, crippled for life, deformed and ghastly.

Back and forth in a chair she rocked, filling the room with laughter, laughter that singed and burnt. With it ringing in his ears, the pitiful wreck of the former cave man dragged himself from the room.

Next came surly Borodon, who sat silent and morose, following her with eyes of jealousy when she spoke to anyone else. It was he who was found in a hallway with protruding eyes and with hands tied behind him.

Around his neck, eating its way into his flesh, was a wet rawhide strap, that, in drying, became ever tighter.

"Where was Rosika?" asked the police.

The alibi was perfect. The police filed down the stairs baffled. From upstairs came wild laughter while Rosika clinked glasses with another. Came Brakehoff who was reclaimed from a watery grave, a bloated derelict.

In course of time came the "Disinherited One" who asked, "Why doesn't someone tame this wild cat?" He laughed and she laughed and the attempt at taming started.

Word flew around the quarter. It reached the ears of "Number One," who sent for her. Their meeting was a stormy one.

"This thing has got to stop, Rosika; you are raising the devil with the Comrades. They are walking stiff legged around each other snarling and snapping at each other and forgetting our cause. Remember, our cause comes first. Time for all that when we get the world into our own hands, when we drive capitalism before us. That's all; don't let me hear about these things again," and he turned from her, signifying the interview was over.

Across the room, bounding like a tigress, with eyes like balls of fire, came Rosika till her face was only a few inches from that of "Number One." Was it possible? Did not this tigress know that "Number One" had tamed more than one jungle creature of their tribe? If she knew it, her actions gave no evidence of it.

"Is that so?" shrieked Rosika. "Haven't you told me a thousand times that to build up internationalism, nationalism must first be broken down—to break up nationalism the family group must be broken down—to break up the family group, the individual must do as he wants, feel as he wants, take what he wants—well, old Turn-All-The-Way-Around, that is just what I am doing—do you hear—that-is-what-I-intend-to-do."

It was unanswerable. "Number One" was a tactician. He held his position by his adroitness. He gave no indication that he had heard her. His face was frozen into an idol-like expressionless mask, hiding the rage he always felt when crossed.

The alliance of the "Disinherited One" and Rosika was

an angle that "Number One" had not taken, previously, into consideration. He was obliged to change his plans quickly.

Victor Hugo wisely observed, "It is the masterpiece of powerful minds to save themselves by what has ruined them."

"Number One," with a lightning flash of intuition, perceived a way out of the dilemma. No little of his strength was due to his quick decisions and his ability to act promptly. He rarely divulged more of his plans to his subordinates than he deemed necessary for their consummation.

"Listen, Rosika, here is the plan. After next April nobody will call Baldridge the 'Disinherited One.' Why? Because next April he comes into one million dollars left in trust to him, till that time, by his grandfather. All strings are cut loose from it then. It will be his to do with as he wants.

"We are going to keep him in our front show case with the sweet little label on him marked 'Parlor Socialist.' That will fool our customers.

"When we get the unthinking fools inside our store we will sell them Socialism, Communism, Sovietism, Anarchy. What is the difference? They all are cut from the same piece.

"Baldridge, with his stuck-up family reputation, with his education and money, will look good in our show case and will bring to us new customers, the parlor pinks.

"We can use their rotten money."

Rosika's brain had stopped working when she heard "Number One" mention the sum one million dollars.

"That stiff—one million dollars—my God!"

The man continued, "Yes, a million. As soon as he gets it, we will make him start a Foundation with it. I know his vanity. We will stick a wisp of hay in front of the jackass's nose and call it the Baldridge Foundation and then we Comrades will plunge our hands into it up to the arm pits—up to our arm pits, I tell you.

"Here is where you come in—lead him on—enmesh him—fan his family troubles and then when the boob is eating out of your hand, get him drunk and listen to this—marry him! Do you get it? Marry him!" Rosika threw back her head while peals of cold laughter rang out.

"You," she said, "you say marry!" Again came the laughter, to subside quickly as a cold, calculating light came into her eyes.

"Of course, if you can't, I won't say any more about it," murmured the crafty tempter.

He knew her; hence the insinuating challenge. He guessed her aright.

"Who says I can't?" flashed back the Amazon. "One million dollars" mused "Number One," slowly.

Less than a week afterwards Rosika glided into "Number One's" presence with her sinuous tigress-like movements and sprang, like her prototype, to a high table where she sat, swinging her legs and unconsciously creating the atmosphere favorable to the announcement she was about to make.

Silently they eyed one another.

"Well, drag out your damn preacher man tomorrow and we will pull off your sweet little marriage.

"He called me his 'Wildcat'! Well, I will be his 'Kittie' —'Kittie'—'Kittie' all right, but he will have to have a hell of a lot of milk dished out for me."

The next evening the travesty of a wedding occurred. The services were enlisted of a renegade preacher, one Dr. Jay May Haas, whose name was anathema to the honest and sincere clergy.[4]

A hall was rented. The Comrades decorated it with flaming red bunting. At one end of the room had been erected a gallows, with two nooses. As the hour approached, the Comrades filled the hall to suffocation.

Suddenly the band broke forth with the Internationale. Pandemonium broke loose. They stamped and yelled till throats were sore.

Now from a side door, to take his place behind the gallows, came the minister who shamed his fellow clergymen. In his hand he carried an immense book. Suddenly the band crashed into an ear piercing, nerve racking jazz and to its strains came up the aisle, "Shimmying," the precious pair who were making a sacrilege of one of the most age-honored of ceremonies.

In flaming red, the bride wore as a corsage an enormous bunch of red flowers.

"Who gives this woman away?"

The roar from the mob rose and fell.

"We can, but we won't." The ceremony was interrupted while a shrieking woman, like a cheer leader, led the crowd in their yell, repeated over and over.

---

[4] In a public speech, delivered in a large auditorium in Chicago, a poltroon minister stated: "Were ravishers to enter my home and attack my family, I would still not raise a hand to kill, for if I did, I would not be an absolute Pacifist."

"We can, but we won't."

The ceremony went on. "I pronounce you man and wife." A sweating band leader waved a sickle and hammer. Again the band crashed into the Internationale while men and women pushed and mauled their way to the two standing under the gallows with the noose around their necks.

And thus were married the scion of a distinguished family and one from the dregs of the gutter.

The tigress became the tamer; the man became the tamed. From her he absorbed some little of her positivism; from him she acquired an addition to her vocabulary and, by imitating his mannerisms, found that she could pass current in groups that hitherto she had not been able to meet on a plane of equality. She became known in the Borderland Zone as "the brilliant and eccentric Russian."

Not a whit had she changed basically. She had merely schooled herself to repression when that would serve her purpose better.

Chapter VII

PLOTS AND PLANS

Baldridge came into his money—a sum that had grown to more than one million dollars, part of the fortune made by his grandfather, Stephen Baldridge, a pioneer in railroad development, who started his life in railroading as a telegrapher in a small station. He had worked late into the nights. Sundays saw him toiling. He outgrew one position after another. He learned his job and the one just ahead.

Years afterward, he found many of his former associates in the same positions, albeit on other roads, they had held when they were laughing at "the glutton for work who didn't know when to quit."

He became president of an old, worn-out railroad that "didn't start or end anywhere." No one gave it serious consideration. He turned it into one of the great systems.

The great adventure of helping to build an empire appealed to his imagination. His greatest satisfaction came when he saw towns and industries and producing areas where had been only endless prairies and waste spaces.

His personal wants were few. He was a Spartan in his hatred of luxuries for himself. Few of his clerks dressed as economically as did he.

From this source came the money that the executors of the Estate of Stephen Baldridge turned over to the Communist Baldridge who was seeking to tear down that which his grandfather had built.

Then events happened so rapidly that, looking back to this time, Baldridge was always bewildered.

The Baldridge Foundation was now an established fact. It was legally incorporated by a lawyer of national reputation who, one time, had raised his right hand and solemnly sworn to defend the Constitution of the United States.

His fee for organizing was fifty thousand dollars. It was about this time that his name blazed across the front pages of a metropolitan paper as a donor of ten thousand dollars for "The Home for Crippled Children."

Much more to the point it would have been had his bribe gone to a home for mental cripples. That it was not so given was probably due to a peculiar sensitiveness which shrunk from laying himself open to a slanderous charge that in giving it to mental cripples he aimed to keep the money in the family.

He prostituted his brains for pay. The sisterhood that preys for pay murmured, "Hail, brother, hail."

He knew the plague he was helping to spread but consoled himself with the thought, "If I don't incorporate this Foundation, someone else will. I might just as well get the fee as anyone."

He built such a clever structure that in after years his practice was doubled and trebled, but his former acquaintances left him alone, and he became identified more and more with the enemies of society.

Baldridge and his wife occupied an apartment in the borderland of Greenwich Village. They rented it furnished. The former occupant, a painter, had departed between sundown and sunup, leaving behind him an artistic studio with the "atmosphere" of the quarter.

Baldridge revelled in the surroundings. As for Rosika, housekeeping and surroundings were matters of superb indifference, so it fell to the lot of the man to hypnotize himself into the belief that a latent artistic trend in his make-up was superior to the indignities of being a he-housekeeper.

He purchased an artist's smock and a tam-o-shanter and cultivated the technique of a dilettante. He organized a "Cucumber Club" that met every week in the studio. At first Rosika protested, but soon recognized the opportunity the club afforded to indoctrinate the members who were half converted before they came.

There had been much discussion the day previous. "Number One" had decreed that Baldridge should meet Professor Covet and entertain him in the studio while the Comrades were preparing for the important meeting of the evening. Consequently, Rosika was now awaiting their arrival.

From the train came the Professor to be met at the gate by Baldridge, whose early training asserted itself in his very gracious handling of the situation. A quick estimation of each flowed immediately into a superficial cordiality.

A waiting taxi whisked them in a short time to their destination.

Through the open door of the studio the two men saw the cause of the din that greeted their ears. Rosika was pounding the punching bag with the skill of a professional. A vicious punch knocked it loose from its heavy cord, and it sailed across the room, narrowly missing the surprised Covet. After it came Rosika with both hands outstretched,

greeting Covet with a whirlwind boisterousness that left him somewhat breathless but not altogether displeased.

Baldridge stood by with his habitual cynical expression, thinking, "There isn't a rule made that fits her."

Some chance remark of Covet recalled to Rosika a night of violence at an I. W. W. riot. She painted the picture with great splashes of color, picturesque, vivid and gripping. On and on, in a mad torrent of words she plunged with a natural instinct for the dramatic, unconsciously acting every part, every emotion. She held the professor by the flashing of her eyes, the swaying of her body and those powerful flying hands that helped to paint the picture before his eyes.

Back through the years raced Covet's thoughts. As he listened he reverted to type—his eyes flashed with hers—his body swayed with her body—his hatreds answered hers—Russian was speaking to Russian. The veneer of education disappeared—"commerce, education, culture, civilization, the arts. Silly things!" The untutored one was despising the things she couldn't comprehend—the educated one was hating the mirror of civilization that reflected back to him his own twisted hatreds. The untutored and the super-educated met as equals on the field of megalomania.

In this strange group the husband became the hyphen. Baldridge's first step in radicalism was taken in college. A socialist professor had skillfully inoculated him with the fatal virus.

He responded quickly. To his immature brain there was fascinating adventure and intrigue in aligning himself with the undertaking.

He was unable to distinguish between an unworkable theory and a workable fact.

In those days of adolescence he fancied himself an altruist. He pictured himself as a knight in shining armor giving battle to the ogre that enslaved the millions. Knowing nothing of life, having no orientation of civilization and its long, long travail, it flattered his youthful vanity to think that he might have a part, an important one maybe, in the miracle that was to change the motivating traits of human beings—to transform impossible theories into established facts.

His enthusiasm was deftly fanned by the teacher who led him from one hypothesis to another, until the bewildered lad, rather than admit incapacity, as he thought, to grasp the theory, succumbed to the proselyting and became a convert to the poisonous doctrines of Mordechia, alias Karl Marx, a German Jew—doctrines that would plunge civilization into anarchy and chaos—doctrines that have made shambles of barbaric Russia.

After graduation and when he found that the promulgating of his ideas was segregating him from his family and friends, a strange obstinacy took possession of him and he elected to throw reason to the winds, espousing the cause with greater intensity, in proportion to the resistance he met. The day came when he admitted to himself that the theory was unworkable but to change was impossible. A deep rooted stubbornness would not permit.

From that time on, he played the game, hating the world for the position he was in, ascribing it to every source but the right one—himself; vowing vengeance upon others for the injuries he had inflicted upon himself.

One thing that he lacked was force.

Rosika, in this, was his complement. She furnished what he lacked—together they rounded into a disillusioned weaver of theory plus a driving, blinded, unreasoning force.

Covet correctly estimated the situation. The background of Baldridge appealed to him, but Rosika quickened in him his days on the refuse wagon when Old Zug called "Rags an' old iron," when was born within him the hatred that flamed when he saw Conover years ago and, envying him, sought ease from envy in hatred.

He saw in the woman the primitive, himself, before he was glossed with an education.

Lunch time arrived.

Baldridge threw a bright red cloth over a table and brought out, from underneath a couch, the inevitable cans, the badges of Rosika's disinclination for housekeeping.

As the day wore on, Covet felt a glow of satisfaction permeating his being. He and Baldridge took long flights in academic skies, each elaborating the other's theme. Back each time would come the conversation to the dominate idea around which each had centralized himself. Much of it was over Rosika's head. At such times she yawned prodigiously and stretched her magnificent body, much as do wild animals in captivity.

Nine o'clock found Baldridge and Covet many miles from the studio. They turned into an obscure street; and, when they reached a bungalow situated in the middle of a sizable lot, after a careful glance up and down the street, they unlatched the gate of the high fence and entered.

Scarcely had they set foot within, when a Comrade

stepped out from behind a large tree that had sheltered him. It was fortunate that his action had been prompt, because two fierce dogs in full speed were coming from the back of the yard.

At a word of command, they accepted the two arrivals and at another order from the Comrade, gave evidence of their perfect training by again taking up the patrol in which they had been so well drilled.

The men approached the door of the bungalow where another Comrade sat smoking.

A series of knocks, answers, replies, and a low whispered word gained admission for them. The door slowly opened to absolute darkness within. They entered hastily to find themselves taken by the hands, as the guide conducted them through another door.

They heard bolts drawn. They heard clanking of door chains, the noise of bolts released.

A door was swung open disclosing a dimly lighted stairway leading down into a basement.

Seven men sat smoking in the room. The atmosphere was heavy with smoke and reeked with the odors of sweating bodies. There were no windows, no ventilation, the only visible exit or entrance, the door through which they came and a trap door in the floor. Overhead swung two incandescent lights around which had been wrapped some material through which the light struggled. A long table occupied one end of the room. Behind this sat "Number One," with gimlet eyes, the irises of which were rimmed in their entire circumferences by the white of eyeballs—hypnotic eyes that pierced and compelled.

"Number One" and Covet had become acquainted some

time before. They greeted one another and soon Covet had made the acquaintance of all the Comrades. Baldridge, though he had served a prison term, was the only man in the room who did not have an alias. Even Covet had changed his name from Zug.

"Number One" resumed his place behind the table. A Comrade sat at each end. In front the others drew up their chairs. Laughed to scorn would have been the prophet who hazarded the prophecy that within a few short years, one sitting in that room would be seated in a chair of power—would hold in those hands the destiny of one hundred and forty million people—would have his commands received in deference by the dreaded secret police, the Tcheka of Russia—would stable his body in the Kremlin Palace—would wake from his troubled sleep haunted by the staring eyes of hundreds of thousands—yes, millions —of murdered victims.

Laughed to scorn would have been such a prophet. Yet, had such a prophecy been made, the years would have seen its fulfillment.

Those hands now spread on that long table were to become literally drenched in blood. Strong hands they were, ruthless hands, cunning enough, big enough to hold in a few years within their bloody grasp a country of vast resources—big enough to encompass *one-sixth of the earth's surface*. This vast area came under the control of exiles, one, the exiled panther in New York, another, the exiled spider in Switzerland.

Some little premonition of his coming power must have stolen into that cunning brain, for lightning flashes played from his eyes when he slowly bent his glance first on

one and then on another of the Comrades, who were strangely charged by the human dynamo before them.

Covet felt the play of nerves up and down his spine. Like the rest, he reacted to the superhuman power emanating from that malignant force.

The will of Covet bowed before its recognized master, the man who in a few years was to become one of the Red dictators of Russia.

Covet had come to New York obsessed with the idea that he would dominate the situation—that is his educational prominence would secure for him, automatically, a pre-eminence before which the others would bend the knee.

Sitting there under the spell of "Number One," his house of cards crumbled. There was born the conviction that his mental equipment lagged behind that of the man whose personality was dominating the comrades around him.

Wave after wave darted from those broadcasting eyes. Frantically the Comrades turned the dials of their imagination seeking to synchronize receiver with sender. First one and then another caught the message.

Covet in profuse perspiration, swaying in his chair, fought against this thing that, in yielding to, he was fully aware meant subordination of a will that hitherto had brooked no resistance. Here was a force infinitely greater than any he could summon—greater than any he had encountered before.

Those gimlet eyes bored through his last defense, and the message drove home. A strange metamorphosis took place. Nevermore would his megalomania rise to the point

where it would not yield precedence to that one agency. However, his yielding might carry him far, possibly up to the right hand of that compelling master himself. It was a dazzling thought, bringing a strange comfort to him and fully compensating his vanity.

He was not conscious of any orderly procedure of thought. The last one in the room to yield, he became the most charged with that irresistible current.

In that strange figure before him, a figure now that consisted of only two huge eyes, he recognized a power that would aid him to climb the heights of his own aggrandizement.

Now came, from seemingly an immeasurable distance, a voice, slow and clear; a voice that seemed to float around the room like smoke, weaving a spell not so much from the thought as from its graduation from a whisper, growing ever stronger as "Number One" lashed his spirit to a frenzy.

Now came the words like the staccato of a machine gun.

Breathless, the Comrades hung on his words. He painted the picture of Russia, of Siberia. He carried them through his days in exile, days spent in filling his entire being with revenge—his nights of exile packed to the cover with hideous dreams, when the creaking of floor boards, an unusual noise of the night, even a shadow, drove his keyed-up brain to apprehensions that ate into him like a cancerous growth—his days after his escape when he subsisted on crusts and looked out, from squalid garret windows, upon a stratum of society which, having more than he, became, to his heated brain, his implacable enemy.

Had he been honest in analyzing his thoughts, he would

have realized that it was not autocracy he was hating. That which awoke his hatred was not power; it was the temporary holder of that power. He sought to wrest that power from the present holders to transfer it to his own group.

The autocracy of the Czars was changed to the worst autocracy of all—the autocracy of the mob. Vicious as was the former autocracy, still it had its limitations.

To that, there succeeded a Soviet Autocracy, the hideous rule of atavistic monsters who stamped out the last vestige of culture, and changed overnight a nation into jungle tribes.

The rule of one brutal tyranny was merely changed for one far more brutal.

With eyes flashing fire and a mighty voice he thundered: "We communists and socialists will haul down the dirty American rag and fly our Red Flag over the White House.

"That will come—not now—later. Think of it! Nearly all the American Labor Unions fight our cause. The American Federation of Labor think themselves aristocratic, privileged workers. They won't listen to us now—but wait—we will bore from within. We will crush them, the patriotic fools. We will strip them of their luxuries. Why should they lord it over us? We will pluck their lousy dollars from them. To hell with their prosperity! They even own shares of stock in companies they are working for.

"Down with America!

"We intend to bore from within the Labor Unions—penetrate pacifist organizations, organize student clubs

and plant our workers in cultural clubs of women. We will organize groups to fight the Boy Scouts, the rotten breeding place of patriotism. We will infiltrate into the American army and navy and stamp the men with our cause. Don't think we can't do it.

"We will drive them like sheep before us. We will put into legislatures, into Congress, into the Senate those who will do our work for us.

"Think these things over—get America ready for its fall.

"As for me, Russia is ready for the plucking. I can't tell you more now—look at me—I say, look at me."

He leaned forward, whispering, "I tell you the hour has struck." His voice boomed out, "Russia will be ours —it is only a matter of months. Do you hear? A matter of months only.

"The Baldridge Foundation is ready—money—money —money—we have enough to finance the Russian Revolution. All the gold and treasure of Russia, all its mines, all its industries will be ours.

"Then when it is ours—then for the World Revolution!

"Let this sink in. *A Soviet rule in Russia can not last unless we plunge the leading nations of the world into Communism.*

"They must go down or ourselves.

"Get America ready for the day!

"Wait till our Comrades own Russia—we will take her riches and pour them into propaganda to overthrow all other countries.

"We will subsidize our groups in every nation in the world.

"World Revolution is our aim. *Here is the plan:*[5]

" 'In the first place, acting on the saying of Lenin, that *"It is not the people who prepare revolution; one has to prepare the people for revolt,"* the mind of the people has to be corrupted and charged with hatred against the existing system of government. The workers are to be told how they are exploited, that they are the slaves of the employers, that those who do not work with their hands are parasites and blood-suckers; that property is theft; that patriotism only profits the possessing class; that religion is an opiate for the people and charity also a drug to prevent the people from claiming their just rights. Governments are to be discredited.

" 'They must be accused of being class governments; they must be pushed to extravagant expenditures; the armed forces must be disorganized and corrupted so that they will be unavailable when the time comes to isolate the authorities and paralyze their action.

" 'Having thus prepared the way by sowing unrest and discontent among the workers, the armed forces and the police, the plans for the actual execution of the revolution are then laid down.

" 'Fighting detachments of workers of extreme views and of the dregs of the population are formed, armed and exercised in secret.

" 'These bodies are specially trained for street fighting, especially night fighting and surprise actions.

" 'The rules recommend the creation for these troops of secret arms depots, which are to be as small as possible in case of discovery.

" 'Explosives are to be stolen from mines and yards and bombs made from them in small clandestine workshops which can later be transformed for mass production.

" 'Bands of 'terrorists' are to be formed for the special purpose of assassinating at the outbreak of the revolution all dangerous opponents.

---

[5] Plan outlined by Communist International, contained in their manual "World Rules for Civil War." In the United States, in Great Britian in France —in Germany, in nearly every country in the world part of this plan is rehearsed every year on *May first.*

" 'When the revolution has actually begun, the following detailed programme is to be carried out.

" '1. Action against the bourgeoisie—terrify the bourgeoisie by mass descent into the streets. Posts, patrols, machine guns, armoured cars.

" 'Suppress the newspapers so that he will know nothing, and deprive him of money by closing the banks; deprive him of means of transport—motor cars—and prevent him from organizing—control of meetings.

" 'Nationalize banks, factories, private houses.

" 'Assure the necessary money by seizing the banks and by levies on public and private funds.

" 'Establish a popular police and justice, regulate traffic by requiring an "identity card."

" 'From this moment the bourgeoisie should have no chance of escape.

" 'Control of private arms—a pretext for searches and fines.

" '2. Action against the authorities. Isolate the central power by seizing the communications; posts, telephone, telegraphs, transport.

" 'Isolate in the same way the subordinate organs; the provinces; the military commands; suppress troublesome persons.

" 'Set up a soviet power in opposition to the formed power wherever the movement has obvious superiority, and only then overthrow the former authorities.

" 'From the point of view of the army, do not seek conflicts. Isolate the commands, isolate the barracks, prevent the chiefs from reaching their posts so as to paralyze the whole.

"Try to obtain defections; first isolate them in constituted groups, and regroup them at once to show that the revolution is supported by the army—make use of these to entice other units.' "

"Number One" paused dramatically.

On the edges of their chairs sat the brothers with muscles tensed. Like hungry dogs they were literally licking their chops.

"Let this sink in," continued the speaker, "preach disarmament—it will be easy to deceive well meaning people, especially women. Lull all other nations to sleep. Russia will have the biggest army in the world.

"Then when she elects to strike, the sheep will be ready for us."

Again "Number One," the consummate actor, paused. His whole manner changed. The fiery and forceful orator, by the magical wand of his talent, changed before their very eyes into a simple, guileless maker of verses. With his head on one side, with an expression of guileless trust, he lisped:

"What is true is true.
We admit without hypocrisy,
We carry on; and we will carry on agitation,
And we will prevail—rest assured!
In having all the world bury 'civilization,'
Which is conceiving—Wars!
I do not envy, Mister, your situation,
You have come to a fateful syllogism,
Communism leads to disarmament
Disarmament—to Communism!"

Roars of laughter greeted his efforts.

The doggerel produced the result "Number One" desired. The tension was broken. The skilled speaker was almost uncanny in correctly gauging mental fatigue. He knew, to a nicety, when relaxation was necessary. That the need was apparent was evidenced by the hysterical laughter that rose from the Comrades.

So might have laughed the Neanderthal man.

With a quick gesture he herded them back to seriousness. His facial expression of intensity was sufficient.

Covet's scholastic attainments had sloughed from him. Again he was running with the pack. His actions and reactions ran concurrent with theirs.

Again came that marvelous voice as "Number One" wove his spell.

"Comrades—*the key!* Memorize this—let it be your bible.

"Twelve apostles are needed when the idea begins to grip.

"1. *One on the idea forming groups.*

"2. *One on research to keep feeding the idea with facts.*

"3. *One for women.*

"4. *One for students.*

"5. *One for ministers, churches and the religious community.*

"6. *One to give beef, iron and port to tired radicals.*

"7. *One teacher for teachers.*

"8. *One for the social worker.*

"9. *One to insert the idea and direction of goal into Liberals and Liberal weeklies.*

"10. *One social engineer.*

"11. *One farmer.*

"12. *One labor leader.*

"Let me repeat it—get this! It is the A B C of our plan. The whole structure here in America will be based on it."

Like a flash Covet comprehended the plan. He could scarcely restrain his eagerness.

From "Number One" to Covet flashed understanding.

"Number One" paused. Into his eyes came again that light that had charged them so weirdly at the beginning of the meeting.

Before their eyes he seemed to grow in stature until his presence filled the room. His voice became more intense. It penetrated like a sharp knife. His eyes bulged in a steady gaze.

Slowly his right hand came up. It darted forth with pointing finger, like the head of an adder, straight, at shoulder height, towards Covet.

Never did a six shooter with slitted eye behind it hold equal power.

Slowly came the words, with a pause between each one.

"You, Professor Benedict Covet, will be the apostle for students!

"Under you and subordinate to you will be the apostle for teachers!

"Rise and receive the charge.

"You have received the most important post. We have now completed the list. You will work in close harmony with Fisher in labor matters and with Rotberg, the social engineer.

"We have delayed until today in selecting the important worker among teachers and students.

"You have served a long novitiate. You have been tested when you were least aware.

"The pitiless light of investigation has searched out the most obscure parts of your life.

"We know your antecedents in Russia. We know when you came to America, the name of the boat, the date upon

which you sailed, the date of your arrival, the schools you attended in America and Europe."

Still pointing his finger at Covet, "Number One" continued. "On a certain date you changed your name from Izzy Zug to Benedict Covet."

During this surprising exposé, Covet stood as one in a trance. At the mention of the name Zug, he was thunder-struck, so secret had he thought was the knowledge of his early days.

"Number One" proceeded in that voice of fate, "Your history ties us together all the closer. Your secret is safe with the Comrades. I tell these things to you to convince you that the position hasn't been tendered to you lightly.

"You measure up to our requirements. We expect great things of you. Your ability and great pre-eminence qualified you. Through your instrumentality our ideas will infiltrate through students, teachers, and even to the heads of schools.

"The task is before you.

"You will create cells and nuclei in the guise of liberal clubs or forums in colleges under the leadership of a central controlling body which will spread the Marxian theory throughout the college body.

"Do you accept the charge?"

The eyes of Covet were shining as his quick brain visualized the influence he might wield.

Came rushing his answer, "I do." Deafening applause from the Comrades greeted his decision.

"Number One" and he clasped hands in an exuberance of fanaticism, while the Comrades embraced him with fervor.

The enthusiasm was boundless.

"Speech—Speech," cried the Comrades.

To this request, however, Covet replied that he had often thought of the necessity for more concerted actions in that direction, stating that heretofore the work of spreading the Marxian theory had been more or less sporadic and lacked united action. If the Comrades would be patient, he would draw up a plan for discussion with "Number One" with the end in view of submitting it to the inner circle for discussion and adoption. He felt quite sure that the plan, only the bare outlines of which were in his mind, would be workable and productive of the results desired. More he would like to have said, but the evening's excitement had sadly drained his vitality and he contented himself with creating the impression that when he bent his intellect to the question, there would come forth a worth while plan.

The Comrades accepted him at his own valuation and were elated to think that their cause was espoused by one whose name was so prominent in academic circles.

Immediately after the meeting Covet and Baldridge and "Number One" discussed till early in the morning the various angles of the undertaking. Covet succeeded in establishing himself and before the conference was over, gained repeated words of praise from "Number One." Whatever he lacked in certain ways, he was not deficient in executive ability. He would have gone far, had he elected to fight for society instead of against it, but the twig had been bent and the tree was such as it was.

Covet and Baldridge, heavy-eyed and worn by the night's work, left the house early in the morning. On the

door steps sat a Comrade playing with the watch dogs that gave the departing ones fleeting glances, knowing that their task was in the keeping of the Comrade who vouched for them by his greeting.

"Number One" himself escorted the professor to the train.

The milling crowds of passengers at the station would have paused in wonder and shuddered in apprehension had they known that these two, the silent figure in the train shed and the one standing on the platform of the observation car waving farewells, were to become in a few years such commanding figures in the plan that threatened their liberties, their pursuit of happiness and aimed at destroying all that past sacrifices and denials and hardships had created slowly through the ages.

Professor Covet waved final farewell and stalked majestically into the club car where he sat with finger tips pressed together and a look of profound concentration that lost its depths from time to time as he took notice of the glances bestowed upon him by fellow passengers.

The afternoon of the next day saw the train pulling into the town of Paxton. Professor Covet elected to walk, so consigning his hand luggage, with the exception of a carefully guarded brief case, to an express man, he pursued his way up the main street at the end of which could be seen the ivy-covered tower of the main building of Paxton College.

A strange elation was his. The events in New York had given to his twisted mentality a direction and objective that were to last to his last breath. He carried himself with a Jovian solemnity, for was he not the one who would for-

mulate the great plan of uniting the various streams of education into a volume of irresistible force that would generate a power equal to the task of lighting a world with socialism?

The key to all that power was to be in his hands! Instinctively his fingers tightened to a grasp of the invisible sceptre. He envisioned himself as a dominating influence of education in America and his imagination soared to inconceivable heights.

Down past the shops he walked. His preoccupation was too profound to acknowledge the greeting of the butcher who bore his patronizing with equanimity, merely fining him, with a delicious conviction of justification, small amounts now and then, placed in inconspicuous places in his monthly bills. Past the grocery he went, curtly nodding to the white-aproned owner who bowed with pleasing servility until Covet's back was turned, only to take revenge for obsequiousness, by tapping his forehead solemnly, much to the elation of his clerk.

Before the Professor loomed the main college building. His eyes darted here and there as he walked across the campus. Into his tread had crept the anticipating strut of coming dictatorship. When he encountered groups of students, his gaze was dispassionate and impersonal, his interest in them centering around the fact that he considered them only in the light of clinical subjects that were to lend themselves to his great experiment.

Reaching his house, he entered his study where soon he plunged into the plans he had formulated on the train.

Chapter VIII

THE MEETING OF TWO OLD FRIENDS

It will be recalled that Professor Covet's appointment by the New York conspirators to be the disciple in charge of students and teachers took place several years before the memorable meeting of "Prexy" Potter and his former student, William Conover. At this meeting Conover had assured the venerable President that he would take upon his shoulders the task of aiding in the restitution of the old ideals in education.

Conover's promise to "Prexy" Potter had not been given lightly. For several years Conover had been disturbed by a subtle influence that had permeated many of our institutions of learning. To him the educational air seemed to be surcharged with sinister disturbances much the same as occur at the approach of violent storms. At first he considered these disturbances as sporadic, but gradually there was forced to his mind the fact that the various movements—each of which constituted a grave menace to our institutions—were not isolated movements, but each was part and parcel of a plan that would plunge a world into a quagmire of anarchy, in which individualism, genius and leadership would be obliterated by the levelling process that mediocrity has sought through the ages to impose on those upon whose shoulders rests, by natural attainments, the task of leading humanity from the miasmic swamps of mobocracy.

The day after the memorable one on which Conover

justified the confidence given him by his beloved President, Conover bade goodbye to the old campus and took the morning train east-bound, in response to a telegram of his eastern associates.

Having transacted his business in New York with greater dispatch than he had anticipated, he returned to the hotel at which he was stopping and was making for the desk on the other side of the lobby when he came face to face with an old classmate, Jim Morrow, whom he had not seen in years.

Paxton College had possessed many famous football teams, but at no time in all its history had it boasted of two halfbacks equal to "Bill" Conover and "Jim" Morrow. Around these two had grown a glamour in the years that followed, amounting almost to idolatry. Their feats had become challenges to succeeding players to whom no higher praise could be given than to be told that they approached in their play the brilliancy of these two famous half-backs.

No public dining room for these two! Dinner was served in Conover's room where, undisturbed, these two old pals crowded into a few hours the recital of events running over the period of years since their graduation.

The Golden West had lured Jim Morrow years ago. He had settled in a western state, big in area and small in population. He became a large ranch owner. His brand, the O Bar X, was known by every cattleman in the West.

Jim Morrow was probably more surprised than any other resident of his state when he was waited upon by a committee of the leading men of the state and importuned by them to permit his name to go before the next conven-

tion as candidate for United States Senator. His first reaction to the idea was one of boisterous, good-natured mirth, laughing until the tears coursed down his cheeks, an infectious laughter that was irresistible.

"Just a case of the old branding irons being hot, boys, and needing a maverick to practice on."

The spokesman of the committee waited until the laughter, called forth by Morrow's apt reply, had subsided and said:

"Yes, Jim, that's just it. You are a maverick. You don't carry the brand of any faction. You are right. The irons are hot, because the convention is going to be held in less than three months. Here is the situation. You know it as well as we do. The last time we gave Sam Taylor a tryout. He had a pretty good reputation as a smart lawyer. He played his cards slick, I'll say that for him. He laid low and kept his mouth shut and played into both factions. It looked to us as though Sam was the man to break the stranglehold Senator Bull has had on this state for years. While Sam did not come out in so many words and say so, he led us to believe that he was just itching to do this very thing. Well, Sam got his chance. We put him in. As soon as he got down to Washington, back came the news of his playing with our senior Senator and acting the errand boy for him. Bull got to the point where he didn't even pretend to consult him. He just told Sam where he headed in and Sam 'headed.'

"And here we were, out on the range like a stampeded herd and them two a-setting down in Washington and laughing at how they fooled us! That is why, Jim, we have picked on you for the maverick. We can count on you,

and you shoot square; and, somehow or other, we just can't see you taking any orders from Bull. Why, Jim, as you know, Bull polled less than a hundred thousand votes the last time and yet he has nearly as much influence regarding our affairs as a Secretary of State!"

While this explanation was being made to him, "Big Jim" Morrow's face became grave. Only too well did he know the bitter resentment the thinking people of his state felt toward the demagogue who was misrepresenting them in the Senate.

An adroit politician, Senator Bull, succeeded year after year in driving the wedge into the opposition. He had become a past master in intrigue. The opposition to him met with the same fate that always awaits the amateur contending against the professional.

At the time of the meeting of the committee with Jim Morrow, Senator Bull, by length of service in the Senate, had become chairman of one of the most important committees and had astonished the country by his vociferous demands of recognition of Soviet Russia. When a moving picture film, which was part of the propaganda Russian gold was paying for, was foisted upon the American public—a propaganda that was a tissue of misrepresentation —the people of Senator Bull's commonwealth were surprised and dumbfounded when they learned that the captions of the pictures were quotations of Senator Bull.

From one end of the country to another the question was asked: "What is the motivating reason lying behind such strenuous advocacy of recognition of a power that has abused ambassadorial privileges whenever such privileges were extended to them by other countries?" An

abuse that ran so far as to use Russian embassies for their propagandists, who sought to overthrow the countries whose hospitality they enjoyed?

When the Russian spy nest was raided in England, there was discovered absolute proof of the world-wide conspiracies, and the doors of England were locked to the piratical crew to whom honor was a joke and decency a trait of weakness.

All these things were discussed by Morrow and the committee, and as the interview progressed, the committee, encountered less and less resistance on Morrow's part until Morrow had given his promise that he would accede to their wishes and make the fight.

As usual, Senator Bull entered the convention with a dummy picked out for his candidate for the junior Senator.

Morrow's friends rallied around him in the campaign, and he was elected by one of the greatest majorities the state had ever known; but, none of these things gained the attention of either Morrow or Conover in the early stages of their reunion. It was college life and football that they discussed, and as the years slid off their shoulders, they lived the old college days over again.

Game after game they played over again in memory. Incident after incident was recalled.

"I wonder how 'Prexy' is, God bless him!" remarked Senator Morrow.

To Conover, in a flash, came back his last meeting with "Prexy" on the campus, and after a quick answer to the question, told Morrow the details of their last conversation, finishing by telling his pal the promise he had given "Prexy."

"Jim, I told him I would make a study of the Subversive Activities that are undermining our schools, our churches and our government. I am on my way now to set my house in order so that I may have time to go into this thing. What do you think about it?"

Morrow left his chair with a bound and grasped Conover by the shoulders.

"Thank God for that, Bill. You are the very man. You can be a power in this thing. Even 'Prexy' has no idea of the extent of this menace. This insidious thing has left a slimy trail up the steps of the Capitol itself and has wormed its way under the inner doors of the two Houses. Under the shadow itself of the White House there are subversive societies flaunting their banners of treason to the same breezes that caress Old Glory on the White House.

"You would be dumbfounded if you sat in my office in the Senate Building and saw the mass of propaganda coming to every Senator and Congressman on the eve of any important legislation.

"It is getting to be 'Government by propaganda.' Government by blocs headed by blockheads.

"All the letters are of the same type. A button is pressed and into Washington comes a mass of correspondence.

"We are asked to take down the bars of immigration. We are asked to join in protesting against the just execution of two thieves and murderers, Sacco and Vanzetti, justly sentenced for a dastardly murder. Dying, they screamed, 'Long live anarchy!' Here is proof of the Communist activity in this case. Moscow states in secret reports: *'The campaign against the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti was conducted under the leadership of the party'*

CHICAGO PUBLIC LIBRARY

(Communist).[6] Not a word of protest, however, comes from these very same people against the *daily* murdering of *thousands* in Soviet Russia.[7] These two murderers were members of an international gang of anarchists. The Reds around the world seek to martyrize them. Undoubtedly other Reds will attempt in books, by associations and by lectures to defend the 'Comrades.' The rule of gangland will be carried on.[8]

"We are asked to recognize Soviet Russia; for the purpose of bartering with Russia to gain a few dollars, we are importuned to sell our souls; we are asked to cut down the appropriations for the army and navy; it seems we are importuned to do everything except to remember we have taken our oaths to uphold the Constitution of the United States of America.

"I throw these propaganda letters in the waste basket—

---

[6] Here is direct proof. The "International Communist Review" of October 1st, 1927, felicitates itself in these terms on the results of that movement. "Bloody battles mark the route of this movement, not only in Boston and New York, but also at Paris, at Leipzig, at Geneva, at Cherbourg, in London. In the course of the Sacco-Vanzetti movement the first barricades were constructed such as were seen in Paris during the Commune. . . *it is a great victory for the Communist International that the Communist Parties, both in America and in Europe, showed themselves equal to their task in the course of the Sacco-Vanzetti campaign and that they unhesitatingly took the direction of the movement of the masses.*"

[7] Professor Charles Sarolea, D.Jur., LL.D., Belgian Consul in Edinburgh, Professor of French literature in the University of Edinburgh, states in his book, "Impressions of Soviet Russia" (1924) page 81, "A Russian statistical investigation estimates that the Dictators killed 28 bishops, 1,219 priests, 6,000 professors and teachers, 9,000 doctors, 12,950 landowners, 54,000 officers, 70,000 policemen, 193,290 workingmen, 260,000 soldiers, 355,200 intellectuals and professional men, and 815,000 peasants," a total of 1,776,687.

[8] John H. Wigmore, Dean of the Law School, Northwestern University, states: "The two accused (Sacco and Vanzetti) appear to be valuable members of a powerful international fraternity or cabal or gang who have, since the trial and conviction, sought to give aid to their convicted associates by the most extensive system of international terrorism that the world has known for a century past. Ever since the trial, in 1921, this terrorism has been carried on. If it had succeeded, justice in the United States would be at its mercy."

that is the value I place on the efforts of paid secretaries of unpatriotic societies, but unfortunately we have weaklings in Congress who have the characteristics of aspen leaves. Such ones are sometimes impressed by the propaganda, and it makes our work difficult.

"Congressman Maas of Minnesota stated in a speech:

" 'There is at least one organization in Washington, within the shadow of the White House that boasts it has 2,500 trusted agents throughout the country that can, on a day's notice, organize a campaign to Congress of from 50,000 to 250,000 letters. It is commonly charged that there are organizations participating in these campaigns that are run for profit and not for patriotism. It is commonly charged that these organizations are dominated and inspired, if not actually financed and directed, by foreign interests for the purpose of rendering the United States defenseless.'

"At first I was somewhat bewildered. Then I made a study of the thing.

"I tell you, Bill, our fellow Americans are such a good-natured lot and play the game so square, that they can't believe there are some who are planning day and night to overthrow this government of ours. The situation is serious. Our very future is at stake.

"It is time we Americans woke up to this world menace whose long tentacles have reached out for this rich prize, our country.

"At first when you study it, it will seem incredible to you. It will be unbelievable, at first, that a world-wide conspiracy exists. Such doubts are a credit to the heart but an indictment against the head.

"My advice to you is to hurry home. Get your affairs in shape—talk it over with your wife; let her know the seeming sacrifices you must make if you enter whole-souled into the fight—then wire me when you are free, and I will meet you, and we will have a solid week of intensive study."

"Speaking of study," interrupted Conover, "how far has the subversive work gone into our schools? It is here and there, isn't it? Isn't it a thing that flares up at random and not an organized effort?"

Morrow replied, "I am sorry to tell you it is one of the best movements the Socialists and Communists have, because they recognize that the student, with his lack of experience, is particularly susceptible to subversive theories if carefully clothed in altruistic garments. The harm is done before the lovers of their country are aware.

"That is a chapter in itself; I will tell you the whole story when we have our next meeting."

Conover and Morrow were on their feet. It was Morrow speaking. "Bill, out there on the field of America is our new gridiron. You and I will go in training for it, put on the old fighting rags again and by the Lord Harry we are going to carry the ball over the line again."

The evening of the next day saw Conover in the living room of his own home. Dinner with his wife had passed by without mention of the important matter on his mind, for the Conovers at meal times banished care and seasoned their food with the almost lost art of real conversation.

After dinner Conover started his story. He went over the matter, step by step, with his wife, herself a graduate of a prominent Massachusetts college for girls.

"Bess, here it is in a nut shell. I have learned enough about this menace to be convinced that it is going to be a fight.

"I can't go into it half-heartedly. What do you say if I get out of active business and arrange my affairs to throw myself whole-souled into it? 'Prexy' sees clearly. Senator Morrow confirms everything 'Prexy' says. I think I have put my finger on a thing that has been worrying me some time. Frankly, until I talked with President Potter and Jim, I had no idea of either the nearness of the peril or of the wonderfully efficient organizations developed by those who are seeking to tear down our institutions.

"Don't belittle the sacrifices we will be obliged to make.

"Fortunately, I haven't any political aspirations. If I had, they would go glimmering. Too many politicians nowadays are followers, not leaders.

"They sit on the fence and watch to see which way the crowd is going, then jump down and run ahead until they are out in front and yell, 'Come on.' They are leaders merely because they have run faster in order to reach the head of the crowd.

"It makes no difference to them whether or not the crowd is headed for the abyss, so long as they can gain temporary leadership.

"Threaten them with the loss of a handful of votes, and their convictions stretch like a rubber band.

"There was a time when leadership implied capacity and technical knowledge.

"That time will come again.

"Socrates was right when he said, 'If in the minor arts

great achievement is impossible without competent masters, surely it is absurd to imagine that the art of statesmanship, the greatest of all accomplishments, comes to a man of its own accord.'

"As you know, I aspire to no political office, so the shutting of the political door means nothing to me.

"But here is a thing I want you to weigh carefully. You will have to make up your mind not to be disturbed when the radicals on certain papers, the radicals in our colleges and universities, and the radical writers hurl their denunciations at me. I will be called an alarmist, a conservative, and a peddler of perils.

"I know the crowd against whom I fight.

"What do you say, Bess; I am going into it; will you help me?"

"Just a moment, Will," replied his wife, as she arose and went to her desk, an heirloom that had come down to her from her great grandfather Walter Wilson, within which she kept all her priceless little treasures—her mother's engagement ring, a little scuffed shoe worn by her boy, another little shoe, a daintier little one, not so much worn because the little wearer had closed her eyes in the last long sleep before her steps were many.

It was her little shrine and work desk combined.

She found some papers she was looking for and, with them in her hand, she resumed her seat.

"Will, it is a coincidence that this matter has come up just at this time. You know how much I love my Alma Mater. You know how much my college and all its memories have meant to me. I am going to tell you something that a mistaken loyalty on my part for my old school has

prevented me discussing before now. A few years ago, shortly after the installation of the present head of the school, I became conscious of a subtle change that was taking place there. Each time I went back for commencement, I could sense an undercurrent of insincerity and cheapness. It seemed to me as if the values formerly placed on the real things of life had been removed.

"It takes a woman to read a man. The new President had too much of a theatrical smirk. His words were cold words in spite of his gentle effeminate poise. My intuition warned me that the man was crafty; but, I kept my own counsel, because I felt I might be wrong, and I didn't want to do or say anything that might injure the old school that I loved so much.

"He made many changes in the faculty. When I met the new appointees, especially the male ones, I felt heartsick. I can't begin to describe some of them. All I can say is that they were about the last type one would expect to see in charge of girls.

"I can see now where I made my mistake. A mistaken sense of loyalty kept me quiet, thinking that time would correct the situation; but, I find now that the plague has spread; and, Will, my dear old school is sinking; her standard is being trailed in the mud."

Tears were in her eyes and her lips trembled as she continued bravely.

She was thinking evidently of that dainty little baby shoe among her treasures—the little shoe that was put away when her eyes were so blinded by tears that she could scarcely see it. She was thinking of the time when the big house was quiet and she sat there with her head on

her arms late that night when her little one slept alone for the first night under the stars, out there alone, her baby girl with the laughing blue eyes, now stilled forever, and the silken curls she used to twine around her fingers.

"Will, I was thinking of our baby girl. What if she had lived and had come under the influence of a professor who was capable of permitting things to be discussed in open class room, things that mothers mention timidly at most sacred moments when alone with their daughters.

"It is almost unbelievable to think that male professors, flippantly and brazenly, discuss and make light of these things.

"Here in my hand is the thing that is going to make me fight to the finish to purge my school of the blight brought upon it by these misfits in the faculty.

"Here is the thing that a male professor discussed in class with the girls, and our little one might have been in that class if she had lived. It is called a 'Questionnaire.'

She handed the papers to her husband, who read them with surprise and bewilderment.

THE QUESTIONNAIRE

1. Which do you aspire to: (a) Home? (b) Home and career? (c) Career?
2. Do you wish to marry?
3. Which do you prefer for yourself:
   (a) A companionate without marriage?
   (b) A companionate with marriage?
   (c) Marriage with children?
   (d) Children without marriage?
4. Do you place love above duty or duty above love as the basis for entering marriage? For continuing the marriage relations?

5. Do you wish to have children? How many boys, or girls?
6. If you marry do you desire to subordinate your own personality to that of husband and children?
7. Would you enter marriage?
   (a) Only as a permanent relationship?
   (b) As one to be dissolved under severe provocation?
   (c) As one to be dissolved at the will of either party?
8. Do you desire to carry on some practical activity outside the home immediately after marriage? If so, what?
9. If your husband's income were limited would you earn money after marriage?
10. Do you think women who are able to support themselves should be permitted to have children without marriage?
11. Rate the following in their appeal to you: wealth, fame, beauty, happiness, talent, service, goodness.
12. Would you under favorable circumstances indulge in extra-marital sex relations after marriage?
    (a) Would you approve same for your husband?
13. Are you engaged?
14. Would you indulge in promiscuous petting? Would you indulge in moderate petting? Are you opposed to all petting?
15. Do you favor the same standard of morality for both sexes before marriage? After marriage?
16. Do you think it an advantage or a disadvantage for a man to have sex experience before marriage?
17. Would knowledge of such relationship affect your attitude toward a personal suitor?
18. Do you think it an advantage or a disadvantage for a woman to have sex experience before marriage?
19. Should girls have more freedom to seek sex experience before marriage than is now generally approved?
    (a) Would you use this freedom under favorable circumstances?
    (b) Have you had such experience? Once? Occasionally? Frequently?

20. Have your years at college affected your attitude favorably or unfavorably
    (a) Toward your desire to marry.
    (b) Toward the desire for a career.
    (c) Freedom of sex experience for men.
    (d) Freedom of sex experience for women.

"My God!" whispered Conover. "Are panderers and procurers trying to recruit in college class rooms?"

"You may well ask that, Will; here is the next appalling thing. The President firmly refuses to dismiss the professor!

"I find some of the faculty boast of immunity from dismissal, stating that as long as the present President is at the head of the school, the radical teachers have nothing to worry about."

For a few moments they sat silently looking into one another's eyes.

Had Conover overheard the angry discussion that had taken place between Rosika and "Number One" at the time when "Number One" had undertaken to discipline her, not for promiscuousness, but for the damage to the cause her promiscuous philandering was generating by creating strife between the Comrades; had Conover heard Rosika's tirade, he would have seen that, in the jig-saw puzzle, the piece he had just found fitted perfectly into the piece displayed then, for Rosika's words at that time hurled at "Number One" were:

"Haven't you told me a thousand times that to build up Internationalism, Nationalism must be broken down—to break up Nationalism, the family group must be broken down—to break up the family group, the individual must do as he wants, feel as he wants, take what he wants?"

That was the part of the puzzle that Conover had not as yet found.

The expression on both Conover's and his wife's faces was the expression of those standing too near a chasm whose edges were crumbling.

"Will, do you remember the last game you played in college? Just before you trotted out into the field, I whispered to you—'Fight, Will, fight'?

"I am repeating these words to you today—Fight, Will, fight. I will aid you to the limit of my ability. I will try to take from your shoulders all petty little annoyances."

Wistfully, she added, "Please, Will, help me in my efforts to restore the old ideals in my own college, so that I can regain the love and loyalty I had for her."

And thus was signed the pact between Conover and his wife.

The next few months were the busiest Conover had experienced in years. He drove himself to the limit of endurance. In his football days his playing was noted for its dash, its brilliancy and its originality. Senator Morrow's words, "We are going to carry the ball over the line again," awoke in Conover the old football instinct. He carried his business deals over in the same way. And what other men would have taken long months and maybe years to accomplish, he worked out in less than sixty days. He sold his business, resigned from various boards of directors, arranged his affairs so that they required the minimum amount of time to handle and soon found himself free to turn almost his entire attention to the high endeavor he was about to undertake.

About this time Senator Morrow had sent him a "report

of the Joint Legislative Committee investigating seditious activities, filed April 24, 1920, in the Senate of the State of New York.".

The Committee was a joint legislative one comprised of both Republicans and Democrats.

The report is made from documents fully authenticated and original sworn evidence, all of which are on file at the Capitol Building in Albany, New York.

In time the report came to be known as the Lusk Report, taking its name from Senator Lusk, the chairman.

Not one bit of the mass of documentary evidence in the report has been disproved. It stands today unassailed—a rock against which "Reds" and subversives have broken their teeth in vain.

The night Conover started reading it found him still fascinated with it when daybreak came into the room. Chapter X, page 1112, headed "Academic and Scholastic Socialist Activities" opened his eyes to a condition that appalled him. Here were sworn testimony and authenticated documents mentioning professors by name and a list of colleges in which Socialistic Chapters flourished.

Fourteen hours a day for four days he spent upon this veritable gold mine of information.

His studies took him back to a day in March, 1785, when the Commissioners of Virginia and Maryland met in Washington's home at Mount Vernon. At this meeting the thought was sown that developed into the Constitutional Convention, from which came on September 17, 1787, that august document, the American Constitution, due to which our country became the greatest land of opportunity upon earth.

He became absorbed in the fascinating study of the progress made possible by that noble document.

He saw orderly representative government established where only a few short months before had been chaos, confusion, and despair.

He purchased "The Federalist," comprising eighty-five articles written by Hamilton, Madison and Jay, explaining why certain things were put in the Constitution and why certain things were left out. Regarding "The Federalist" it has been said, "It is quite generally come to be regarded as the greatest governmental discussion in the libraries of the world."

He found "The Federalist" to be the very key of the Constitution and felt ashamed to think that he had been voting for years without really knowing the fundamentals of our government.

Finally one day came a telegram from Senator Morrow:

"Can you meet me, Williams, Arizona, on the seventh instant? Arrange to stay a week or ten days at the Grand Canyon. Important."

Conover passed the telegram to his wife. "What do you suppose Jim is up to?" he asked.

She urged him to go. She knew that he had been driving himself hard and needed the rest, so the upshot of it was that in due time Conover packed his grip, including among its contents the "Lusk Report," and took a train westbound.

Conover had been obliged to take a compartment, for he found when he called up to make his reservation, that every berth had been engaged.

The porter had brought him a table. His door was shut

and he sat poring over the "Lusk Report," too absorbed to take note at first of the hum of voices coming from the adjacent compartment.

The train pulled into a little town. Came the shrieking of brakes and the stop. On the platform were the usual scenes incidental to a train's arrival. He put down his book and good naturedly looked out the window.

Suddenly he became aware of the conversation in the next compartment. What had been merely a hum when the train was in motion became clear cut words when the train stopped.

In a woman's voice came the words: "All I can say is damn Senator Morrow. If it hadn't been for him, the dirty whelp, we would have put the thing over. You know as well as I do if it hadn't been for that sharp-eyed fool, the rest of them would never have seen through it. We didn't show in it at all. We had a lot of the high-toned boobs, who like to see their names in print, on the board. We had ministers falling for it. We Reds were so far in the background that no one saw through it except Morrow, damn him.

"Then he commenced to bore in and one of our respectable fronts spilled the beans.

" 'At whose request did you go on the board' Morrow asked, and before anyone could stop him the poor fish blurted out your name and the game was up."

The train started and the voices dwindled to a thin indistinguishable note.

Conover had sat dumbfounded. He had stumbled, accidentally, upon something that he knew the Senator could piece together when he saw him.

All that day he kept his eyes open for the people next door but found they were taking their meals in the compartment, and it wasn't until the next afternoon in passing the room that he caught a glimpse of the occupants as the porter came out.

The woman was of striking appearance and possessed a certain fascination, due to an unusual oriental type.

He made a mental note of traits that would easily lend themselves to identification.

One of her companions had his head turned, but Conover noted that he was bearded and saw a heavy ribbon attached, evidently, to his glasses.

The other man was a colorless type, one that always recalled some one else to the mind.

The next morning their compartment was empty. They had left the train sometime during the night.

Conover felt dismayed when he passed the open door and noticed the room was vacant.

Later in the day a little ingenious questioning of the porter elicited the information that all the porter knew about them was that both men called her "Rosika" and she called one of the men "Prof."

"What did she call the other?" asked Conover.

"Him," said the porter. "Say, boss, she didn't call that worm nothing. Guess he was just her husband maybe."

So Conover tabulated the incident in his mind, determining to tell the Senator and let him work on the puzzle.

"I wonder why the Senator selected the Grand Canyon for our meeting place," thought Conover as the train sped on its way.

Chapter IX

THE DAWN OF YESTERDAY

One of the most sublime spectacles in all the world is the Grand Canyon of Arizona.

It dwarfs description. Words beat their frail and helpless wings in vain against the dazzling impressions that surge riotously through the bewildered spectator. Trivialities and conventionalities slough from one's brain; there is left only a sensation of awe too deep for mere words.

The wise man, tuning his being to infinity, loiters on the edge, powerless and unwilling to attempt definitions, content to let mystery have its place in him, content if he can escape the "involuntary anguish" of eternity—the "mysterious terror" of infinity.

A turn in the walk and there comes into view this chasm of stupendous magnitude.

It is a poem, a song of the spheres, an epic. It is the greatest book of history with an upper cover, the heavens —its leaves the Archæn, Algonkian, Cambrian and carboniferous rocks. Its first chapters were written æons and æons ago. It is the diary of geology, hand tooled by glaciers, cut by earthquakes and bound by master workers these millions of years past.

The Supreme Architect of the Universe in æons past dreamed a dream of vastness. The snows and the rains of thousands of years made the Colorado River, that mighty stream that yet from the upper edge looks like a little silver ribbon.

Year by year the Rocky Mountains sent her rain children to swell the volume of this river which was to become the tool the Architect was to use in engraving ever deeper his masterpiece. For three hundred miles stretches the chasm, in places five to twelve miles wide. The deliberate glaciers and the roaring river hurled from mountain tops with inconceivable velocity have sculptured in this huge gash towers and turrets, temples and pinnacles, from the stratified rocks, all gorgeously splashed with the colors of the rainbow. Mingled are the greens and the reds of sandstones, the dazzling marble whiteness of others, the brilliant reds of iron oxide, weathered to indescribable loveliness, gorgeous and breath-taking.

So vast is its depth that Mount Washington could be plucked up by its roots at sea level and, being tumbled into the canyon would scarcely be noticeable amid its surroundings.

"But the colors, the living, rejoicing colors, changing morning and evening, in chorus to heaven!"

Its greatness makes us part of its immensity. It pulsates and breathes with us. No longer do we fret ourselves with interpretations and questioning. Like a tired child we slip our little hands into this great force and link our little span of life to, and become part of, that vast impenetrable enigma.

Let us study the stone pages of this gigantic geological diary. When was the first word written therein?

An approximation, only, can be made. One clue lies in the estimation of erosion.

Before the solidification of the earliest sediments had been accomplished, crystallization had taken place, due

to the movements of the earth's crust, so no trace remains in fossil form of animal structures simpler than Crustaceans that are found in the Cambrian formations close to the base of sedimentary rock formation.

Living things existed before the rocks were ready for their tasks of affording protection for the prospective fossil.

The Crustacean had sight, touch, digestive tract, nervous system and circulation. It was tens of thousands of years in advance of life in simple unicellularism, yet the earliest fossils the rocks open to us are the Crustaceans with their well developed anatomy.

The answer is not found in fossil form of plant or of life.

Uranium and thorium, through molecular disintegration, produce lead. The rate of change has been determined. The evaluation of time consumed in chemical changes—the deduction of the scientist—his estimate of the æons consumed in the making of coral reefs—the astronomer's compilation of light years before the solidification of gaseous drifts—the geologist's log of the heated and grinding rocks preceding the making of granite, once of the constituency of putty—the evolution of all these factors presents an estimate of the earth's age of millions upon millions of years.

Who can gainsay if the estimate of the age of the world is given as 1490 million years?

The curtain is drawn on the great drama of former ages. Who can compute the endless years that passed before the prototype of man crawled upon the earth?

It is safe to say that civilization is a matter of only ten

thousand years. Grasp if we can the blinding fact that the ratio between civilization and the years preceding it is as 1490 million to ten thousand.

Let us paint on the earth's surface a black line 149,000 feet long (nearly 29 miles). At the end of this black line let us paint a white line only one foot long.

Were we to hover over this line in an airship, this tiny white line could not be seen; yet, this white line one foot long represents the span of civilization compared to the millions of years preceding it.

Before civilization came barbarism; before barbarism came savagery; and before savagery came bestiality. Before that, chaos and the void.

The dawn of civilization is a thing of yesterday. Christ walked the earth the minute before last.

There are Redwood trees now standing on our Western shores in California that were growing and living sanctuaries for birds when Hosea, the last king of Israel, was on the throne.

They reared proud heads to heaven when Aristotle was kindling the youthful imagination of Alexander the Great, when Athens was in flower and Socrates and the great spirits of Greece walked upon the earth.

Multiply the age of these living trees by only two, and the result is the entire period of civilization.

Short as is the trail, it is sufficiently long to be strewn with the bones of civilizations that perished because of failure to insure against those things that had plunged older races into the abyss.

Is the world only a proving ground in which only failures of civilizations are demonstrated?

Is it the fate of every civilization to perish before it comes to flower? Is some future civilization to be afforded immunity to the rising waters that seek its destruction only by standing on the foundation of perished civilizations that have formed a base like the accretions of coral reefs?

May we have perception! May we be granted the boon of patient understanding, so that even in our blindness, even with the shackles of our limitations proscribing us we may grope towards the light, avoiding those things that have sealed the fate of older and as wise generations!

The motivating power of human kind is basic. It can not be changed in a day.

Yet some there are who are so unfamiliar with history or so incapable of grasping the lessons of history, that they blatantly shout in the market place that they, and they alone, they, the infallible, can lead struggling humanity through the poppy fields of wishes to a Fool's Paradise where human nature will change in the twinkling of an eye.

Civilization is formed like the birth of granite; it does not grow like a mushroom.

We must "learn to judge our own epoch from the point of view of universal history, history from the point of view of geological periods, geology from the point of view of astronomy."

In Greek Mythology, Prometheus was chained to a rock, and for ages a vulture preyed upon his liver. To gain surcease from pain, he had but to bend his head in treasonable subjection.

This wonderful old myth goes on to tell us the vulture preyed upon him incessantly but could not break his will.

Neither torment, taunt or traducer could change the fiber of his high resolve.

Civilization, like Prometheus, has its enemies preying upon its vitals incessantly. It was one of the tasks of Hercules to free him from his agony by killing the vulture.

The vultures are hovering over our Promethean civilization today. Civilization will be saved when the sons and daughters of strong men drive away the vultures preying on our country.

The Hedonists, thinking pleasure the chief end of life, in endless thousands pass the rock on Mount Caucasus on which civilization is chained, and neither see nor hear nor understand.

From Greek Mythology comes another lesson.

Dædalus fashioned wings for himself and his son Icarus, wings of feathers, which he fastened on with wax.

In the ears of Icarus rang the warning he had received, "Do not approach too near the sun." On and on he flew, past Samos, past Delos and Lebynthos.

The world below him was inconceivably small. He flew through space with laughter of god-like joy. Forgotten were the days of his limitations on the earth.

In a mad rush of ecstasy he approached too near the sun, whose torrid rays softened the wax. Off dropped the wings.

From the azure hurled a body, earthward. A splash in the Icarian Sea—a few subsiding ripples, and the now placid sea again mirrored the sun on its surface.

Here is food for thought.

Is it the fate of civilization to be forever flung up into

the clouds with waxened wings fashioned to it by those who are incapable of squaring theory to practice?

Will capacity for correct use ever run concurrent with constructive ingenuity?

Professor Stoddard, in his "Revolt Against Civilization," points out that prior to one hundred years ago, man's progress had been "gradual—a very gradual—evolution."

> "In the year 1800, there was no system of highways which equalled the Roman Roads, no posting service as quick as Cæsar's, no method of signalling which could compare with the semaphore 'telegraphy' of the Persians, and probably no ship which could not have been overhauled by a Phœnician galley in a moderate sea.
>
> "Suddenly, astoundingly, all was changed. The hidden forces of nature yielded themselves wholesale, as though at the wave of a magician's wand. Steam, electricity, petrol, and a whole series of mysterious 'rays' and 'waves' gave man powers of which he had not even dreamed. These powers were promptly harnessed to innumerable machines which soon transformed every phase of human existence. Production and transportation were alike revolutionized, distance was well-nigh abolished, and the very planet shrunk to the measure of the human hand."

In less than the span of one lifetime has come the telephone. In half that time has come the phonograph, the movie, the radio, the automobile and the airplane.

Quick transportation and instantaneous communication have annihilated distance and time.

The planet has "shrunk to the measure of the human hand."

No longer do oceans and mountains constitute natural barriers.

The mighty oceans have been tamed by steam and electricity. Months have been compressed to weeks and weeks have changed to days. The mastery of the airplane has dried the oceans to the size of rivers, and the crossing of these natural barriers of former days is now a matter of hours.

The compactness of the world is freighted with tremendous possibilities. It is also surcharged with unlimited possibilities for the spreading of contagious and pestilential ideas, emanating from members of society who, incapable of adapting themselves to civilization, seek its destruction.

"In every form of government on earth is some trace of human weakness, some germ of corruption and degeneracy which cunning will discover and wickedness insensibly open, cultivate and improve."

No less guilty than the vicious who plan anarchy are the visionary who lend themselves either knowingly or ignorantly to the ultimate aims of the violent.

There are no short cuts to the millennium.

A recognition of the few brief seconds passed since civilization has emerged from jungle days would give the proper perspective that it is absolutely essential to possess if we are to gain a proper orientation.

Doubling back on our trail we come to a period only

one hundred centuries before Christ and find the palæolithic man, a cave dweller, an eater of raw meat, crawling from darkness in a travail of centuries, before there flashed on that sluggish mentality the thought, that centuries afterwards, developed in a feeble effort towards idealism.

History shows us that, repeatedly in the past whole nations, at times, have turned berserker and reverted to the instincts of the jungle. At times have come saturnalias of blood lust that have plunged civilization into despair, from which it returned on hands and knees when the light of sanity broke through the dark clouds.

The appalling peril of today is that our vaunted inventions which promised amelioration, inventions that seemed to be the means for advancement, are being used by the enemies of society for its destruction as well as by those who earnestly seek its advancement.

Capacity for correct use does not run concurrent with constructive ability.

That which was invented and created to advance the welfare of society is being used by the enemies of society for its destruction.

Well may we give earnest consideration to this peril.

Chapter X

THE SOWING OF TARES

The train with Conover aboard pulled into the station. Awaiting him on the platform was his friend, Senator Morrow.

"Ever been here before, Bill?"

"First time, Jim. How did you happen to select this place for our meeting?" knowing that the clear-visioned man before him made no impulsive decisions.

"I will tell you why, Bill. Every mental cobweb is brushed away, every triviality disappears in these surroundings. Here we are going to gain a perspective not obtainable elsewhere. This is my suggestion. See if it meets with your approval. For two whole days let us taboo all reference to a discussion of the plan that brought us here. It is too late tonight to do any sight seeing; suppose we 'turn in' early and get a good night's sleep so that we can start out early tomorrow morning. Put on the oldest things you have. If you haven't a riding outfit, wear some of mine. I brought an extra supply. For two days we will be kids again. After that we will get busy with the great adventure that brought us here. If I am not mistaken, the two days will not be wasted. Don't be disappointed, Old Timer, I am just as impatient to have you oriented as you are. By waiting these two days we will gain time in the end. What do you say?"

"Good idea, Jim. It suits me."

Bright and early next morning the two came downstairs

and were obliged to wait a few minutes for the dining room door to open.

They stood in the lobby with hands on each other's shoulders, grinning at one another like school boys.

"Jim, real friends are like radium. To get a speck of that material, tons and tons of pitchblende are combed before an infinitesimal gramme of radium is found. I am talking about friends, not mere acquaintances, friends that stick through thick and thin. Well, Old Radium, how are you this morning?"

"Never felt better, Bill."

The doors were thrown open and soon breakfast was over.

Together they went to the rim of the canyon. Telling about the experience afterwards, Conover stated that he had no idea whether they stood there minutes or hours.

"My recollection is we stood there without saying a word, unconsciously charging our spirits with a power that shook me to the depth of my being."

The joy of their friendship was that neither was "on guard." They talked their thoughts out loud. First one and then the other gave voice to longings, strivings, and aspirations. For a long time, though, no word was spoken.

For two days these two were blood brothers of past and present, of rock and river, of sky and cloud, of sun and moon. They would sit for hours looking at the panorama, too vast and magnificent for description.

They would start out in the morning after breakfast with a few sandwiches in their pockets, for they begrudged the noontime spent away from the canyon that called them.

The morning of the third day found them mounted on their horses at five o'clock. Beside the two horses they were astride, was a pack mule loaded with a tent, sleeping bags, a supply of food, ropes, pans, camping accessories, and a large duffle bag that Morrow had filled with books and records.

These two friends had one priceless gift in common. They knew when to talk and when to keep silent together. For the first few miles, not a word was uttered. When they spoke, it was as if there was mutual continuity of thought.

By noon they were twenty-five miles away from the last vestige of civilization. The practised eye of the Westerner had picked out the ideal camping site. Saddles and packs were taken off the animals, whose first reaction to freedom found expression in enthusiastic rollings, ending with laborious efforts to regain their feet, followed by shakings and snorts and sneezes.

Soon camp was pitched.

"You can always tell a tenderfoot by the size of his fire," said Morrow. "It took me some time to learn that a few little sticks were sufficient."

It was a liberal education in camping to watch the Senator, with the minimum of effort and fire, prepare the meal. To Conover came the tantalizing smell of coffee and frying bacon and the sound that eggs make when dropped in the sizzling bacon fat.

From the fire came a thin little column of smoke that twisted and turned as it lost itself in the upper air.

Back of them were the hobbled horses, cropping the wild grasses.

"Jim, I wonder if this isn't the very thing that has kept

you so clear-eyed and your feet on the ground. I know any number of pavement-pressing individuals who would look askance at a United States Senator dressed like you are now, squatting on his haunches cooking a meal in the open.

"Amiel, in his diary, bemoans the fact that 'the epoch of the ant hill, of life in multiplicity, is beginning.'

"He is right. We moderns have lost capacity for solitude. It has become 'the epoch of the ant hill.' We don't think things out for ourselves.

"Zimmerman elaborated a brilliant truth when he stated:

> " 'Solitude is the only school in which the characters of men can be properly developed; but it must be recollected that although the materials of this study must be amassed in Society, it is in Solitude alone that we can apply them to their proper use. The first . . . advantage of Solitude . . . is, it accustoms the mind to think.'

"Jim, I wondered why you selected this place for our meeting. It was plain stupidity on my part not to have guessed it. I understand. The answer has slowly formed itself in the last few days.

"My next surmise is that you are going to rest awhile after lunch and then we will open that duffle bag that looks to me as if it was packed with trouble for the Reds and Pinks and Yellows and Greens."

The Senator's eyes twinkled with a look of confirmation as he sat with his back to a huge tree. In his hand was his favorite pipe, a short English briar that had lulled

many of his fretful moments to calmness. He proceeded to fill it with the care and precision that a thoughtful man gives to such a task when he presses into the bowl thought and calmness with the tobacco.

He packed the last fleck home and, with his thumb, evened the rebellious mound. Now the match burnt tantalizingly near. It was a pleasure that he didn't consummate quickly.

When the flame was strong, nearer and nearer it approached the expectant leaf, quivering for life in the bowl.

A few gentle puffs and Morrow, with his rare smile, looked up at Conover.

"That is a formidable looking duffle bag, Bill. It is filled with court documents, pamphlets, books, and photostat letters. Don't worry. We aren't going to make drudgery of it.

"I may have to refer to some of them. I am going to loan you the entire lot. All have been briefed and indexed at the expense of endless labor. All the pioneer work has been done and you will get the benefit of it. Suppose we start at it in half an hour. I always like a quiet smoke, especially after a meal out of doors."

"All right, Jim, while we are waiting I want to tell you about an incident on the train that the last few wonderful days here absolutely banished from my mind until this second."

In a few words he related the conversation in the compartment next to his on the train, finishing by sketching for his friend his interview with the train porter who had caught the names Rosika and "Prof." He drew a quick pic-

Eleven Labor Men Buried Alive in Prison

1919 From Twenty-five to Forty Years **1927**

UNION MEN: They Fought the Battle for You!
Will You Let Them Die in There?

COME TO A

Mass Protest Meeting

BOWEN HALL—Hull House

HALSTED and POLK STREETS, 800 South and 800 West

Sunday Aft., March 13th, 2 p. m.

— HEAR —

Robt. Morse Lovett
University of Chicago

Paul Miller
I. W. W. Organizer

— HEAR —

Ralph Chaplin
Poet, Artist, Editor

Phil. Engle
I. W. W. Orator

AUSPICES:
Centralia Def. Comm. of the I. W. W.
Chairman: JOHN I. TURNER,
General Secretary Treasurer, I. W. W.

Come en masse and Bring your Friends!

AN INTERESTING HAND BILL "EXHIBIT"

Showing that *HULL HOUSE, Chicago,* at whose head is Jane Addams, throws open its doors to anarchistic I. W. W. speakers, among whose number was an ex-prison inmate.

It will be noted that the name of a college professor is also on the program of this anarchistic meeting held under the auspices of the Defense Committee of the I. W. W.

ture of the woman who was easily described on account of a rather unique personality.

When he finished, Senator Morrow continued the description with such minute accuracy as to leave no doubt whatever in Conover's mind that his friend knew them.

"Yes, Bill, I know them." And he told his friend her record. He outlined the antecedents of her husband, referring to him as "that poor worm."

"Now for the 'Prof,' " said Senator Morrow. "Will you be surprised if I tell you that the precious third of that triangle is the well known Professor Covet, head of Economics in your and my college?"

"What," said Conover, "a member of a college faculty fraternizing with communists?"

"Bill, you are due for many disappointments before you come to the end of the trail. You have too good a fighting heart to be easily discouraged, but you will need every bit of it. Deliberately and slowly I tell you that you will be amazed and dumbfounded when you find that there is scarcely a grade school, high school, college or university in this country which has not either a socialist among the teachers or is not the object of intensive missionary work with the end in view of ultimately getting a convert among those now teaching or, failing in that, of putting a tested comrade in.

"Here is one of their methods." The Senator reached for Volume I of the New York State or Lusk Report and, turning to page 1112, handed the book to Conover who, in amazement, read:

> "It is a commentary on the increasing prevalence of revolutionary Socialist ideas among university

men that in 1917 and 1918 there did not exist in the United States a single purely literary weekly review that was not of this character. The *Nation* and the *New Republic* were its exponents. So was *The Dial.* The situation called for immediate remedy. A group of patriotic university men planned a new weekly, the *Review,* to present to the public the patriotic view of every current issue and event. In connection with this question it is interesting to publish a letter written by a professor of Sociology at the Ohio State University, Arthur W. Calhoun, written July 29, 1919, to an instructor in Sociology at the University of Minnesota, named Zeuch, who since then has gone as instructor in Sociology to Cornell University and who also lectures at the Rand School.

"The letter reads:

" 'Dear Zeuch:

" 'I think I accept all you say about the condition of the proletariat and the impossibility of the immediate revolution. But I am less interested in the verbiage of the Left Wing than in the idea of keeping ultimates everlastingly in the center of attention to the exclusion of mere muttering reforms. One of the things that will hasten the revolution is to spread the notion that it can come soon. If the left wing adopt impossible methods of campaign, I shall stand aloof, but if they push for confiscation, equality of economic status, and the speedy elimination of class privilege, and keep

their heads, I shall go with them rather than the yellows. If Gras is doing what he says and I am doing what he says, he is right in saying that he is doing the better job. I wonder, however, how many of his students draw the "necessary" conclusions; and, I wonder whether I do all my students' thinking for them.

" 'Ellery is feeling at Columbus and also at Illinois. I had a letter from Hayes about him.

" 'I have accepted the professorship of Sociology at DePauw University. The job pays $2,200 this year with assurance of $2,400 if I stay the second year. The president has been here three times and had long interviews with me. Besides, we have written a lot. I told him I belong to the Radical Socialists. I expounded my general principles on all important points. He knows also of the circumstances of my leaving Clark and Kentucky. He says he is in substantial agreement with most of what I have said and that he sees no reason why I cannot get along at DePauw. He says he feels confident it will be a permanency. Ross had some hand in the game. President Grose interviewed him at Madison last week and Ross wrote encouraging me to take the place. I did not make any great effort. Grose knows that I do not care much one way or the other. He took the initiative almost from the start and I sat back and waited. I am afraid Greencastle is too small to do much with the Co-op. Population 4,000—30 miles north of Bloomington, 800 students, mostly in college, a few in school of

music, a few graduate students. Hudson is professor of Ec. (economics) there.

" 'Beals was here last week. He is pushing the *Nation*. Says the circulation has quadrupled since they became Bolshevists.

" 'As ever
(Signed) A. W. C.' "

The report continued:

"There are many things in this letter that make it more than the expression of one man's opinions. In the first place, the president of De Pauw University at Greencastle, Indiana, offers the professorship of Sociology to a man whom he knows to be a *radical Socialist*, a teacher of *revolutionary Socialism* and a member of the left wing. The Gras who is mentioned in the letter is Professor N. S. B. Gras of the University of Minnesota, who evidently is teaching *revolutionary Socialism* as well, if not better than Calhoun, and leaving his students to draw the 'necessary' conclusions. Professor Ellery evidently belongs to the same group, as he is feeling at Columbus and Illinois universities; and E. C. Hayes also is professor of Sociology at Illinois University. Another member of the group is Professor E. A. Ross, a professor of Sociology at the University of Wisconsin and advisory editor of the *American Journal of Sociology*. The Beals who is mentioned as pushing the *Nation* was previously a university professor and an open Bolshevist. One of the side activities of Professor Cal-

houn, which explains his reference to the 'Co-ops.' in his letter, is his position with the Tri-State Co-operation Society of Pittsburgh, which promotes the production and distribution of *Red propaganda*. It would seem that there was a wide circle of *revolutionary Socialist professors* in Western faculties. How deeply rooted the teaching is in the minds of the phalanxes of students who pass year after year under the instruction of these men, would be impossible to calculate but it goes even further back in certain sections into the school system."

When Mr. Conover finished reading this startling exposé, he handed the book back to the Senator.

He made no attempt to hide his surprise. His eyes were those of a man whose fatal step had plunged him into an abyss.

"Before we go any further," said the Senator, "I want you to read a few paragraphs of a letter written by ex-President Roosevelt, a Harvard Graduate, to Professor Felix Frankfurter of Harvard, taken from page 60 in Whitney's 'Reds in America.' "

"I thank you for your frank letter. I answer at length because you have taken and are taking an attitude which seems to me to be fundamentally that of Trotsky and the other Bolsheviki leaders in Russia; an attitude which may be fraught with mischief to this country.

". . . The reactionaries have in the past been a great menace to this Republic, but at this moment

it is the I. W. W., the Germanized Socialists, the anarchists, the foolish creatures who always protest against the suppression of crime . . . the Bolsheviki of America, and the Bolsheviki are just as bad as the Romanoffs, and are at the moment a greater menace to orderly freedom. . . .

"I have just received your report on the Bisbee deportation. . . . Your report is as thoroughly misleading a document as could be written on the subject. No official writing on behalf of the President is to be excused for failure to know, and clearly to set forth that the I. W. W. is a criminal organization. . . .

"Here again you are engaged in excusing men precisely like the Bolsheviki in Russia, who are murderers and encouragers of murder, who are traitors to their allies, to democracy and to civilization, as well as to the United States, and whose acts are nevertheless apologized for on grounds, my dear Mr. Frankfurter, substantially like those which you allege. In time of danger nothing is more common and nothing more dangerous to the Republic than for men to avoid condemning the criminals who are really public enemies by making their entire assault on the shortcomings of the good citizens who have been the victims or opponents of the criminals. . . . It is not the kind of thing I care to see well meaning men do in this country.

"Sincerely yours,

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT"

"Bill, a letter like that hitting straight from the shoulder may well make one pause and do some serious thinking. It was the righteous outcry of a man who was not afraid to express his opinion of such things.

"In the *Atlantic Monthly,* March, 1927, appeared an article written by this same Professor Felix Frankfurter of Harvard, a committeeman of the American Civil Liberties Union, regarding the Sacco-Vanzetti case. On April 25, 1927, in the *Boston Evening Transcript,* appeared an exposure of the Frankfurter article by Dean John H. Wigmore, the former president of the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology. He is Dean of the Northwestern University Law School.

"In the *Transcript* article Dean Wigmore, also a graduate of Harvard, referring to the Frankfurter plea, stated:

> " 'I propose to show you that the article is neither fair nor accurate nor complete, both in vital details of the trial and in the "international concern" of the trial, and that the decision of the Supreme Judicial Court amply refutes its basic charge . . . and finally why should he (Frankfurter), in that popular article, make errors and misstatements which if discovered in a brief of counsel filed in the case would qualify him for *proceedings of disbarment?*'

"Now recall ex-President Roosevelt's denunciation of this same Professor Frankfurter of Harvard:

> " 'Your report is as thoroughly misleading a document as could be written on the subject.' "

Senator Morrow continued, "I could show you a great many similar instances. This is not an exception; it is

only one of many. Here is another from the 'General Magazine and Historical Chronicle,' published by the General Alumni Society, University of Pennsylvania."

"The following letter by Professor William Albertson, of Pittsburgh, Pa., was circulated by 'The Communist,' an official organ of the Workers' (Communist) Party of America, to advertise that publication. In 'How The Communist has helped me in High School Work,' by William Albertson, Pittsburgh, Pa., he says:

" 'It is to be understood, of course, that material that I used in connection with my High School work, did not emanate solely from "The Communist," but from other publications as well, among which were "The Daily Worker," "The Workers' Monthly," and a very little bit, ever so little, from the "New Masses."

" 'In school I happened to be one of the few who upheld the Soviet Union. I was pressed from all sides to bring proof of my convictions, especially since I maintained that production in the U. S. S. R. was as efficient, if not more efficient than under the Czar. The article which helped me clinch my point was "The Soviet Economy of the 9th Anniversary" (Workers' Monthly, Jan. 1927, p. 701). In this article may be found the relationship between socialized co-operative and private industry in the U. S. S. R.

" 'Also in the same issue I used Bertram D. Wolfe's "Towards Leninism" as proof that the U.S. was not such a well stabilized capitalistic country

as it seems to be on the surface. Both these instances came up in my class in Elementary Economics. Incidentally, we were using Thomas Carver's textbook in this course. It is not worth the paper it is printed on. In my course in American History, Jay Lovestone did a lot of work with his "More About the First American Revolution" (same issue) and his "Government Strikebreaker," although he does not know it.

" 'In the February issue of the same magazine, "Mexico and Nicaragua" by Ella G. Wolfe; "American Imperialism, and the Fight for the Pacific," by N. Manuilsky; "Apprentice Training in the User," by C. A. Hathaway, and "The Relation of the Workers Party to Religion," by Lenin, came in hand in the above mentioned classes. The article by Lenin was discussed privately with my economics teacher. Since Imperialism, social and economic reform, the U. S. S. R. and student suicides have been the predominant subjects for discussion in my various classes lately, it is not hard to see why I said *"The Communist" has been invaluable in my school work.'* "

"The last paragraph should be sufficient to open the eyes of the blindest unless they themselves are Communists or Socialists. And the man is a teacher in an American public school."

"Steady, Bill, steady," said Morrow. "Here comes another surprise for you. See how their reinforcements are creeping through the underbrush. I tell you, Bill, America sleeps and takes its pleasure while this thing is

digging in and bringing up its reinforcements and ammunition."

Morrow rummaged around in his duffle bag, producing a red colored book put out by the "Rand School of Social Science."

"On page 165 in their 1927 year book appears this statement:

> " 'League for Industrial Democracy
>
> " 'Object—The League for Industrial Democracy, with headquarters in New York, was formed in 1921 as the successor to the Intercollegiate Socialist Society (Founded in 1905)
>
> " 'The object of the League is "Education for a new social order based on production for use and not for profit." [9]
>
> " 'Lectures—Paul Blanshard, field secretary of the League, visited *sixty-six colleges and universities* from January to August, 1926, and spoke before *38,500 students*. He addressed more than 13,000 others in fifty-eight city meetings.
>
> " 'Norman Thomas, one of the two executive directors, delivered 79 speeches in *twenty-five collegiate institutions* before audiences totalling 6,700. He visited seven college conferences, and spoke at more than one hundred other meetings, including scores of speeches at strike meetings and during political campaigns. Harry W. Laidler addressed groups in 17 colleges with 2,600 attendance and spoke at numerous other gatherings.

[9] Karl Mordechia alias Karl Marx.

" 'During the fall Kennith Lindsay . . . toured the New England and Pennsylvania colleges, speaking in *23 colleges before 4,250 students* and 1,500 others. Paxton Hibben, Nellie Marguerite Seeds, William Pickens, and others spoke in about ten colleges before 3,000 students.

" '*Conferences*—The league held a June Conference on "Newer Defenses of Capitalism in the United States" at Camp Tammient, Pennsylvania, on June 24–27, 1926, attended by 270 guests. An Intercollegiate Conference was held in New York City, December 28–30, at which about 100 delegates were present from 30 colleges. This Conference was devoted to what students can do for democracy during and after college days, radicalism in the United States, Soviet Russia, and the future of Capitalism and Socialism in America. . . . The Officers of the League elected in April, 1926, are Robert Morss Lovett, President; John Haynes Holmes, Vladimer Karapetoff, James H. Maurer, and Vida D. Scudder, Vice-Presidents; Stuart Chase, Treasurer; Harry W. Laidler, and Norman Thomas, Executive Directors; and Paul Blanshard, Field Secretary.' "

While Senator Morrow was reading this report, Mr. Conover had sat dumbfounded.

"Mind you, Bill, this isn't our report. *It is theirs.*

"Now, Bill, go back to their statement that the 'League for Industrial Democracy' was formed as the successor to the '*Inter-collegiate Socialist Society,*' " Senator Morrow continued.

"The first president of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society was Jack London. I wonder how many of the reading public in our country know that before his feverish brain drove him to suicide that London was an inmate of the Erie County Penitentiary, a convict with cropped head and a number. He swore an oath:

> " 'I shall do no more hard work and may God strike me dead if I do another day's hard work with my body more than I absolutely have to do.'

"He was a self-confessed robber. Here is his confession.

> " 'One night I went on a raid amongst the Chinese fishermen. Ropes and nets were worth dollars and cents. It was robbery, I grant, but it was precisely the spirit of Capitalism.' "

Morrow paused. "The twisted brain that made that confession unconsciously made simpler the explanation of his suicide.

"One of London's books published by the 'Vanguard Press, Inc.' is put out with a paper covering on which is printed:

> " 'The present volume is composed of the best of his Socialist writings and in view of the fact that like George Bernard Shaw he valued his Socialism even more than his literary eminence, it is indispensable to the understanding of his genius.'

"This man, Bill," continued Morrow slowly, "this man whose fanaticism drove him to suicide, this self-confessed

robber, this inmate of Erie County Penitentiary, was the first president of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society. Let us dig into some of his writings, not the innocent books of adventure the public is familiar with, but his books written for the selected circle of his Comrades. In his essay on Revolution he comes out in his true colors. What that color is, I will leave it to you to judge."

Senator Morrow brought forth from his duffle bag London's book and read from it.

"Here, Bill, are London's words.

" 'I received a letter the other day. It was from a man in Arizona. It began, "Dear Comrade." It ended, "Yours for the Revolution." I replied to the letter and my letter began "Dear Comrade." It ended, "Yours for the Revolution." In the United States there are 400,000 men, of men and women nearly 1,000,000, who begin their letters "Dear Comrade," and end them "Yours for the Revolution." In Germany there are 3,000,000 men who begin their letters "Dear Comrade" and end them "Yours for the Revolution"; in France, 1,000,000 men; in Austria, 800,000 men; in Belgium, 300,000 men; in Italy, 250,000 men; in England, 100,000 men; in Switzerland, 100,000 men; in Denmark, 55,000 men; in Sweden, 50,000 men; in Holland, 40,000 men; in Spain, 30,000 men—Comrades all, and revolutionists.

" 'These are numbers which dwarf the grand armies of Napoleon and Xerxes. But they are numbers not of conquest and maintenance of the

established order, but of conquest and revolution. They compose, when the roll is called, an army of 7,000,000 men, who in accordance with the conditions of to-day, *are fighting with all their might for the conquest of the wealth of the world and for the complete overthrow of existing society.*

" 'There has never been anything like this revolution in the history of the world. . . .

" 'This revolution is unlike all other revolutions in many respects. It is not sporadic. It is not a flame of popular discontent, arising in a day and dying down in a day. It is older than the present generation. . . .

" 'In January, 1905, throughout the United States the Socialists held mass-meetings to express their sympathy for their struggling Comrades, the revolutionists of Russia, and, more to the point, *to furnish the sinews of war by collecting money and cabling it to the Russian leaders.*

" 'The fact of this call for money, and the ready response, and the very wording of the call, make a striking and practical demonstration of the international solidarity of this world revolution: "Whatever may be the immediate results of the present revolt in Russia, the socialist propaganda in that country has received from it an impetus unparalleled in the history of modern class wars. . . ."

" '. . . To the bourgeois mind their unbelief in the dominant conventions of the established order is startling. *They laugh to scorn the sweet ideals and dear moralities of bourgeois society.* They in-

tend to destroy bourgeois society with most of its sweet ideals and dear moralities, and chiefest among these are those that group themselves under such heads as private ownership of capital, survival of the fittest, and patriotism—even patriotism.

" 'Such an army of revolution, 7,000,000 strong, is a thing to make rulers and ruling classes pause and consider. The cry of this army is, "No quarter! *We* want all that you possess. *We* will be content with nothing less than all that *you* possess. We want in our hands the reins of power and the destiny of mankind. Here are our hands. They are strong hands. *We are going to take your governments, your palaces, and all your purpled ease away from you,* and in that day you shall work for your bread even as the peasant in the field or the starved and runty clerk in your metropolises. Here are our hands. They are strong hands. . . ."

" '. . . Vastly more significant is the fact that of all the countries the revolution has fastened upon, on not one has it relaxed its grip. On the contrary, on every country its grip closes tighter year by year. As an active movement it began obscurely over a generation ago. In 1867, its voting strength in the world was 30,000. By 1871, its vote had increased to 100,000 . . . and in the year of our Lord 1905 it passed the seven-million mark. . . .

" '. . . The so-called great middle class is a growing anomaly in the social struggle. It is a perishing class. . . .

"'*The Revolution is here, now. Stop it who-can.*'"

Morrow had scarcely finished reading, when Conover broke in, saying, "Jim, how is it that I, with thousands of others, did not know these things? I am amazed to think that I never knew that Jack London was one who believed such things. What a price is being exacted from us Americans because of our apathy!

"Did London start the society of which he was first president?"

"Here are the facts, Bill. You will find them in a booklet, titled '20 Years of Social Pioneering' published by the League of Industrial Democracy, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York.

"In 1905 Upton Sinclair talked with George Strobell one day. The result was the formulation of plans 'promoting an intelligent interest in Socialism among college men and women.'

"Shortly afterwards came this call for an *Intercollegiate Socialist Society*.

> " 'In the opinion of the undersigned the recent remarkable increase in the Socialist vote in America should serve as an indication to the educated men and women in the country that Socialism is a thing concerning which it is no longer wise to be indifferent.
>
> " 'The undersigned, regarding its aims and fundamental principles with sympathy and believing that in them will, ultimately be found the remedy for many far-reaching economic evils, propose organizing an association to be known as the *Inter-Collegiate Socialist Society* for the purpose of pro-

moting an intelligent interest in Socialism among college men and women, graduate and undergraduate, through the formation of study clubs in colleges and universities, and the encouraging of the legitimate endeavors to awaken an interest in Socialism among the educated men and women of the country.

" 'Oscar Lovell Twiggs
Thomas Wentworth Higginson
Charlotte Perkins Gilman
Clarence Darrow
William English Walling
J. G. Phelps Stokes
B. O. Flower
Leonard D. Abbott
Jack London
Upton Sinclair'

"The meeting was held at 140 Fulton Street, New York, in Peck's Restaurant, and Jack London was elected President.

"It was re-organized in 1921 as the League of Industrial Democracy, having for its new president Professor Robert Morss Lovett of the University of Chicago.

"On December 30, 1925, was held the 20th Anniversary dinner. Greetings were received, according to their printed booklet, from

"Oscar Garrison Villard, Editor, *The Nation*
John Haynes Holmes, Pastor, Community Church, New York

John R. Commons, Professor of Economics, University of Wisconsin

Edwin R. A. Seligman, Professor of Economics, Columbia

David Felmley, President, Illinois State Normal

Ellen Hayes, Professor Emeritus, Astronomy, Wellesley College

A. N. Holcombe, Professor of Government, Harvard

Jerome Davis, Department of Social Service, Yale Divinity School

George A. Coe, Professor of Education, Teachers College, Columbia

Vida D. Scudder, Professor of English Literature, Wellesley College

Josiah Morse, Professor of Psychology and Philosophy, University of South Carolina

Gordon S. Watkins, Professor of Economics, Southern Branch, University of California

Harry J. Carman, Department of History, Columbia

Stuart A. Rice, Department of Sociology, Dartmouth College

Jeannette Marks, Professor of English, Mt. Holyoke College

Philips Bradley, Department of Political Science, Amherst

George S. Counts, Assistant Professor of Education, Yale

A. P. R. Drucker, Professor of Sociology, Colorado College

Seba Eldridge, Assistant Professor of Sociology, University of Kansas

Gorham W. Harris, Professor of Chemistry, Simmons College

Frank H. Hankins, Professor of Economics and Sociology, Smith

Vladimir Karapetoff, Professor Electrical Engineering, Cornell

Arnold Dresden, Assistant Professor of Mathematics, University of Wisconsin

S. Perlman, Assistant Professor of Economics, University of Wisconsin

I. W. Howerth, Professor of Sociology, Colorado State Teachers College

Robert C. Brooks, Professor of Political Economy, Swarthmore

S. Ralph Harlow, Professor of Biblical Literature, Smith

"Their recent report shows that from 1910 to 1917 the following chapters were established:

Stanford	Harvard	Pennsylvania
Oberlin	Johns Hopkins	Washington
Wisconsin	Illinois	Pittsburgh
Vassar	Princeton	Yale
Marietta	Cornell	Adelphi
City College	Barnard	Columbia
(New York)	Berkeley Divinity	Michigan
	Amherst	

"According to their pamphlet, the following greeting was received from Professor S. Perlman, Associate Professor of Economics, University of Wisconsin:

" 'When I first came to Wisconsin, six-

> teen years ago, I immediately joined the *socialist club* and I found that the intellectual intercourse in that club was a direct continuation of *my experience with similar socialist study circles,* to which I belonged when a student in Russia.'

"Roger Baldwin from the floor at the 20th Anniversary dinner stated:

> " 'To many of us interlocking directors and to many of us interlocking contributors, it is pretty difficult to tell from whom to bring the greetings and to whom to give the greetings.
>
> " 'It is sometimes difficult for me to tell whether I am in a meeting of the League for Industrial Democracy or at a meeting of the American Civil Liberty Union. There are few of us but we cover a long fighting front.'

"This is the same Baldwin that figures in the Report of the Joint Legislation Committee of the State of New York, known as the Lusk Report.

"On page 1088 this quotation appears:

> " 'The moving spirit of the organizing activities of the National Civil Liberties Bureau was Director Roger N. Baldwin; and there can be no better example of his type of mind than to quote again from his advisory letter of August 1917 to Louis Lockner in reference to organizing the People's Council Committee:

"'"Do steer away from making it look like a Socialist enterprise. Too many people have already gotten the idea that it is nine-tenths a Socialist movement. You can, of course, avoid this by bringing to the front people like Senator Works and Miss Addams and others, who are known as substantial democrats. . . . I think it would be an error to get the public thinking that we are launching a political party in Minneapolis. To be sure, we are launching a political movement but that is quite a different matter from a political point. . . .

"'"*We want also to look like patriots in everything we do. We want to get a good lot of flags, talk a good deal about the constitution and what our forefathers wanted to make of this country, and to show that we are really the folks that really stand for the spirit of our institutions.*"'

"The Lusk Report on page 1021 states that Baldwin, who graduated from Harvard, '*served a year in jail for violating the draft law.*'

"Now, Bill, one thing more. I want to show you a list of colleges and universities within whose walls were found chapters of the *Intercollegiate Socialist Society* as far back as 1916.

"On page 1120 of the Lusk Report is found the following list:

"Albion	Beloit	Carnegie Institute
Amherst	Berkeley Divinity	of Technology
Barnard	Brown, California	Chicago
Bates		Cincinnati

City College, New York
Clark
Colorado
Columbia
Cornell
Dartmouth
East Tennessee Normal
Emory and Henry
George Washington
Grinnell
Hamline
Harvard
Howard
Illinois
Indiana
Iowa
Iowa State
Johns Hopkins
John Marshall Law
Kansas Agricultural
La Crosse Normal
Los Angeles Osteopathic
Macon
Miami
Michigan
Middle Tennessee Normal
Minnesota
Nast Technology
Nevada
New York
New York Dental
New York Law
North Carolina
North Dakota
Oberlin
Ohio State
Ohio Wesleyan
Pennsylvania
Pittsburgh
Princeton
Radcliffe
Randolph
Richmond
Rutgers
Simmons
Simpson
South Carolina
Springfield
Syracuse
Temple
Trinity
Union Theological
Utah
Valparaiso
Vassar
Virginia
Washington
Washington-Jefferson
Washington and Lee
Wisconsin
Yale"

Senator Morrow ceased speaking. Glancing at his friend, he saw on his face the same tense muscle lines he remembered seeing so many times in the old football days when Conover braced himself for the deciding play.

"There is a list of Liberal Clubs, Bill," continued Senator Morrow, "to ponder over. Think of the thousands

of our young men and women marching under this brand of leadership."

The Senator reached for a paper bearing the name *Princeton Alumni Weekly,* published by the Princeton University Press, and read aloud from one of its pages.

> " 'Of late there has been a growing interest among undergraduates for international affairs. The Liberal Club has arisen on the surface of this movement, a Princeton delegation attended the mock League of Nations, and F. Scott Nearing, famous advocate of Communism, recently lectured to a large, appreciative, and possibly sympathetic audience. . . . Dean Wicks is organizing a world relations group, which will discuss international co-operation as opposed to nationalism. The indefinable atmosphere that produced Norman Thomas '05 seems to be more powerful than ever.' "

When the Senator ceased reading he glanced at Conover, who appeared stunned by the fact that communism was raising its head so brazenly on a college campus.

For a few minutes both men were silent. Presently the Senator said:

"You may be interested in an article that appeared in the *Chicago Daily Journal* under date of April 13, 1927."

"R. M. Lovett, Midway Teacher Backs College Liberals' Fight

> "West Chester, Pa., April 13.—AP—The uprising of the Liberal Club at the West Chester Normal school over the 'principle of free speech' is regarded by Samuel Wesley Long, commander of the local

American Legion post, as 'part of an organized seditious movement linked directly with soviet Russia.'

"The Legion took exception to an alleged unpatriotic utterance made in the Liberal Club. This remark is reported to have been the cause of the dismissal of two members of the school faculty.

" 'Soviet Spreading Sedition'

" 'There is an organized seditious movement that is spreading through the colleges and schools of this country,' asserted Commander Long. 'This movement is linked directly to soviet Russia, and the report of the Legion investigating committee will prove that this assertion is no exaggeration of the facts. The Legion proposes to do everything within its power to expose this condition.'

"Reports were circulated that members of the Liberal Club who have held two meetings in defiance of Dr. Smith's orders, would be expelled, but Dr. Smith said:

" 'I am unwilling to make martyrs of these children, egged on by misguided leadership within the school and by the public press.'

" 'Midway Teacher Takes Hand

" 'Whether the club will be permitted to continue its meetings with official approval depends on the findings in a report which I understand is being drawn up now by an official investigating body. Politics has nothing to do with the dismissal of the

two professors. Nor has the right of free speech.'

"Dr. Robert Morss Lovett, professor of English at the University of Chicago and an executive committeeman of the Civil Liberties Union, who came here to 'study the situation,' announced that the union would align itself solidly behind the Liberal Club and the dismissed teachers."

"Incidentally," said the Senator, "I note that Professor Robert Morss Lovett of the American Civil Liberties Union who is 'behind the dismissed teachers' is a member of 'The American Association of University Professors.' "

Conover, without saying a word, reached for the books and documents from which Morrow had been reading and buried himself in their contents.

"Go ahead, Bill, get those facts set in your mind while I get supper ready."

When Morrow noticed that Conover had finished, he said, "You are learning many things today, Bill, that will explain to you a condition that you are aware of but to which you had not found the key. Only a word or two more and we will postpone our study till tomorrow. '

"Think this over—there are two great instruments in our country—the church and the school. The church is *tax exempt*—the school is *tax supported.*

"These two great powers, one tax exempt, the other tax supported, should be the two most dependable agencies for the support of our Constitution. They owe it to the one thing that makes their existence possible. When either one departs from patriotism, loyalty, and correct teaching, it is no longer an ally to that which supports it.

"Here in our broad land are fathers and mothers who pinch and slave and deny themselves in order to give their boy or girl advantages which, maybe, they themselves had not received. They are humbly grateful that they live in a land where it is possible for them to give their children such rich opportunities—a land where the washerwoman's son may aspire to anything his capacity permits.

"Saving, denying themselves, going without things they need, they send their children to schools. Is it fair to them to have their children taught in the very institutions their saving and taxes made possible, things that would blot out the very institutions and our country itself, by teachers who disregard the lessons of history and, having no capacity for leadership, yet seek to commit the younger generation to theories that would plunge civilization into chaos?

"A man remarked to me the other day, 'If you let this thing alone it will die a natural death. You keep it alive by agitation. They thrive on publicity.'

"No statement was ever more wrong. Do doctors say 'Let a plague alone; it will wear itself out?' No; they placard the place where the contagion is, so that the innocent will avoid the contact. They work on the victim and take measures to prevent it from spreading.

"Do firemen say, when a big building, surrounded by inflammable homes, is a sheet of flames, 'Leave it alone; the fire will die out?'

"No, Bill, the doctor isolates the patients afflicted with a contagious disease and a general alarm is turned in when the flames threaten.

"Now, let us put our records away. The sun is just

about slipping over the opposite rim of the canyon. Let us get its last benediction."

Silently they watched the sunset. Reluctantly they retraced their steps to the camp.

"Jim, with patriotic and right thinking educators in the majority why can't the educational institutions correct this situation?"

"Bill, that is the paramount question. One thing you can depend upon is this. If this matter cannot be handled *within* the college walls, corrective measures will come from *without*.

"The situation is too critical to permit of longer delay.

"The teaching profession recognizes the crisis but holds back from taking corrective measures.

"At the 13th Annual meeting of the Association of American Colleges held in Chicago, there were present professors whose calling in America numbers over 60,000, whose influence spreads over three-quarters of a million students of college age.

"One speaker declared:

> " 'The undergraduate is scattered; also scrambled.'

"The thought arises—who scrambled him?

"A great metropolitan daily paper in reporting the proceedings of the convention stated:

> " 'The drift of the opening hours . . . was that the American College has got out of hand, and the gist of those opening hours was the question, "Who is running the American College, anyway"?'

"The condition today in our schools parallels the con-

dition that existed in the banking field before pressure was exerted from without.

"There was a time when anyone could rent a store, place over it the word Bank, install fixtures and open the door for deposits, subject to no regulation whatever.

"The inevitable happened. Abuses crept in, banks failed, depositors lost their money, and the banking business became an object of suspicion. The business fell to the point where solicitation to use the banks did not appeal to the public.

"Unfit and dangerous bankers brought discredit upon the skilled and trustworthy ones.

"The solution was regulation. Today before any bank can start taking deposits, the men behind it must invest sufficient capital and comply with banking regulations devised for the protection of the depositor.

"The law requires frequent publication of the bank's financial statement.

"Frequent checks of its condition are made by Bank Examiners.

"Worthless money and worthless notes are thrown out.

"Will counterfeit and worthless teaching in our institutions of learning reach the point, as did wildcat and dangerous banking, where a tired public will demand regulation and supervision?

"Will the time come when America will demand *educational examiners?*

"In many states barbers, plumbers and other workers are not permitted to ply their trades without examinations and licenses. Are these trades more important than teaching?

"Will the public in self-defense insist that teachers in our colleges and universities must pass a national or state examination, regardless of diplomas and degrees?

"The answer rests almost entirely with the profession itself. *If abuses cannot be corrected from within, the reformation will be forced from without.*

"Probably the forced regulation will be more drastic than would have been the self-imposed supervision.

"Before the adoption of the banking laws, when the need of supervision was being discussed, there came strenuous protests from the private bankers, especially those who knew their methods would not stand the light of day.

"However, regulation came. Today the bankers of America are the first to praise and declare that the regulation lifted their calling to a high level.

"When the discussion comes up for the examination and regulation of our educational institutions, the same old protests will arise from the very ones for whom regulation is necessary.

"Yet, worthless commercial paper is of infinitely more worth than debased and counterfeit mental currency.

"Why should teachers in our tax exempt and tax supported schools be allowed to teach things that would destroy the government that makes possible the schools.

"Before a graduate lawyer can practise, he must raise his right hand and take and subscribe an oath substantially in the following form:

> "'I do solemnly swear (or affirm as the case may be) that I will support the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of the State of

. . . and that I will faithfully discharge the duties of the office of attorney and counsellor at law to the best of my ability.'

"Why should not the instructor be required to take a similar oath?

"Why hire an incendiary to work in the fire department? Why hire a kleptomaniac to work in a bank?

"Why hire one to work in the very institution he seeks to destroy?

"Bankers' freedom of the past!

"Academic freedom of the present! What blunders were and are committed in the name?

"Bill, the rumblings of dissatisfaction with some of the present day teachings are growing louder. The protests are becoming vocal.

"The *Chicago Daily Tribune* in a recent editorial states:

" 'Members of the Princeton faculty have made a statement of approval of the Columbia University recommendation for a revision of the debt settlements with America's allies. . . .

" 'The reasoning of the Columbia professors was not good in either morals or economics. The signers were obviously groggy with emotionalism. . . .

" 'Just what is the trouble with the professorial mind along the Atlantic coast line may only be guessed at and yet the guesses may be good. Whatever the trouble is it is much. . . .

" '. . . American professors persistently teach that this episode in high pressure militarism and imperialistic diplomacy constitutes a grave re-

proach to the American people and that they can win a return of favor only by buying it and thus sweetening their soured souls. . . .

" 'The United States has made debt settlements with very careful study not of the amounts due but of the equities. The debtors who are paying are not now complaining. They complained to get terms. They got them. The British rather pointedly have asked just such Americans as these professors to shut up. They only annoy the tax payers. . . .

" 'There is a philandering altruism in the Atlantic seaboard universities which apparently gains its life from whiffs of incense abroad. When it hasn't its nose in the air it has its feet there. . . .'

"The *Detroit Free Press* recently stated in an editorial:

" 'Since the second Russian revolution, faculties of colleges throughout America have been fertile breeding places for the cult of bolshevism. . . . Why a man who is hired to teach, let us say French, should therefore consider himself privileged to expound bolshevism to students is beyond ordinary human understanding.

" 'Yet, unless accounts are misleading, that sort of thing is often done. And we fear it sometimes is done in a way that savors of direct dishonesty . . . Unless kept in check, it will, in time, bring institutions of higher learning into a measure of disrepute, make them objects of public suspicion and hostility and destroy much of their usefulness in the world.'

"Bill, all over our country is swelling this lack of confidence.

"In this land of ours are 975 colleges, universities, and professional schools, having an investment of more than two billion 300 million dollars in land, buildings, and equipment. Our high schools represent an investment of one billion 100 millions of dollars.

"Add to these two items the investment in grammar schools, and we find a total that staggers the imagination.

"The total attendance in all our American schools is 28,296,484. In our high schools are more than three million 300 thousand pupils taught by 163 thousand teachers.

"In our universities and colleges are 767,141 students with 60,000 professors.

"No wonder the socialists concentrate their greatest efforts in this field.

"Here is the rich prize they seek to capture.

"Here is the key to the world of tomorrow!"

"Jim, why don't our fellow Americans recognize that the school can make or mar our country in a single generation? Why don't we take corrective measures?"

The Senator replied, "I will give you a Yankee answer. I will answer your question by asking another question.

"Are we growing soft? Has a false toleration betrayed us?"

Chapter XI

THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES

Conover turned over in his sleeping bag. What the Arabs call the Wolf-Tail, the false dawn, had swept the East only to turn to a deeper gloom as if to prepare a background for the magnificent pageantry of the sun god and his retinue in the glorious procession from the gates of the mysterious East.

Overhead in the trees thousands of feathered minstrels sang their songs of jubilation. The earth had bejeweled itself with countless diamonds glistening on the grasses. Conover slept. It seemed as if he was swimming upward through endless miles of ether.

At last he made it and sat bolt upright to find Senator Morrow standing like a statue with his face to the East.

"Bill, I think I can understand the feeling of a Zoroastrian, centuries ago when he faced East and knelt.

"What a luxurious life! I recall the words of Jeffries in his 'Pageant of Summer.'

> " 'The endless grass, the endless leaves, the immense strength of the oak expanding, . . . from all of them I receive a little. . . . Feeling with them, I receive some, at least, of their fullness of life. Never could I have enough; never stay long enough.' "

Conover, looking at Morrow and responding to the beauty and the wonder of daybreak in such superlatively,

wonderful surroundings, thought, "Here is a side to Jim Morrow that the public little imagines. What an unusual combination he is with a legal head and the heart of a poet. Why aren't there more like him?"

Soon coffee was ready and they were sitting cross-legged, eating breakfast.

Dishes were cleaned and put away. Camp was tidied up. Senator Morrow struck a tin basin several times with a stone, saying, "There goes the school bell again.

"This morning, Bill, we are going to take a quick trip to the other side of the world.

"Visualize Russia and China, separated only by an imaginary line, a frontier of 6,000 miles.

"Are you seeing the picture now? What about the Gobi Desert? Contrary to the generally accepted statement that the Gobi Desert is a vast stretch of sand, so deep and churned by wind that travel by motor fleets is impossible, the Gobi Desert is a huge gravel peneplain. The underlying rock crops out and makes a floor to the desert upon which it is possible for loaded motor fleets to attain a speed of forty miles per hour; the route can be varied.

"Bear this fact in mind. It has a vital bearing on what I am about to tell you.

"From Moscow to Kalgan within the Great Wall of China the distance is 4,783 miles. From Kalgan to Pekin the distance is less than one hundred miles.

"The Gobi Desert has been mastered by the soviets.

"From Moscow down past Kiakhta, past Urga to Kalgan, within the Great Wall, by rail, barge, oxcart, camel and motor goes a steady stream of traffic from Russia to China.

"During one short period, the Red Rulers of Russia in the furtherance of their plans to organize the Orient with themselves as the dominating masters, preparatory to their war against Western civilization, have sent to their allies in China by this route through the Gobi Desert:

5,000 machine guns
9,000 pistols
15,000 rifles
30,000 grenades
1,000 intrenching tools
105,075,000 rounds of ammunition
40,000 carbines
12 artillery guns

"Five hundred fleets of eighty cars each for months streamed between these points.

"Bill, are you beginning to see that this menace is real; yet we have Americans—let me change that—we have those living in America who clamor for the recognition of Red Russia in spite of the experience England had with it before she showed Russia the door. Always there comes to my mind in this connection the old fable of Æsop, the 'Wolf in Sheep's Clothing.' The animal is on the prowl in our country today. It is deceiving some on account of the sheep's clothing. Too often do well-meaning people permit themselves to be used as covering for the wolf that in time will destroy their neighbors.

"Bill, Red Russia today has mental leprosy. Why should we open the door of our country and our homes to it? If Russia will not submit voluntarily to the isolation

of a contagion hospital (the confines of her own borders) until a cure is effected, she must be forced to remain therein.

"If she will not submit to treatment, let her wander within the wilderness of her own borders like the lepers of old crying 'Unclean, unclean.'

"If she will not cry 'Unclean,' let others take up the word and give the warning, lest the innocent catch the plague from her or her infected propaganda.

"Knowingly or unknowingly we have within our own borders those who are furthering her cause—socialists, communists, I. W. W.'s, certain deluded pacifists, and to our shame 'Intellectuals' in some of our institutions of learning and even in our Congress itself.

"Picture in your mind's eye, Bill, the vast country Russia, land-locked on the south directly to China that in turn is directly joined on the south to India.

"In these three countries live more than half of the one billion nine hundred million people of the entire world.

"Soviet Russia sees in this fact what she considers her opportunity.

"If she can gather China and India into her sphere of influence, if she can infiltrate Persia and Arabia, she will create more grievances in the mind of Egypt and then exploit her. Already the soviet Russian bear has reached out for Africa.

"Let only a part of this fantastic nightmare come true and western civilization in Europe will be in the paws of the beast that knows no mercy.

"Do you think this plan is one of my imagination?

"Know, then, that the first Congress of the Nations of the Orient has *already taken its place in history.*

"The Russian delegate was Apfelbaum, alias Zinoviev.

"His message to the Congress of the Nations of the Orient which soviet Russia sought to dominate was:

> " 'Now, however, having for the first time met in a *Congress of the nations of the Orient,* you must proclaim a holy war against these robbers, the Anglo-French capitalists.
>
> " 'The hour has struck when the workers of the entire world will be able to arouse and bring into motion tens and hundreds of millions of peasants, when they will be able in the Orient, too, to create a Red Army, will be able to throw the firebrands among these robbers. . . . The Communist Internationale today addresses itself to the nations of the Orient and says to them Brothers! We call you, first of all, to a Holy War. . . .' "

Conover's eyes flashed with his hatred for hypocrisy as he said, "Holy war, indeed! Think of the hypocritical use of the word holy by one whose cities flaunt signs pasted to their walls 'Religion is the opium of the people.' Holy war, indeed!"

When Conover ceased speaking, Morrow continued.

"We Americans think of the Russian menace as being thousands of miles from our shores.

"We are so much in the habit of looking East that we forget to look West.

"Russia is only sixty miles, mind you, only sixty miles away from America's Western shores.

"Turn to your Atlas—find Bering Strait—one hour's flight of an airplane will carry you from Siberia to Alaska.

"Russia is almost within voice distance—just a few miles away."

Morrow continued, "Out of the jungle of ignorance has come this menace.

"The wraiths of Genghis Khan and of Attila must chuckle and gloat in seeing their murderous plans carried on.

"I said this menace has come out of the jungle of ignorance.

"In Russia 79 per cent of the people are illiterate.

"In China 80 per cent are without learning.

"In India 93 per cent are densely ignorant.

"Yet, with all the assurance of ignorance, Soviet Russia seeks to dominate a world with her jungle theories.

"She is pointed out to the world as an example of practical Socialism.

"There is a Sanskrit proverb that runs:

> " 'The man who is entirely ignorant is easily guided; the wise man is still more easily led; but even the Supreme Being himself cannot influence the smatterer.'

"Smatterer! there is the trouble, Bill. Unfortunately we have a few professors who are smatterers teaching our young people, and it is almost impossible to change a smatterer once he takes the wrong road.

"Do you know that there are American Histories used as textbooks in our schools wherein is found this statement:

" 'We can afford to laugh at our forefathers' "?

Morrow dug into his duffle bag and produced the Pennsylvania Manufacturers Journal, from which he read:

> " 'In the school histories of Van Tyne, Hart, Barnes, Nickolay, O'Hara, et al., the children are told that the war of the Revolution was totally unjustifiable; that the American Colonists were not oppressed; that the twenty-seven indictments in the Declaration against the foreign tyrant and what he symbolized are but explosions of Jeffersonian rhetoric; that the American soldiers who "fired the shot heard around the world" were only cringing cowards; that the leaders of the Revolution, for a century and a half regarded by patriotic Americans as self-sacrificing patriots, were nothing but a pack of self-seeking demagogues, grafters, smugglers and low politicians; that Benedict Arnold was a wonderfully fine gentleman who was not appreciated by the American yokels; that George Washington was a person without talent, who possessed coarse manners, who would feel offended to be called an American; that his military and administrative ability have been greatly exaggerated. . . .' "

Morrow paused. He continued, "Bill, when American fathers and mothers learn what is going on in schools right under their own noses, something is going to happen. Whatever may be the motives of some of the detractors of our forefathers, one thing is certain; their

efforts coincide precisely with the aims of socialism, the tearing down of the great to the lower level. It is the maggot of Marxism eating its way into our schools with deliberate planning.

"There will be a house cleaning such as American schools have never experienced.

"Take only one little instance of the 'new thought' in history, the case of John Hancock, on whom these so-called 'advanced thinkers' attempt to fasten to the term 'smuggler.'

"That great patriot brought foreign goods to our shores in defiance of the infamous Stamp Act that a foreign government three thousand miles away tried tyrannically to impose upon his people without the consent of any representatives of theirs.

"Not a word of praise do they give him for his patriotism, but seek to besmear his name by omitting the reasons why he defied an oppressor.

"Bill, if it wasn't so tragic it would be comical to see the pigmies foregather in a circle like the Banderlog of Kipling's story, taking pages to describe with glee the wart on Washington's nose and failing to realize the everlasting debt of gratitude we Americans owe to one who made possible a land of opportunity such as ours, the patriot who refused a kingship in order that a Republic might live.

"Daniel Webster's words should be part of our national creed.

> " 'I shall know but one country. The ends I aim at shall be my country's, my God's and truth's. I

was born an American; I live an American; I shall die an American; and I intend to perform the duties incumbent upon me in that character to the end of my career.'

"It was Webster who said:

"'America has furnished to the world the character of Washington, and if our American Institutions had done nothing else, that alone would have entitled them to the respect of mankind.'

"The distinguished Englishman, William Pitt, said:

"'I rejoice that America has resisted.'

"At a later date he said:

"'I contend, not for indulgence, but for justice to America. The Americans are a brave, generous and united people, with arms in their hands and courage in their hearts.'

"Here, Bill, is praise from a generous and chivalrous foe. Under what classification, then, will you place an American historian who calls Hancock a smuggler and decries those who made our country great?"

"Jim, how do you account for the radicalism of some teachers?"

Morrow replied, "That is a big order. Let me develop the answer as I go along. This little thought of mine may give you a clue; here it is.

"When the mind is too big for little things, too little for big things, and abhors mediocrity, there is nothing much left for it except vacuity or radicalism."

Chapter XII

FIGS AND THISTLES

After a hasty noon meal, at the urgent request of Conover, Morrow continued.

"Bill, America is waking up. Some of the brains that made her commercially great are commencing to realize it is high time to scrutinize more carefully the institutions of learning, which in the past have received their colossal donations, without a sufficient investigation of the individual members of its faculty, its curriculum, its textbooks, and its trend of education.

"I know a recent case where one of our leading Western universities was obliged to drop its drive for millions because it found to its amazement that the public was apathetic to the drive. The reason for the apathy could have been traced directly to the newspaper notoriety of some of its professors, along anti-American ideas, creating a condition that had alienated the sympathies of prospective contributors.

"It was as if the request had been made somewhat like this.

" 'Please, Mr. Business Brains, give us some money so that we may sharpen the knife to cut your business throat.'

"Some of the teachings of Economics in our colleges and universities today would do precisely that thing if adopted.

"It is a deplorable condition. Don't misunderstand me, Bill. I am not condemning the entire barrel of apples.

"Taking the faculties at large throughout our country, only a minority percentage of the members are infected. But, returning to our simile of the apples, let me ask you this question:

"What happens to the good apples in a barrel if even a minority of bad apples are allowed to remain therein?

"Experienced apple growers remove bad apples immediately lest the whole barrel becomes worthless.

"The giants in education are busy in their studies, in research, in writings. Unfortunately, a noble profession, within whose ranks are hundreds and thousands of gifted, talented, and loyal men, is losing prestige on account of the misfit, mediocre teachers who espouse untried and unworkable and dangerous theories. Maybe there is a cue in that word mediocre.

"Gillilan may have put his finger on the truth when he said: 'Egotism is the opiate nature administers to deaden the pain of mediocrity.'

"Maybe that explains the egotism of those bringing discredit to their calling."

That evening as they sat around the camp fire indulging in haphazard conversation, Conover suddenly saw back in the darkness of the shrubbery two shining yellow eyes.

Under his breath he whispered directions to Senator Morrow, who slowly turned until he caught the reflection of the flame in wild eyes that reflected back to the men a living fire.

"No danger, Bill. Don't move. Our camp fire is as good as a gun. It won't come near it. Besides, I am such a good 'pacifist' that I believe in preparation. I have my 'court of last resort' in my hand.

"Let us keep perfectly still and study a little natural history."

After a few minutes of watching the creature disappeared.

"The height of the eyes from the ground leads me to think it was a bear, Jim. Do you think it was?"

"Can't say," replied the Senator. "Speaking of bears, Bill, the other day I reread Kipling's 'The Truce of the Bear' written thirty years ago. It is a most remarkable prophecy.

"Before you read it, recall the statement of the Socialists that 'The Russian Revolution has suddenly ushered in a new era in the *socialist* movement in the world.' "

From his duffle bag, Morrow produced Kipling's work, "The Five Nations," and opening the book to the place, passed it over to Conover.

"Bill, read that out loud; read it slowly and thoughtfully. It was Kipling's warning *thirty years* ago, written at a time of treaty between England and Russia. Kipling, knowing the treachery inherent in the Russian Bear, sounded the note of warning."

Mr. Conover read with interest the lines:

"THE TRUCE OF THE BEAR.

"Yearly, with tent and rifle, our careless white men go
By the pass called Muttianee, to shoot in the vale below.
Yearly by Muttianee, he follows our white men in—
Matun, the old blind beggar, bandaged from brow to chin.

"Eyeless, noseless and lipless—toothless, broken of speech,

Seeking a dole at the doorway he mumbles his tale to each;
Over and over the story, ending as he began:
'Make ye no truce with Adam-zad—the Bear that walks like a man!'

* * * * *

" 'Horrible, hairy, human, with paws like hands in prayer,
Making his supplication rose Adam-zad the Bear!
I looked at the swaying shoulders, at the paunch's swag and swing,
And my heart was touched with pity for the monstrous, pleading thing.

" 'Touched with pity and wonder, I did not fire then . . .
I have looked no more on women—I have walked no more with men.
Nearer he tottered and nearer, with paws like hands that pray—
From brow to jaw that steel-shod paw, it ripped my face away!

* * * * *

" 'But (pay and I put back the bandage) this is the time to fear,
When he stands up like a tired man, tottering near and near;
When he stands up as pleading, in wavering, man-brute guise,
When he veils the hate and cunning of the little, swinish eyes;

" 'When he shows as seeking quarter, with paws like hands in prayer,

That is the time of peril—the time of the Truce of the Bear!'

* * * * *

"Over and over the story, ending as he began:—

'There is no truce with Adam-zad, the Bear that looks like a man!' "

When Conover had finished, Morrow repeated the lines:

" 'Nearer he tottered and nearer, with paws like hands that pray—
From brow to jaw that steel-shod paw, it ripped my face away!'

"Bill, it is coming nearer and nearer. Is a soft civilization waiting for 'it ripped my face away'? Are they waiting for the last act?

"Referring to the Creed of Nihilism in Russia, Professor Robert Flint of the University of Edinburgh in 1914 stated in his book, 'Socialism':

> " 'Use all your strength and energy to level down the whole edifice of society which has been built up by the labor of ages; sweep away all extant institutions so as to produce "perfect amorphism," for if any of them are spared they will become the germs out of which the old social iniquities will spring up again; break up the nation and the family, and get rid of the bondage which they involve; destroy all States and Churches, with all their regulations and offices, all their obligations and sanctions; work towards confusion and chaos, in the faith that out of them will emerge a future in which all will breathe with absolute freedom; yet take no

> anxious thought as to the organization of the future, for all such thought is evil, as it hinders destruction pure and simple and impedes the progress of the revolution. Such was the Creed of Bakunin, the apostle of Nihilism, a creed which he was able to spread not only over Russia, but throughout Southern and Western Europe, and for which many men and women have shown themselves willing to die and ready to murder.'

"Professor Flint continues with the following significant statement:

" 'I have said this much about Nihilism, because it is generally regarded as Socialism.' "

Morrow continued: "A comparison of this creed of the past to the creed of those who are abetting the movement today will convince the most skeptical that the enemies of society are marching towards their aims. Today they control one-sixth of the habitable globe.

"Why has there come all of a sudden such attacks on things American from those enjoying the privileges of our land of opportunity? What is the real objective in the minds of these denouncers of our country?

"A brilliant American writer aptly sums up the situation in these words:

> " 'Considering the vast amount of un-American and anti-American propaganda supplied the people every day through the press, magazines, the theatres and movies, one is forced to ask, in order to establish a premise, "Is there some agency, force or

movement seeking to take the eyes of the American people off the real good they enjoy, and induce them to intensify evils, which evils where they exist at all save in the imagination of some persons, are suffered but in a minor way? . . ."

" 'Here more people own their own homes, more people have bank accounts; more people ride in their own automobiles; more people enjoy a liberal education; more people are steadily employed at good wages, and there are fewer empty stomachs than in any other country. . . . We must turn our attention, for the moment, to another country.

" 'That country is Russia. Once rich and prosperous, her children—for the great majority of her people have never risen above the mentality of a child—well fed and warmly clothed, are now desolate and in despair; . . .

" '. . . Russia is the best illustration of what will happen to the United States, unless the people stop their foolish habit of accepting as reliable the vast amount of propaganda presented them daily, yes, hourly, through the press, the magazines, books and novels, the theatres and the movies. . . .

" 'Those who would destroy all we have built in the United States by toil, energy, ability and initiative, do not come frankly into the open and express their true purpose. . . .' "

Conover said, "Jim, I am commencing to piece together this intricate jig-saw puzzle.

"Russia is Exhibit 'A' in the Socialist-Communist plan.

"The Soviet scheme in Russia falls if she fails to overthrow other governments; it cannot exist by itself.

"Russia has succeeded in gaining the support in other countries of some so-called intellectuals who are aiding her.

"The Socialists have recruited professors in all departments but mostly in Economics, Philosophy, Sociology, Ethics, History, and English.

"One piece of the puzzle, though, has escaped me. Who is behind Russia?"

Morrow smiled as he said, "Bill, you are getting the picture. Tomorrow we will find that missing piece of the puzzle.

"If I make no mistake, tomorrow you will hear something that will open your eyes wider than they have ever been opened before. You will have the greatest surprise of your life.

"In the meanwhile, I will tell you this. The plan of those who seek to overthrow the existing order of society, centers around the plan, first of smashing all ideals. With an uncanny instinct for intrigue, they are trying to smash the ideals of the younger generation.

"In the *Literary Digest* of March 10, 1928, appears this very illuminating article.

" 'Exit the Ideals

" 'An age of cynicism is upon some of our schools, concludes an editorial writer in the new magazine, *The Nation's Schools* (Chicago). Ideals are regarded, he says, as "mush," and our animal inheritance is studied rather than the human addi-

tions to it that we have been struggling for ages to acquire. He writes:

"'"Recently a certain high school was being looked over by a committee of university men with a view to deciding whether it should be placed on their accredited list. Classes in history, English literature, biology, and psychology, among other classes, were inspected. One group of students was discussing the colonial period in American history. The whole hour was devoted to what might be called an exposé of the seamy side of the life of two of our national idols. These two one-time dignitaries were painted in pretty dark colors. They had very little character left after the teacher got through with them. . . .

"'"A group of senior students was discussing the 'unconscious' in a class in psychology. The teacher was what is known as a Freudian. The class had for several days been discussing the subject of the hour. The pupils had been led by the teacher to take the point of view that all of us are dominated by impulses and passions which have to be given considerable rein or else they will make life intolerable for us. The teacher cited supposed cases of nervous and mental break-up because the great urges of life were utterly repressed. 'In order to keep balanced and sane,' he said, 'we have to unclamp. Those who hold in everlastingly get to be freaks or nervous wrecks.' The pupils seemed quite ready to agree with their instructor. . . .

" ' "The visitors didn't hear a word spoken in that school during the entire day which suggested in the slightest degree anything Idealistic. It would not have been fashionable to have talked about ideals in any class, because that school is strictly 'modern.' One expects this sort of thing in most of the universities these days, but he can not help but be disappointed when he finds that cynicism of the times is getting into the high schools too. Is it possible that we are incessantly hunting for the worst in human nature and playing it up in the colleges and high schools? . . .

" ' "We are certainly entering, if we are not already in, an age of cynicism regarding idealistic conceptions of human nature and the objectives of human life." '

"Bill, plowing comes before sowing. Before the radicals sow their seeds they plow the ground. Their plowing calls first for the smashing of ideals.

"It is getting late, but we will have time to read an article that brings out very clearly a modern trend in teaching. I want you to read this article published in 'The Sojourner.' You will find that this article hits from the shoulder and doesn't mince words."

" 'Perhaps few of us sense the extent to which sound social, moral and economic beliefs are being undermined in many American institutions of higher learning by destructive influences. These come in part from communistic propaganda among students; in part from sensational literature and

objectionable films; but also—and most effectively —from the teachings of radical and "modernistic" professors in the field of economics, philosophy, psychology and ethics.

" 'We urge those who are trustees of educational institutions or who have children attending high schools or colleges, to do their utmost to see that a sound and orthodox viewpoint on these subjects, fundamental to our institutions and our civilization, shall be presented by the strongest teaching talent obtainable.

" 'Any educational institution that is unwilling to make this provision should be publicly labelled and advertised as destructive of character—and thereafter avoided by intelligent people as unfit to train our youth.'

"Prof. Paul Shorey, for 30 years a famous teacher of classics in our largest universities, recently delivered in Denver an address on 'Literature and Modern Life,' which has been published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for May. It is most unusual for such a splendid protest against literary shallowness and indecency to appear in any American magazine. The following quotations will give an idea of Prof. Shorey's viewpoint:

" 'I preach conservatism mainly because, though the ordinary Main Street American does not yet vote red, all intellectual America reads and talks pink. The clichés and commonplaces of modern radicalism are inculcated weekly in all the literary reviews without exception, and in at least 99 out of

100 of all university lectures and addresses. We never hear anything else. It can do us no harm to listen for once to a few qualifications of them.

" 'This is not the first or the second time that fashion has tried to banish decency from literature, and the effects on literature have never been encouraging. . . . Anybody can talk or write sex. It is the line of least resistance.

" '. . . the banning of one indecent or anti-patriotic or irreligious book raises a hue and cry throughout the land. But nobody pays any attention to the fact that the reading commended to the attention of the young, by libraries, university reference shelves and book reviews is in a steadily increasing proportion erotic, revolutionary, anti-national, socialistic, amoral or immoral—radical, in short, in its suggestions when not in its direct teachings.

" 'The insanity of a nation is, I suppose, a figure of speech, and there are many causes of the Russian madness besides the books which the literate classes of Russia wrote and read. Yet there must be some connection of cause and effect between the doom that overtook educated Russians and the thoughts, the images, the formulas in which their literature had been steeping their minds for fifty years.' "

"Bill, before I made a study of this thing I was mystified and bewildered. Like many others I smiled in a superior way at those who were shouting their warnings. I thought they were obsessed with contra-radical ideas.

"Many a day have I ridden the range puzzling over this thing. After I got down to Washington, I delved into the situation and finally saw the light.

"It is doubtful if any socialist will agree to the definition of Socialism given by any one other than himself.

"In his 'Political Economy,' J. S. Mill states 'the word originated among the English Communists.' M. Leroux laid claim to the origin of the name. He defined its meaning as:

> " 'A political organization in which the individual is sacrificed to society.'

"We have had a long session today; suppose we call for a recess until tomorrow."

"Just one question," said Conover. "Have you ever worked out your own definition of Socialism?"

Senator Morrow pulled away on his pipe for several minutes before answering:

"In a way I have, Bill; here it is: *Socialism is the refuge of the incompetents, the haven of the failures and the mirage of those who, having wasted, seek to wrest the fruits of their accomplishments from those who have planned and saved and created.*"

Chapter XIII

THE HIDDEN KEY

Morrow and Conover had a unique shower bath. Anchored to a limb of a tree was a bucket of water that tipped over in answer to a pull of a rope. Up with the sun the next morning, the two danced and jumped and yowled under a deluge of ice-cold water. Towels snapped and cracked like whips under vigorous manipulation.

Conover made the fire, put on the coffee, sliced the bacon and fried the eggs while the battle of the gastric juices was going on.

One may write panegyrics, odes and epics to great events, to my lady's eye-brow, to sunsets, but who can do justice in mere words to the delectable aroma of steaming coffee mingling with the intriguing odor of bacon, prepared on the altar of nature under the trees of an early morning?

It is not for mere words. It dances blithely and unblushingly into the realms of intoxicating music. Grinning like kids the two men did full justice to the meal.

Together they walked to the rim of the canyon.

"Look, Jim," said Bill, pointing to a rocky platform jutting over the abyss, a slender shelf beneath which were two thousand feet of space.

On the shelf astride a pinto pony minus saddle and with only the single guiding rope sat an Indian. Motionless were the pair save for the former's fluttering mane and tail as the breezes rippled over them.

It might have been a statue by the hand of a master sculptor.

Motionless the Brave sat, as he stared across that sublime chasm.

Immediately below him rose a pinnacle, on the apex of which was a thing of sticks. As an eagle scooped to the nest, the eaglets scrambled to the edges with open beaks for the coming morsel.

Under his breath, Conover whispered, "What a picture!"

Below them, like a tiny ribbon of silver, flowed the mighty Colorado River, winding its way through that tremendous gorge.

"The animate brooding over the inanimate," murmured Conover.

They stood there giving full rein to imagination until the Indian backed his pinto from the shelf and disappeared.

"Life, life, pulsating, throbbing life! What a boon conferred on puny mortals!" said Senator Morrow as the two drank their fill of the panorama.

They took something away and they left something behind as they retraced their steps to camp.

"Jim, where does the urge come from that always abides in the breasts of real men, the call to duty? When we were on the rim my heart said 'stay awhile.' My head said 'listen to the tocsin of duty'—duty? Doesn't that presuppose an urge coming from outside to which we mortals must synchronize ourselves, if we are to live a worth while life?

"It is your urge and my urge to play a part, a minor part, in the great adventure of trying to leave our children

a decent world in which to live. It is our urge to enlist in the great cause to which our forefathers paid the 'last full measure of their devotion.' "

"You remind me, Bill, of those eaglets in the nest we saw a few minutes ago. You are as eager to get facts as they were to get food. My care has been not to overload you. I didn't want you to get mental indigestion. I have tried to show you that your country's first line of defense, our schools, are being assailed—that Socialism and communism are working incessantly to indoctrinate the younger generation with theories that would destroy our civilization.

"Next I have tried to picture the den in which lives the Red Russian Bear that is pointed to as 'Exhibit A' of Socialism at work.

"Today before I come to the big surprise I promised you yesterday, it would be well if we put our finger on the reason why there is a fertile field in our country for such impossible theories.

"It can be summed up in one word, *Immigration.*

"Professor William Starr Myers of Princeton points out:

> " 'According to the reports of the United States Commissioner of Immigration, this country has admitted a total of 35,267,807 alien immigrants in the years 1820 to 1923 inclusive. Moreover, since 1895 there has been a shift in the source of immigrants from northern and western to *Southern and Eastern Europe.*
>
> " 'Thus in the year 1914, immediately preceding the war, we admitted 1,218,480 foreigners, of whom

about 817,550 were from Austria, Hungary, Italy and Russia, and over 331,000 *illiterate.*

" 'This means that in one year we admitted a number of illiterates almost equal to the then population of our Capital City, Washington, D. C.'

"Bill, let that sink in. In one year an influx of *illiterates* of nearly a *third of a million* and every illiterate ripe and ready for the soap box orator!"

Senator Morrow continued, "More than *one-fourth of all our population* is either foreign born or of foreign born parentage.

"The foreign born *men* alone in our country are more than the total population of *Australia.*

"Since 1890 this foreign born stream has come to our shores in such a deluge, such a tidal wave that their numbers are greater than the combined population of the entire states of *New York, Illinois and Ohio.*

"Let us take a quick survey of only four states.

"Less than 1/3 of the population of New York state are native born Americans—in Massachusetts less than 1/3—in Connecticut about 1/3—in New Jersey less than 1/2.

"Now let us look at New York City. These figures will make you gasp. Only *one* out of every *five* is a *native born American* of native born parents.

"*Fourteen* out of every hundred in New York City remains an *Alien.*

"Do not misunderstand me. Among this number of foreign born are many who become desirable and patri-

otic American citizens. Many of them are the highest types America possesses, but the *great majority* cannot be assimilated.

"From 1776 to 1820 less than one-quarter of a million came to our hospitable shores. From 1820 to 1846 came one and one-quarter million.

"In the first *seventy* years of our national existence came one and a half million.

"In *one year,* 1914, the volume of immigrants nearly equalled the volume of the entire *seventy* year period between 1776 and 1846. Never in all the history of the world has any nation admitted such hordes.

"Some of those coming to our shores came with the idea that this land of opportunity beckoned to them; they came prepared to adopt our culture and enjoy the privileges America offers.

"Others came imbued with the idea they would take what we had to offer and remain hyphenated. Others came, dumbly and blindly.

"This situation is dangerous in the extreme. Here on our hospitable shores where they enjoy the 'blessings of liberty,' the illiterates lend willing ears to agitators and tasting freedom, become intoxicated with license.

"Here is the paradoxical situation. Too many times do these strangers to our history and to our institutions seek to incorporate into our government the very things that have made their native country such an undesirable place for them that they left it.

"If America closed its doors for *twenty-five years,* she still would have her hands full in endeavoring to Americanize those now within her borders.

"Judgment dictates a minimum of immigrants; prudence pleads for it.

"This situation, Bill, is one of the keys to the present unrest. It answers your inquiry should you ask 'Why does this generation seem to love their country less than did our fathers?'

"Among these foreign born are many whom we are exceedingly proud to call fellow countrymen, but the *vast majority* will remain America's problem for decades to come. Our national stomach is heavy with indigestible meals. Yet we are urged to load it still further. Are we deliberately ignoring all laws of nature and courting the inevitable national apoplexy and its prophecy of death?

"Bill, investigate this question of immigration carefully. It is vital. And here is where your timid politician in Congress comes in. Many having no capacity for leadership, though recognizing the peril to any country in opening the doors to unrestricted immigration, yet fear to lift their voices in protest lest they give offense to some hyphenated group for whose votes they are fishing.

"This condition then will explain to you the change that has come over the thought of America during the last quarter of a century.

"Bill, suppose we take a little time off for lunch. This afternoon I will show you the center piece of this jig-saw puzzle around which these other pieces fit precisely. We have seen the school piece, the Russian Socialist-Communist piece and the immigration piece. Next we will examine the key piece, the mysterious member that will enable you to put the puzzle together.

"Probably," said Senator Morrow, "you have taken

refuge in the word 'coincident' many times when you have observed similar events transpiring in a similar way at different times in different places. You have observed what seemed to be spontaneous outbursts in various activities.

"This afternoon you are going to get a sketchy outline of an international conspiracy that has been brewing in its latest intensity *over one hundred and fifty years.* Hate and intrigue have been boiling furiously in this Witches' Cauldron.

"You will have to make an intensive study of this angle by yourself, because our time here will permit only the briefest outline. But I will give you enough to start your investigation. You will find the reference books in our duffle bag.

"The plan is based on the rules for revolutions.

"First: 'It is not the people who prepare Revolution. One has to prepare the people for revolt.'

"Second: 'Systematic attempt to create grievances in order to exploit them.'

"Third: 'Not however to *accelerate* reforms, but to *arrest* them in order the increase popular discontent and bring themselves (the conspirators) into power.'

"In the year 1185 there was formed in France a society called 'Confrererie de la Paix.'

"Its ostensible object was to put an end to wars. But like many peace societies, the adepts started out with an appeal to humanitarianism only to lead their dupes into

a blind alley of Communism, for it wasn't very long before the plea for peace was shunted into the background and the real object, the establishing of Community of land, dragged to the foreground.

From 1185 to 1712 is a jump of more than five hundred years, but the two dates are strangely interwoven by the fact that in 1712 was born a tainted genius who, promulgating nothing new, proclaimed anew the doctrine of 1185.

"Jean Jacques Rousseau, a French Jew, poisoned the mental wells of his day with diabolical cunning and thoroughness. He was a self-confessed thief. His five illegitimate children he sent to a foundlings' home with sneers and epigrams.

"Professor Stoddard ably describes him: 'He was born of unsound stock. He was neurotic, mentally unstable, morally weak, sexually perverted, and during the latter part of his life was undoubtedly insane. Together with all this however he possessed great literary talents, his style, persuasiveness and charm captivating and convincing multitudes. He accordingly exerted upon the world a profound—and in the main a baneful—influence, which is working indirectly but powerfully even today.'

"Back to the teachings of 1185 like a homing pigeon went this diseased brain for his philosophy that has within it the germ of today's communism.

"Boil down the entire creed of Rousseau and there is left only this one mandate, 'Destroy Civilization; whatever is, is wrong.'

"N. H. Webster, the distinguished authority in England, points out, 'Destroy civilization in its entirety and the human race sinks to the level of the jungle in which the

only law is that of the strong over the weak, the only incentive, the struggle for material need. For although Rousseau's injunction, "Go back into the woods and become men!" may be excellent advice if interpreted as a temporary measure, "go back into the woods and remain there" is a counsel for anthropoid apes!'

"Bill, notice again these two dates, 1185 and 1712. We are going to add to these another and this one you will recognize a little later as the one that will fit into the school piece, the Socialist-Communist piece and the Red Russian piece. The third date is 1748, for in that year was born Adam Weishaupt, the founder of the Illuminati that came into existence May 1, 1776.

"Had this monster poisoned the drinking waters of the world of his day, his sins would have been less than in turning loose upon the world pestilential ideas that have undermined the body politic and against which the saviors of mankind can administer only one serum, real education—one prophylactic, dissemination of truth.

"Bill, when you study this thing, you will find the direct connection from 1185 through Rousseau to Weishaupt's Illuminati down through Marx, who merely codified the ravings of Weishaupt and others, through the Communist Manifesto almost line and line to the so-called 'Constitution of the Russia Socialist Federated Soviet Republic.' Bear in mind that Red Russia has been called Socialism at work.

"You must master the Illuminati in order to understand this menace that today is threatening the overthrow of Society. It is the *sinister shadow* from which sprang Marxism.

"The Elector of Bavaria knowing the danger to the state issued an edict banishing the 'Illuminati.'

"Four disgruntled members of the Society in April, 1785, were summoned before a Court of Inquiry. These four, Cossandey, Grünberger, Renner and Utschneider, all professors of the Marianen Academy, testified:

> " 'All religion, all love of country and loyalty were to be annihilated. Moreover, every effort was to be made to create discord, . . . '

"Professor Robinson in his masterpiece, the 'Proof of a Conspiracy,' says in reference to the Illuminati:

> " '. . . *patriotism and loyalty* were called narrow-minded prejudices . . . they meant to abolish the laws which protected property accumulated by long-continued and successful industry; and to prevent for the future any such accumulation . . . they intended *to root out all religion and ordinary morality, and even to break the bonds of domestic life,* by destroying the veneration for marriage vows, and by taking the education of children out of the hands of the parents.'

"The six points of the Illuminati,

"1. Abolition of all ordered Governments.
"2. Abolition of private property.
"3. Abolition of inheritance.
"4. Abolition of patriotism.
"5. Abolition of family.
"6. Abolition of all religion.

"Bill, compare these points with Marx's Socialism and

the Soviet Creed. They are the same. N. H. Webster, one of the oustanding authorities on Illuminism, states:

" 'Moreover, when, as we shall see, the plan of Illuminism as codified by the above six points has continued up to the present day to form the exact programme of the World Revolution, how can we doubt that the whole movement originated with the *Illuminati* or with the secret influences at work behind them?

" 'With regard to the philanthropic nature of Illuminism it is only necessary to consult the original writings of Weishaupt to realize the hollowness of this assurance. Amongst the whole correspondence which passed between Weishaupt and his adepts laid bare by the Government of Bavaria, we find no word of sympathy with the poor or suffering, no hint of social reform, nothing but the desire either for *Domination, for World Power, or Sheer Love of Destruction,* and throughout all the insatiable spirit of intrigue. For this purpose every method was held to be justifiable, since the fundamental doctrine of the sect was that *"The End Sanctifies the Means."* '

"Weishaupt decried and denied the evidence of the four professors.

"However, more than one year afterwards, on October 11, 1786, the Bavarian authorities raided the house of one Zwach and there found letters from Weishaupt and documents verifying all that the professors had testified to in Court."

Driving in his proofs, Senator Morrow continued.

"Let us take only a glance at this creature Weishaupt in passing.

"In 1783 he wrote to a fellow conspirator confessing

that he had seduced his sister-in-law. 'I am therefore in danger of losing my honour and that reputation which gave me *so much authority over our world.*'

"To Massenhausen and Prince von Salm he wrote: 'These good people swell our number and fill our money box; set yourselves to work—these gentlemen must be made to nibble at the bait.'

"The code of the Illuminati reads:

> " 'It is also necessary to gain the common people to our order. *The great means to that end is influence in the schools.*'

"Bill, engrave these words on your brain. It is the plan of the common enemy, their exact words.

> " '*We must acquire the direction of education, of church management, of the professorial chair and of the pulpit.*' (Robison, page 171.)

"Professor Renner at the trial in Bavaria testified, 'The Illuminati fear nothing so much as being recognized under this name.'

"That is why, Bill, you were not familiar with the name. The society went underground and, with Machiavellian adroitness, sits in a darkened corner like a preying spider, having spun its webs here and there around a world that fails to see in the innocuous name of this and that group, the arch villain of the play.

"When you return home, Bill, make a study of the Illuminati. You will trace it almost word for word to Marx's Communist Manifesto and through that to the

Soviet plan, all strung together on the thread of the Socialist-Communist activities of today.

"Their great objective today is to gain control of American schools.

"We have had a long session today, but it has been worth while.

"Only one thing more and we will call it a day's work.

"Professor F. J. C. Hearnshaw, M.A., LL.D., of the University of London, has written a most comprehensive and remarkable book, 'A Survey of Socialism.'

"Here are a few extracts from it. You will find it sums up most ably the fallacy of Socialism."

Conover eagerly read:

> "For nearly *forty* years I have been interested in Socialism. I first felt its fascination in the early nineties. . . . If at that period I had been called a Socialist I should not—at that period—have felt myself insulted. . . . The effect of my forty or so years of study, observation, and reflection has been radically to alter my view of Socialism. . . . I have reluctantly but decidedly been compelled to come to the conclusion that its diagnosis of the diseases of the body politic is so *entirely wrong,* and the remedies which it proposes so *dangerously pernicious,* that it is necessary to denounce it as a public peril.
>
> *"The difference at the present moment between Communism and what still calls itself Socialism is almost wholly one of method and of pace.* . . . The Communist method is direct action. . . . Direct

action is the first stage in the process which is intended to lead to the social revolution, the sudden extermination of capitalism, the dictatorship of the proletariat, and the equalitarian Elysium. Socialistic democracy hopes to achieve the same end by slower and less sanguinary means—by using the voting power of the proletarian majority in order to secure control of the machinery of Government . . . and then extinguish capitalism and place the proletariat permanently in possession of power.

"A favorite theme of older Socialistic writers was the so-called Communism of primitive man. . . . In their opinion, civilization marked a decline from . . . primeval felicity. . . . Needless to say, no such condition of primeval felicity ever existed. . . . In so far as there was Communism, it was a Communism of terror and hatred, poverty and anxiety, brief life and painful death.

"Communism . . . is possible only in a *Capitalistic World, on the resources of which it can draw,* whether by means of endowment, as in the Middle Ages, or by means of *Spoliation,* as in the present day. Communists who would destroy capitalism are like idiots sawing away at the branch of a tree on which not only are they sitting, but from which they derive their sole nutriment.

"The Socialism and the Communism of the early modern period (sixteenth century) . . . were in essence the products of the same appetites and passions as manifested themselves on the high seas in piracy, and everywhere in profligacy. They were

the fruits of diseased minds, defective education, and depraved morals.

"There is a genuine difference in form between the 'Declaration of the Rights of Man' and the 'Communist Manifesto.' But it is merely a difference in camouflage. Both the one and the other conceal rather than reveal the motive power behind the idealism of two revolutions, which was one and the same—viz., the hunger of the peasantry for land, the desire of the demoralized for doles, and the *passion of the criminal for loot*. . . . The Russian-Revolution's Communism was simply a screen of Marxian verbiage which barely veiled the naked hideousness of predatory individualism —the perverted and antisocial individualism of the burglar and the assassin.

"The Communism of Marxian Socialists is nothing else than the massed individualisms of a horde of primitive cave-men. . . . It is not the next step in a progressive evolution; it *is a reversion to a prehistoric stage of barbarism and savagery*. Marxian Socialism is potent . . . just because of its appeal to the primitive individualism of the subnormal man. It excites his passion for plunder; it stimulates his love of fighting; it bemuses his rudimentary conscience, making him believe he is out for justice and not for loot; it muddles his immature mind with ineffable nonsense concerning the complicated economic theories of value and surplus-value.

"In England (Karl) Marx continued to exist for

thirty-four years (1849–1883)—more than half of his life. Entirely lacking business capacity and practical common sense, incapable of rendering any useful service to society, he lived in extreme destitution and misery. . . . He was entirely lacking in the scientific spirit, totally incapable of dispassionate argument. . . . It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that he knew the fallacy and even the absurdity of the economic theories which he propounded in his leading works, and that he deliberately involved them in such a maze of ambiguous verbiage that it is impossible wholly to unravel them. . . . Marx's eminence is that of the agitator, not that of the thinker.

"The lure of Marxism is the lure of loot; and everywhere Marxism in practice means the dictatorship of the criminal class.

"The Socialistic mentality is the mentality of the underman. . . . Socialism is the cult of incompetence. . . .

"Socialism propounds fallacious and misleading economic theories.

"Besides being ethically unsound, Socialism is socially pernicious; for it creates and fosters . . . a decadent and demoralized proletariat. . . . Socialism is politically perilous. . . . It is generally closely bound up with pacifism, defeatism, conscientious objectionableness, cosmopolitanism, anti-patriotism, anti-nationalism, . . . *Socialism seems to possess an irresistible fascination for cranks and eccentrics of all sorts."*

Around the camp fire that evening sat two very serious men. Even a novice in reading human nature might have read the story of the two men's thoughts by the smoking of their pipes, now slowly with the smoke wreathing itself upward in lazy spirals, now furiously projected with forceful puffs. For the better part of an hour very little conversation was indulged in. Conover was arranging methodically in his mind the conversation of the day. His orderly mind was pigeon-holing the data in sequence.

His amazement had been boundless when Senator Morrow had shown him the concrete, master plan behind which were marching in solid phalanx the Socialist-Communist hordes that were seeking to overthrow our existing institutions and that were concentrating their attacks on our institutions of learning.

For Conover it had been a day of enlightenment. He had found the centerpiece of the jig-saw puzzle around which the other pieces fitted.

Suddenly he turned to the Senator with the question, "Jim, why do these malcontents fly in the face of human nature, ignore all the lessons of history, waive aside the great achievements of a civilization that has lifted itself from savagery within the short span of less than ten thousand years? Why do they seek the overthrow of all that has been built by blood and toil and inspiration?"

The Senator smiled as he replied, "Bill, I have been waiting for that question. Let me explain it this way.

"Austin Hopkinson states 'Socialism, once the dream of kindly but foolish men, has become a monstrous tyrant, spreading abroad envy, greed and hatred, holding mankind from the path of true progress, and even striving to

drag the human race back to the beasts from which it sprang.' "

Morrow continued, "It appeals to fanatical brains by its promise of a change. It intrigues the interest of the malcontent who, hating the game at which he lost on account of insufficient skill, seeks to change the rules to new and strange ones under which one of his mediocre talents might humble the one whom nature has endowed with a better equipment for supremacy.

"It is the age-old wail of the loser who seeks to change the rules of the game at which he has proved himself a failure to rules under which a weakling might slip through to a cheap victory."

Chapter XIV

LET THERE BE LIGHT

Early next morning the two men saddled their horses for a ride along the canyon's rim. The vacation of several days had put the horses on edge. The Senator's roan had submitted quietly to saddling; but, for all the apparent docility, the Senator was too much of a horseman to be deceived. The roan advertised the coming contest by the rolling of the eye that flashed its message to the westerner.

"The old boy has turned Bolshevist, Bill."

Quickly the Senator sprang to the saddle. That instant the roan started a series of "bucks" that displayed a versatility and expertness that bespoke a long apprenticeship.

"Ride him, cowboy, ride him!" yelled Conover.

Up the roan plunged to come down stiff-legged with a force that promised to telescope the Senator's backbone.

In mid-air the horse changed directions, coming down for a purchase to enable him to rear on his hind legs till it seemed he would go over backwards.

Conover was lost in admiration of the Senator's horsemanship.

Finally the bewildering fact drove home to the roan's brain that his efforts were useless, that he had met his master. His bucking ceased and he stood still, with a look in his eyes that seemed to say, "I have done my daily dozen; let us go about the day's work."

Morrow sat the saddle, while Conover vaulted his mount

that, beyond a little plunging and prancing, settled down to routine without very much ado.

Together they rode until the sun was bathing the recesses of the canyon with its morning rays.

Then, turning their horses, they raced back to camp. There the Senator spread a blanket on the ground and upon it emptied the contents of his duffle bag.

The morning was spent in a review of the various items discussed during the preceding days. Reference books were consulted and pages marked and identified for further study.

Subversive societies were studied with their interlocking directors. Morrow showed Conover the activities of the heads of the various societies, their past records and affiliations. Conover learned of the adroitness of paid agitators in getting the names, as "fronts," of eminently respectable Americans who had no idea of the real purpose behind the movement. He learned that behind these innocent "fronts" the adepts pulled the wires and directed the seemly meritorious agencies to the goal towards which those in the outer circle had no conception.

He was amazed at the duplicity and deception practiced by the adepts and told Morrow that it seemed to him that deception was the most prevalent symptom of the disease.

Senator Morrow said, "One of the most glaring cases of this deception is seen in the propaganda put out by a society that is appealing for funds to prevent wars.

"The charge of insincerity against them is best substantiated by distortion of facts on their part. When any group resorts to distortion of facts and figures, that thing

alone indicates the weakness of their so-called cause—that fact alone proves the insincerity of the movement and condemns it before honest and fair-minded men.

"Truth does not seek to bolster its cause with falsehood.

"Bill, you have seen the plan that calls for no national defense. The real reason is not the prated humanitarism some of the deluded think. The real reason, the one that the adepts keep concealed, is the same one that criminals have in wishing for disarmament of policemen.

"The real reason for unpreparedness is to create a condition where the enemies of society can ply their nefarious calling unmolested.

"The Greatest Peace Society in America is the American Army and Navy. The army does not declare war. Civilians declare war and then the army declares peace.

"I started out to tell you of a so-called Peace Society that still broadcasts a falsehood in furtherance of its plan to disarm America.

"This Society appeals to the populace with the statement that eighty-five per cent (85%) of the American budget is expended for military purposes.

"Their attention has been directed repeatedly to the error, but the same assertion continues.

"When an erroneous statement is reiterated in the face of corrective advice it ceases to be a mistake and becomes something else.

"It deserves the short and ugly word. Let those interested in facts write to the 'Bureau of the Budget' in Washington.

"Why leave it in the realms of disputation when it is a

simple thing to get the facts from the U. S. Government itself?

"The facts are that *Thirteen and one-half per cent* (13½%) is spent for *National Defense*—quite a difference from the erroneous statement by which the Society seeks to bolster its cause.

"Nineteen and two-tenths per cent (19 2/10 %) is paid out in *Pensions*, etc. directly due to the work of these self same pacifists and those whom they succeeded, for besides being the *direct contributary cause* for the literal murdering of tens of thousands of young Americans on account of lack of preparation, they caused the minor tragedy of the payment of billions of dollars in pensions.

"Will the dupes ever see the terrible blunder they are making by their stupidity? I am in favor of outlawing war, if I can be shown it is feasible. I am also in favor of outlawing fire, crime, and disease, if such action can be proved workable.

"When fire, crime, and disease are banished and outlawed by resolution or law, when we reach the time when we can dispense with firemen, policemen, and doctors, then I will concede the arrival of the millennium and agree that the time has come to disarm our national forces; but, until such time, I feel safer when I realize the fireman is there to put out the fire, the policeman is there to fight outlawry, the doctor is there to fight disease, the soldier is there to guard us.

"When the various nations of the world reach a *Uniform level of Civilization*—when we have no longer within our own borders those who are waiting like wild animals to spring upon their keepers, I will give earnest consideration

to further reductions of armaments but, until such time, I will fight with every ounce of strength I possess to prevent the awful cataclysm that would result from a defenseless America.

"Why, Bill, our army today is only a corporal's guard. We could march every man in Uncle Sam's army into Soldiers Field in Chicago and give every man a seat in the Stadium. I mean precisely that.

"Such is the size of the little handful in our army today, and yet the members and the paid secretaries of various peace societies are clamoring day and night for a still further reduction. Why? You know the real reason of the adepts behind such a clamor.

"I know the fallacious arguments that appeal to some of the honest dupes of the master minds in the organizations. One of the typical arguments is—America should disarm to set a good example to the rest of the world, thereby proving our confidence in the right, etc. etc. etc.

"I always believe in experimenting on a small scale first before commitment to a policy that might destroy us.

"Suppose one of our big cities should dispense with all its policemen, the sheriff, and deputies.

"Suppose it should say to its criminal class, 'We are going to set you a good example. We are doing away with the armed police force. We are going to take the bolts from our doors and the locks from our windows. We do not believe in preparedness. We believe that our disarmament will be matched by your voluntary disarmament.'

"Beautiful theory, isn't it, Bill? Well, no matter which city we might choose for our experiment, you know what

the result would be. In twenty-four hours' time there would be a saturnalia of crime that would convince even our visionary friends that the world still contains barbarians, that within our cities are those whom society can never assimilate or civilize.

"In 1923 our American Penal Institutions held 357,493 prisoners, fighting enemies of our civilization—prisoners of war, they might be called, in the perpetual war waged between our own civilization and its domestic enemies.

"And our city is only a microcosm of the world.

"Bill, we are going to look at the Budget again and the 13½% spent for national defense.

"The United States spends considerably less than a two cent stamp per day per capita for the army and navy combined.

"Isn't it a singular thing that the cost of our army is considered by the public at large as entirely an expense?

"The American Army made possible the development of the West. The early settlers located in the wake of our armies marching from East to West.

"The Lewis and Clark Expedition was an army enterprise, resulting in the opening of the Golden West.

"The army engineers years ago constructed the:

"Baltimore & Ohio R. R.
"Northern Central R. R.
"Erie R. R.
"New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R.
"Boston & Albany and others.

"Army engineers projected the old Chesapeake & Ohio Canal. They built the Erie Canal.

"Under military administration the Panama Canal was built.

"The American Army has built railroads, canals, and harbors. It has charge of all navigable streams. Today the American Army engineers are doing invaluable work on hundreds of waterways throughout our land.

"Army engineers built the Washington Monument, the wings and dome of the Capitol, the old Post Office, the new municipal building, the government printing office, the War College, the Agricultural Building, and the Library of Congress.

"They supervised the Lincoln Memorial and the park system of Washington.

"The army operates 600 miles of inland telegraph lines in Alaska. The Alaska cable was constructed and operated by our signal corps.

"The American Army organized the Weather Bureau.

"American Army doctors banished yellow fever from Panama and have all but banished typhoid in the army.

"In every civil disaster and emergency the army has been a powerful agency for rescue and rehabilitation.

"During the fiscal year 1928 the Air Corps photographed 35,000 square miles of areas throughout the United States.

"In Northern Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Illinois the Air Corps made a survey of approximately 5,000 square miles.

"The saving of aerial survey over the old method of ground survey saved the United States Government nearly one hundred thousand dollars.

"The American Army an expense? No! It is a profit

sharing institution for Americans, paying dividends of service.

"All the work is done by a little handful that could be seated at one time in the Stadium in Chicago; yet, our uninformed members of peace societies clamor for a still greater reduction in size.

"We are a peaceful country; yet, in our existence of 153 years have come eight wars, not counting innumerable wars with the Indians.

The Revolutionary War	1775-1783
War with France	1798-1799
War with Tripoli	1801-1805
War of 1812	1812-1815
Mexican War	1846-1848
Civil War	1861-1865
War with Spain	1898
World War	1914-1918

WORLD WAR II 1941-45

"We have averaged a war every twenty years and America has never been adequately prepared for a single one.

"Our lack of preparation has cost hundreds of thousands of lives and millions of dollars.

"We have blundered through our wars. A kindly providence has smiled upon us in the past—that is, it has smiled upon us as far as the successful termination was concerned; but, how about the valuable lives we might have saved and the treasure lavishly spent because we weren't prepared?

"I heard a man, prominent in public life, wave the question of preparedness lightly aside with the remark that

in case of trouble, 'A million men would spring to arms.'

"Let us look into the 'springing' idea. In 1814 the British fleet with 3,000 men aboard hovered about in the Chesapeake Bay for nearly a year.

"During this time the United States created the 10th Military District with a potential strength of 15,000 men. After seemingly interminable delays, there were assembled 5,401 men. These 5,401 'sprang' to arms.

"The British landed. They were seasoned troops, trained over a period of years.

"They left half their force in camp, knowing they didn't need them because they were to be confronted not by regulars but by green troops. It was the old story, the trained professional contesting with the untrained amateur.

"The President of our United States and his cabinet came out to see a rout.

"In their minds there could be only one result; the difference in numbers would permit of only one result; for was not the little British force of *1,500* to be opposed by *5,401* who had 'sprung' to arms?

"The Battle of Bladensburg was on. A rout, that the President and the cabinet came out to see, took place; but not such a one as they had expected.

"The seasoned British Regulars pursued our untrained troops and burned what later became known as the White House, getting its name from the fact that it became necessary to paint the marble and stone building to hide the marks of the fire. Next time you see the White House, think of the price we paid that day for lack of preparation.

"In the Mexican War of 1846, *5,000* trained Americans put to rout *20,000* untrained Mexicans.

"History is replete with event after event proving the fallacy of unpreparedness.

"Strong National Defense minimizes the chances of war. Weak National Defense invites bloodshed and destruction.

"Give honor to those who 'sprang.'

"Give shame to the thoughtless who made their 'springing' futile.

"Americans who love peace can best secure peace by adequate National Defense and not by a military weakness that invites invasion from without and lawlessness from within."

When the Senator ceased speaking, Conover rose to his feet. "Jim, I have been puzzled over the agitation in some of our colleges in respect to the R. O. T. C.

"Your talk has cleared the situation. It seems to me that the opposition to military training in our colleges may be tied up in the same bundle with certain activities in Socialist groups on the campus."

"Bill, you are on the right trail. As you go along you will find how nicely some of these things dovetail into one another.

"We have a great country. It is worth fighting for day and night. But you are in for a lot of fighting if we are to circumvent the insidious workings of those who sneer at patriotism and the American Constitution, that in a Century and a half made from a wilderness the greatest country for opportunity on earth.

"We are told, as were our forefathers, 'there will be no more wars.' Much of this pacifistic advice is about as valuable as was that of Professor David Starr Jordan,

who stated in 1913, the year before the greatest war in history:

> *"'What shall we say of the great war of Europe, ever threatening, ever impending and which never comes? We shall say that it will never come.'*

"Yet, the ink was scarcely dry on the paper on which was written this prophecy before the world was in flames.

"What a comfort to the boys in the trenches was this sweet assurance of Professor David Starr Jordan, committeeman of the American Civil Liberties Union—Treasurer of the Peoples Council of America—organizer of the League to Limit Armaments!"

Chapter XV

THE SEARCHLIGHT OF DEFINITIONS

After breakfast next morning the two friends stood looking at one another meditatively.

The noise of dislodged stones in the direction of the canyon's rim caused them to turn in that direction.

Standing on the edge of the chasm, with a sheer drop of more than four thousand feet, stood the pack mule.

A sprig of grass about two feet below the level had caught its eye and the animal was standing with its feet bunched and its neck stretched out and down into the dizzy depths. Seemingly inch by inch its neck stretched. The men could sense the delicate balance now disturbed by loosened stones, now regained by contracted muscles. Its lips worked convulsively as it tried to gain the coveted morsel.

Slowly the idea drove home that that particular tid-bit was unobtainable. Inch by inch it balanced itself back to safety until it regained firmer footing. The disappointed mule turned from the canyon's edge and resumed its cropping of more easily obtained grasses. Not a whit better was the unobtainable and dangerous sprig on the canyon side, but from time to time the sad eyes of the animal wandered to the edge where the sprig still raised its seductive head.

Conover's eyes sought Morrow's.

"That incident offers a text for some of the radical teachers, Jim. The mule might have secured the thing

he went after, but he would have lost his life in getting it."

Morrow laughed at the appropriate application.

"This morning, Bill, I am going to let you read a pamphlet that will crystallize some definitions for you while I work on a speech I am preparing to deliver before the Daughters of the American Revolution.

"No more loyal, patriotic, or far-sighted women ever grouped themselves in one organization than the D. A. R. It is a privilege to appear before them.

"Recently they have been attacked because they wouldn't open the doors of their homes, their halls, and provide seats at their tables for any radical swaggerer who wished to enter their portals without an invitation.

"The work they are doing for the preservation of America will go down in history as priceless. Thank God, Bill, the spirit of our forefathers broods over their temple. Future generations will remember with grateful hearts the great work they are accomplishing."

The Senator handed his friend a manual from which he read.

"SOME FACTS ABOUT THE 'RED' MOVEMENT AND WHAT IT MEANS TO AMERICA

"WHAT IS A 'RED'?

> "A 'Red' is a member or agent of any revolutionary organization having for its object the violent overthrow of existing governments and the destruction of the established laws and institutions of mankind.

"WHAT IS BOLSHEVISM?

"Bolshevism is an organized revolutionary movement based on force, violence and deception which has for its purpose the conquest of the world and the subjugation of the nations of the earth under a Bolshevist Despotism.

"WHAT IS THE THIRD INTERNATIONAL?

"The Third International is the central organization and guiding power of the 'Red' movement. It is the source of communist propaganda now being spread in the United States and other countries. This propaganda is at all times disguised under misleading names or by concealment of its real purpose. The Headquarters of the Third International is at Moscow, in Russia. Its members are those who direct the Communist organizations in Russia and other countries. The Third International is controlled by a few men. They are the 'master minds' of the world-wide Bolshevist movement and the direct successors to the Anarchist and Communist leaders of the last century. *They are the same men who now rule over Russia.*

"DOES THE THIRD INTERNATIONAL SEEK THE OVERTHROW OF THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES?

"Yes. Former President Coolidge and former Secretary of State Hughes have warned the people of this intent in their recent official messages opposing recognition of the Soviet government of

Russia by the United States while that government continues to spread the propaganda of the Third International in this country.

"WHY DO THE 'REDS' WANT TO DESTROY THE CHURCH?

"It is their purpose to abolish religion from the world. Although the Communists are carrying on religious propaganda under the misleading name of 'Christian Socialism' in common with the Socialists, they do not believe in religion and term it a 'superstition' and an 'opium for the people.' The Communists have led some church leaders to look upon Communism as an humanitarian movement and to regard Socialism as a religious movement. Communism, in reality, is an anti-Christian movement which accomplishes its ends through fraud and deception. In some parts of the world the 'Reds' seek to gain their ends by exploiting racial and religious prejudices and hatreds. They take this means of inflaming the minds of large numbers of people and causing them to commit acts of lawlessness. This breeds disorder, undermines the public confidence, and weakens the government, which is the aim of the 'Red' leaders.

"WHY IS THE THIRD INTERNATIONAL SPREADING PACIFIST PROPAGANDA IN THE UNITED STATES?

"The Communists realize that they shall never be able to muster enough strength in the United States to overthrow the government by force while we are adequately protected against attack by our

Army and Navy. The pacifist propaganda of the *'Reds'* is intended to create a spirit of disloyalty by the forming of groups of men and women who pledge themselves not to fight for their country or participate in any way in warfare, even in the event of invasion. It is further urged that we abolish the Army, Navy, and National Guard, or greatly reduce their strength and effectiveness. The country would thus be rendered defenseless, or greatly weakened, in the event of a national emergency. The *'Reds,'* according to their own statements, would take advantage of our weakness to incite insurrection and revolution. *The fact that the United States is the most prosperous and wealthy nation makes it an especially desirable prize in the eyes of the 'Red' leaders.*

"WHAT FORM DOES COMMUNIST PROPAGANDA ASSUME IN SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES?

"The same organizations that are now promoting Pacifism and the Class Struggle in the United States are carrying on propaganda in *schools and colleges* under the guise of *idealism and liberalism.* Agitation is being carried on in some schools in favor of student control of the school. Protest meetings are organized and the students urged to resist the school authorities in matters of discipline and authority. Here and there strikes have been organized among the student body in defiance of the school heads. Under the plea of *'free speech'* attempts are made to precipitate all manner of aca-

demic controversy in the class room and thus disrupt the quiet and order of the school.

"Some of the same organizations which circulate the Pacifist pledge in America are also conducting a campaign for *revision of history text books. This is part of the Pacifist movement.* The purpose of the Pacifist leaders in changing history books is to destroy the spirit of *loyalty and patriotism.* They declare that we should exclude from the history books some of the vital facts about wars of the past and that military leaders and military heroes should be assigned a subordinate place in history. They assert we should omit from the histories all references to foreign nations that might displease or offend another country, because such statements might tend to breed hatred and scorn. The real effect of thus altering the facts of history, however, would be to shield any guilty nation or nations from the just responsibility and blame for the wrong deeds and acts of aggression of their rulers. School children taught from such books would have no real understanding of history. If we exclude from text books the facts about our past wars and make the great military leaders and statesmen of the War of Independence and the Civil War subordinate to lesser leaders, we sacrifice many of the vital truths about the American government. Boys and girls instructed according to this plan would grow up without an understanding of the events, the men and the ideals that have made and sustained the United States. There would be little

sense of loyalty in the minds and hearts of boys and girls so trained. With the spirit of loyalty and patriotism blighted or lacking, a generation of citizens raised up in this negative state of mind would be ripe for the illusions of Pacifism."

Scarcely had Mr. Conover finished reading when Senator Morrow exclaimed: "Look at that Indian, Bill. He is certainly disturbing the atmosphere with his speed."

Mr. Conover glanced in the direction Senator Morrow pointed and saw a pinto pony running "belly to ground." On his back sat a lean Indian hugging the sides of his horse with long and sinewy legs.

Straight as the flight of an arrow towards their camp he came, the horse's head stretched to its full length, the clinging Indian leaning far forward with his face in the mane of his mount.

The horse slid to a stop. The Indian jumped off. With grave face he handed a telegram to the Senator.

After reading it, Senator Morrow handed it to Mr. Conover, who read: "Stockyards bearmeat ignition backfire Washington. Mentioned first table."

While Mr. Conover was reading the cryptic message, the Senator had given the Indian a bill, the size of which broke the rule of the Indian's poker face. With a grin the Indian vaulted his pony, brought down his quirt, and the last that the two men saw of him was his returning at full speed waving a bill in his hand.

"I will have to decode that little message for you, Bill. It means that we must return. I am glad it didn't come sooner. As it is, you have a fair start. We will keep in

touch with one another. For some time though you will be busy with the material in my duffle bag. Wire me when you get through and we will have another session. In the meanwhile, I will see that you make the right contacts and are supplied with all the information necessary to get a grasp of this thing that is threatening the overthrow of our institutions.

"Now for the message. It means that Senator Bull is laying again the foundations for the recognition of Soviet Russia—that it is important that I return to Washington at once to organize the opposition. He aspires to a position that will make him second in power only to the head."

Chapter XVI

BEHIND THE CURTAIN

We must now retrace our steps to the Campus of Paxton College and return to the time when Professor Covet came back from his conference with his Eastern comrades, having been appointed by "Number One" as the "Apostle for Students and Teachers."

He moved to a larger house, some little distance from the campus. One day there appeared from out-of-town, workmen who started remodeling the room he had selected as his study. His associates received the explanation that the room was to be made over to conform to his ideas of Italian architecture. The workmen lived on the premises while the work was going on and did not mingle with the townspeople.

The report spread that the Professor had been the recipient of a sizable legacy and this explanation sufficed.

An ingenious arrangement permitted a section of the built-in book shelves to revolve, disclosing a closet lined with sheet steel in which there were shelves and drawers and compact filing cases.

When the bookcase came back to place, no indication of the room behind it was in evidence.

Hand wrought iron work at the windows lent a charm to the room in establishing the Italian influence.

The arrangement at the windows by its artistic appeal cleverly concealed the underlying desire for security against entrance.

Alternating blocks of white and of black covered the floor.

From a distant city came the furniture. The period desk in the center of the room intrigued interest. A few years later a stranger to that room, when investigating it, noticed discrepancies in the length of various drawers leading to the discovery of secret compartments in which were found numerous intensely interesting documents and lists, whose contents, when deciphered, explained to credulous college trustees that the warnings which they had received, only to dismiss lightly as ridiculous and unwarranted apprehensions, were based on facts.

But as usual, warnings fell upon deaf ears. It required the bursting forth of fire before the complacent ones realized that the smouldering embers held a threat.

In the meanwhile trustees here and there met in solemn conclave. Motions were made, seconded and carried. Platitudes danced with epigrams. Long reports were made. The few active ones took care of the machinery of the meetings.

The trustees of Paxton College had concluded their formal meeting. Adjournment took place. The members still lingered, indulging in reminiscences.

It was the same day that saw the completion of the Italian study in Professor Covet's house.

In a high back chair before the desk with the secret drawers, the professor sat in solitary grandeur. His megalomania had tempered his egotism to a degree that made every goal seem obtainable.

In the period between the receipt of the mandate from "Number One" to the present moment he had succeeded

in establishing numerous contacts. As an executive he rated high. Power flowed to him. His associates conceded voluntarily his gift of leadership.

One of his first moves was to call together a tried few.

He possessed an uncanny instinct in finding channels for the promulgation of subversive ideas.

At the first conference of the chosen few he seized a blank piece of paper, hastily drew a line from top to bottom, dividing the paper in two parts.

On one side he entered the "exact" studies such as:

Mathematics	Physics
Chemistry	Zoology
Astronomy	Biology

On the other side he entered with feverish intensity:

Economics	Literature
Psychology	English
Philosophy	Political Science
Ethics	Sociology
History	

When he had written the last word he turned to his associates and, with the burning eyes of a fanatic, darted his words at them.

"Here on this list are the studies we must use.

"Leave the 'exact sciences' alone. They cannot be twisted to our purposes.

"But the cultural studies in this list we can turn and twist to the thought that we are going to drive home in the brains of those we teach.

"Our plan of attack will center around Economics. That will be the base of our Socialism.

"If we work diligently in this matter in our colleges and universities," continued Professor Covet, "we can upset the Republic and usher in our form of government and then the absence of government in a few years.

"Leave the 'exact sciences' alone. Concentrate upon the list I have outlined. Analyze that list. Every study in it will lend itself to our purpose.

"While infiltering our ideas into these subjects we must avoid the appearance of bias.

"We must stress openness of mind. Our approach must be along the lines of apparently scientific investigation.

"Stress these words often—'both sides of the question.' So shape college lectures that unavoidably the student can draw only our conclusion, yet think that it is his. That method is the lasting one. It requires patience and skill.

"It must be extremely subtle at first. As time goes on, we can come out into the open more and more.

"Attacks on us will be made by patriotic fools. Our defense will be 'Free Speech.'

"We can turn the tables upon them and ask them if they are trying to suppress freedom of thought." Fine smoke screen, that!

Before the day was over plans were formulated and an intensive campaign begun.

Professor Covet developed his technique. His Russian blood with its love for intrigue flowed fast and furiously.

He received an appointment to the editorial staff of a pink review, an appointment that gave him a welcome avenue of approach to the lay mind.

His name commenced to appear on various boards of

societies, innocently named, but organized to further the Marxian plan.

He cast longing eyes on a group that had within its membership the names of many of the most brilliant American educators. Its membership of 6,077 fascinated him.

Over and over again he read its constitution—always with the thought in mind of how he could bore from within preparatory to the time when he might make use of it.

He read Article I—Name and Object.

> "1. The name of this Association shall be the *American Association of University Professors.*
>
> "2. Its object shall be to facilitate a more effective cooperation among teachers and investigators in universities and colleges and in professional schools of similar grade for the promotion of the interests of higher education and research, and in general to increase the usefulness and advance the standards and ideals of the profession."

Long he pondered over it. Its lofty purpose seemed to preclude its worth to him.

Finally his mind turned from its central controlling body to the examination of its component parts—its campus groups.

"Whenever the members in a given institution number seven or eight, they shall constitute a chapter of the Association."

With his uncanny instinct he decided that the possibility of infiltration would be worth the effort and immediately decided that he would direct his associates to

start quietly at the task of ingratiating themselves to positions of trust against the time when their number or cells of influence would gain ascendancy.

As he read and reread their meritorious purpose, his lips curled back in sardonic humor as he thought of the time when he might hide behind it.

"If I can't do anything else with it," he thought, "I may be able to use it in tying the hands of a president if he discharges a radical professor who is doing our work. Time will tell. It is worth the effort. I will sound our group and see what the reaction is. If I decide that I can count upon their active efforts, I will try it. I may be able to build up a protective wall for our comrades that college presidents will not be able to step over if they are urged to dismiss the Radicals."

In his work on the review he stumbled across an idea that fascinated him.

After he had taken charge of the movement, his first efforts were directed towards the coordination of various groups with the objective in mind of directing the focused efforts towards the Achilles heel of our body politic, the schools. He recognized the fact that if the Socialists and Communists could direct the thought of the young generation the comrades might gain their objective with a rapidity that would sweep all opposition before it.

He was too skilled a strategist, however, to overlook any means that might gain converts for his theories among the adults, though the central fire was to be directed against the easier and more promising objective, the institutions of learning.

The idea that flashed before him, dazzling him with its

possibilities, was the one of indoctrinating the unsuspicious reading public.

He organized a "Make-up-your-mind-for-you-once-a-week-Book-Club."

This avenue made possible the dissemination of books written by those who were seeking to convert American opinion to the theories distilled by the twisted mentalities of his group.

Too clever were Professor Covet and his comrades to alarm the public at large by a too obvious drive. The books distributed covered a wide range of subjects. Skillfully the propaganda favorites were dropped into the lists in apparently haphazard manner, deceiving the uninitiated by its seeming judicial fairness of mind that offered all things to all people.

Covet's Editorial Board bore the names of advisory editors whose basic thoughts paralleled his. He, himself, was the dominating influence among his Socialistic Staff.

In time, by dint of clever advertising, his book club made great headway and the apathetic public was skillfully led into the paths staked out in advance by those who had become past masters in Machiavellianism.

His various associates in the different groups lent themselves to prompt obedience of his requests.

To one he assigned the task of writing a book stressing the fact that the Red movement in America was negligible and that the Socialist program was not to be taken seriously on account of its small numbers. The book performed its mission in a small measure and lulled to sleep some who were commencing to be disturbed.

The underlying psychology in the book was to stress

the small numbers as if small numbers held no threat. Yet only 79,174 people turned Russia into a shambles. That was the number behind Lenin and Trotsky. Yet by terror this insignificant handful mastered 140 million others. *Less than six fanatics out of every ten thousand* of inhabitants turned Russia into a mad house. Yet we are told not to be disturbed because there are only a few fanatics in our American colleges.

Those who were conversant with the various activities going on behind the scene recognized in the attempt to belittle the very movement Professor Covet was espousing, a desperate attempt to stem the tide that was commencing to beat against their doors.

Most significant, however, was the task delegated to a comrade to write articles on Philosophy for the magazines —a series of articles that terminated in a flare of climactic words, extolling the Socialist Bertrand Russell.

Let us examine the record of this individual placed on a pedestal of philosophical greatness by a fellow Socialist.

Bertrand Russell was born in England of a distinguished family.

During the World's War he was convicted in London of "treasonable acts tending to the aid of our bitter enemy."

He was fined 100 pounds and sentenced to six months imprisonment.

Thus we see him classed as a traitor to his country.

"The Council of Trinity College, Cambridge, removed him from his lectureship in logic and the principles of mathematics in the college in consequence of his conviction under the Defense of the Realm Act.

"In his book, 'Why I Am Not a Christian,' on page 28 he states:

> " 'I say quite deliberately that the Christian religion, as organized in its churches, has been and still is the principal enemy of moral progress in the world.' "

In his book, "Marriage and the Population Question," on page 185, he states:

> "There is no reason to demand or expect a life-long stability, or to exact any ground for divorce beyond mutual consent. This would make it possible for the women who at present must remain unmarried to have children if they wish it."

The *Boston Transcript* of December 7, 1927, contains this interesting item:

> "Bertrand Russell says, 'My view is that the State and the Law should take no notice of sexual relations apart from children, and that no marriage ceremony should be valid unless accompanied by a medical certificate of the woman's pregnancy.' "

This, then, is the high minded philosopher put in the Socialist Show Case with the label "one of our finest specimens."

Why handle such a one with kid gloves? The sterilized rubber gloves of a surgeon, in such a case, are preferable. It is interesting to note that in a book proclaimed by its title to be "The Story of Philosophy" written by one Will Durant, appears this statement regarding Russell:

"Who knows but the next decade will see him grow out of disillusionment into wisdom and write his name among the highest in 'the serene brotherhood of philosophs'?"

Here is Russell, the champion of companionate marriages standing in his muckey barn yard, braying at the world in these phallic words taken from his book, "What I Believe:"

> "Boys and girls should be taught that nothing can justify sexual intercourse unless there is *mutual inclination.*
>
> "Certain forms of sex which do not lead to children are at present punished by the criminal law; this is purely superstitious, since the matter is one which affects no one except the parties directly concerned."

A lecturer in rebuttal to the above ravings has aptly said:

"Monkeys live in companionate marriage, free to depart from their mates at any time, and so do dogs and pigs."

And yet this so-called philosopher whose theories run parallel with monkeys, dogs and pigs is feted and entertained by some of our "best people" when he tours America, speaking before our students in colleges.

Quite a busy agitator is this ex-inmate of the English jail. Rodney Gilbert in his book, "What's Wrong With China," says:

> "China's future has been much more seriously prejudiced by the ideas imported and peddled by such persons as Bertrand Russell, John Dewey, Tagore and Karakhan than all the opium, morphia,

heroin, cocaine and hashish imported or produced in China during the past three centuries."

Professor Bertrand Russell and Professor Dewey of Columbia a few years ago lectured in Pekin. Professor Dewey has been active both in China and Russia and has interested himself in the Mexican situation.

American fathers and mothers may well gasp in amazement and consternation in learning that Russell has traveled the length and breadth of our country attempting to instill his ideas in our sons and daughters attending various colleges.

And yet we sit in smug complacency with folded hands and with eyes shut!

Isn't it worth the sacrifice of a few golf games, a few afternoons of bridge, to investigate and to take preventive steps?

Professor Covet rubbed his hands in glee when he reviewed the book the comrade wrote, developing the idea that there was no serious "Red" movement in America.

When he read the articles on Philosophy terminating in fulsome praise of Russell, he wrote the author-comrade an eulogistic letter that stimulated the writer to further efforts.

He gloated over the fact that his pot of intrigue was boiling furiously. Came a wave of pacifistic preaching inspired by propaganda from some of the pulpits. Professor Covet sat back in his chair and permitted himself the rare treat of sardonic smiles in thinking of a Russia with an *enormous seven figure army* intensifying its compulsory military training that included even women in the

marching ranks, while he had succeeded in stirring up agitation that was resulting in a disarmed America.

He saw his scheme making headway in the institutions of learning. He saw the reading public nibbling at the bait his author-comrades dangled before their eyes.

He displayed to the inner circle a report from which they drank long draughts of satisfaction.

The report covered the session of the National Student Conference held at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in 1926, attended by about one thousand students.

He showed his comrades a Marxian discussion that took place in that student conference. Eight hundred students in that conference voted in favor of this statement:

"We believe that the present competitive economic order based on *production for profit rather than production for use is wrong.*"

Notice the words carefully. They are traceable *word for word* to *Weishaupt's Illuminism,* through that to Karl Marx, and through that to the present Soviet "Screed." We are told that Russia is Socialism at work.

There was much elation on the part of those to whom Covet read the report.

The thing was working even better than they had expected.

Their plans had as many layers as an onion. Always underneath one skin was another. The heart of the onion contained only the few time-tested and disciplined ones.

Some of the other layers had no conception of the master-plan of those who formed the center, but all had the onion smell.

They pointed with pride to the Socialism of George Bernard Shaw, the intellectual mid-wife of contemporary literature, whose obstetrical obsessions had led to repeated self-inflicted Cæsarian operations on his cranium, thereby producing mental quadruplets, three monstrosities and one passing fair, which the four black dwarfs of Erebus displayed to the audience in the reception chamber, adjacent to the small darkened room in which the bewhiskered one labored and wailed in a maze of twilight sleep.

Of Shaw, James Huneker in his "Iconoclasts" on page 235, states:

> "He is still the preacher, Fabian debater, socialist, vegetarian, lycanthrope, and normally abnormal man of the early days, though he prides himself on his abnormal normality. Finding that the essay did not reach a wide enough audience, the wily Celt mounts the rostrum and blarneys his listeners something after this manner:
>
> " 'Here's my hustings; from here will I teach, preach and curse the conventions of society. Come all ye who are tired of the property fallacy! There is but one Karl Marx, and I am his living prophet.
>
> " 'Shakespeare must go, Ibsen is to rule, Wagner was a Fabianite; the Ring proves it. Come all ye who are heavy-laden with the moralities! I am the living witness for Nietzsche.
>
> " 'I will teach children to renounce the love of parents; parents to despise their offspring; husbands to hate their wives; wives to loathe their husbands; and brothers and sisters will raise war-

ring hands after my words have entered their souls.

" 'Whatever is, is wrong—to alter Pope. The prostitute classes—I do not balk at the ugly word—clergymen, doctors, lawyers, statesmen, journalists, are deceiving you.

" 'They speak in divers and lying tongues.

" 'I alone possess the prophylactic against the evils of life. Here it is; Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant; and three Plays for Puritans.' "

Chapter XVII

THE LURE OF LOOT

All was grist that came to Professor Covet's mill.

He impressed upon his inner circle the fact that he could operate to better advantage from the corner of his web where he would not be seen; consequently very few people realized that in the hands of a professor was centered such tremendous power.

True it was, his name figured in many interlocking boards of directors and that he functioned as a public lecturer of various abstruse subjects wherein his deductions were so vague as to prevent any charge of direct action being levelled against him. He was a past master in instilling, in a most adroit and subtle manner, ideas that were more dangerous than direct lies—ideas that contained half truths. He possessed an uncanny talent in predicating a plea on a half truth and then leading his hearers, before they were aware of it, up the wrong path where truth and falsehood parted.

His greatest drawback was an ungovernable temper that amounted at times almost to raving insanity.

A morning's mail, that had now grown to huge proportions, brought him a book.

It was lying unwrapped on his desk. His thoughts were miles away at a certain conference in the East that was to take place that day. He would have liked to have attended, but he felt he could not afford to take a chance because of the certainty of too much publicity. He had

skillfully placed his puppets at points of importance and felt that the conference would proceed along the lines he had laid down.

Absent-mindedly he picked up the book and carelessly turned the pages. Suddenly he became rigid—his face went white—his eyes glared with maniacal fury.

The book was "A Survey of Socialism," written by Professor F. J. C. Hearnshaw of the University of London. He read, with a fury and a hatred that mounted to a paroxysm, words that threatened to offset all his subversive actions.

> "The difference at the present moment between Communism and what still calls itself Socialism is almost wholly one of *method and of pace* . . . . The six essentials are:
>
> 1. Exaltation of the Community above the Individual.
> 2. Equalization of Human Conditions.
> 3. Elimination of the Capitalist.
> 4. Expropriation of the Landlord.
> 5. Extinction of Private Enterprise.
> 6. Eradication of Competition . . . .
>
> "The last two are economic follies which attract the mad. The middle two are ethical iniquities which allure the criminal . . . . Just as the conception of the exaltation of the community above the individual . . . has been degraded by Marx and his followers into a hateful and horrible principle of class ascendancy, social war, and proletarian dictatorship, so has the idea of the equalization of

human conditions—which is entirely commendable in so far as it connotes a desire to elevate the position of the poor—been corrupted by Marxian ferocity into a mere insensate passion to despoil the prosperous and divide up their goods . . . The whole Marxian theory of value and surplus value is a huge and crazy structure of economic error expressly erected for the purpose of supporting the Socialist fabrication that capital in private hands is 'loot' filched from labour, and that interest on such capital is 'tribute' levied by lazy parasites on diligent workers without any moral justification. . . . Modern Socialists, in respect of land as in respect of capital . . . call the smaller proprietors (especially the peasants) to their aid in order to expropriate the larger.

"The lure . . . is, frankly and unashamedly, loot. . . . The elimination of the capitalist and the expropriation of the landlord necessarily imply the extinction of private enterprise . . . . The extinction of competition, except within the limits of a civil service . . . . The cry for the eradication of competition is seen to be, at any rate among the Bolshevists of Russia, a mere excuse for the *unprincipled seizure, appropriation, and exploitation of every successful industry . . . .*"

Covet hurled the book from him and, bounding from his chair, stamped upon it. Up and down the room he raged.

In his tempestual rage there beat into his brain with

blows that threatened the complete unseating of any trace of reason that might remain, the thought that this book would undo the plan of many of his activities or at least retard them.

In a frenzy he seized the telephone and put in a long distance call to New York.

"Hello—hello—Is this Professor Fox?" His voice now was cold and cut like a knife. "This is Professor Covet." In a voice coming from dry lips he told of the book. "I want you to start the machinery going at once; see that all the reviews are adverse. Endeavor to keep it from the public.

"Have Professor Faring and Professor Beardoff start at once a campaign belittling all its ideas, but don't mention the book by name anywhere. You remember I have anticipated such a plan in event of such a thing, but this book is more dangerous to us than I had anticipated. Lose no time. If it is on the way to publicity, use the second part of the old plan. *Decry it.*

"Don't let any mistake be made. Write me at once. Send by air mail, usual procedure, addresses, and method. Goodby."

Covet sank back in his chair, exhausted by his passion. He shook as if with a chill.

Finally he arose and walked to the bookcase and after manipulation of springs entered his secret room when the bookcase swung open.

He drew from his pockets his keys and unlocked a drawer from which he took the plan to decry those who promulgated ideas in opposition to the cause to which he was committed.

The next hour he spent in reviewing the various methods. At last he locked the drawer, the section of the bookcase swung back to place and he took his place at his desk and, in a cooler frame of mind, proceeded to build up his defenses and outline the campaign against the book that had shaken him so profoundly from his smug sureness.

He produced a list from one of his secret drawers. In it there were entered the names of Revolutionary Socialists in various colleges and universities. He scanned it carefully. These were the "pivot" men upon whom the inner ring could count.

He pressed a button on his desk. Soon came a knock on his door. His foot reached out for a disk beneath the rug under his desk. A pressure of his foot released the catch on the door. At his call "Come in," the door swung open and there entered with a noiseless glide his secretary, Warberg, as strange and as unwholesome an individual as could be imagined.

It was one of Professor Covet's peculiarities that he never permitted a shorthand book to leave the room. It was a precaution from which he made no exceptions. As a rule he preferred to dictate direct to the machine.

The morning was spent in writing to the "Pivots." By noon the letters were ready. The secretary stamped the envelopes, leaving them on the desk. Covet himself took care of the mailing of this special lot.

The trusty secretary withdrew from the august presence. In his eyes was admiration for the technique Covet possessed for intrigue.

Several years before, the secretary had gained Covet's

confidence. From the Ghetto in New York had come a weird individual who in time had acquired prominence in the gatherings of the radicals. Fiery, with an excess of animal magnetism, dynamic when his passions were aroused, with a strange dual nature, alternating between a fawning obsequiousness that almost effaced his individualism at times, to peaks of tempestual rage that carried his comrades before him at other times, he had squirmed and smashed his way through to the front ranks of the comrades. Russian born, creature of plots and dangerous adventures, at nineteen years of age, he defied any estimation of his years.

He became the boon companion of Baldridge and Rosika in New York.

A letter came from Covet to Rosika explaining the difficulty Covet was experiencing in getting a trustworthy secretary.

Rosika and Warberg had a long conversation. The result was that Warberg took a train west and, arriving at his destination, with unerring instinct made directly for a settlement house that had become a hotbed of radicalism and where he was sure to meet a composite group of comrades. Here he succeeded in finding a local comrade who had worked in the "cause" with him in New York and who, fortunately, was identified with Professor Covet in several of the local branches.

From the settlement house he went to Covet's after arranging for the meeting on the phone. Immediately upon his departure came in a call from Covet for the local comrade who held a long telephone conversation with the Professor.

Warberg presented the necessary identification and after tests, outlined to Covet the conversation he had had with Rosika.

The long and short of it was that in a few days he was entered in the University as a special student in Economics and took up the task of helping Covet in his underground activities.

Professor Covet had telephoned Rosika in New York, and she had emphasized the importance of securing Warberg's services.

His inclination and judgment balanced in indecision when Rosika suggested that she might visit him. He envisioned the difficulties he would experience with his wife were the volcanic ingredient of Rosika introduced into his household, so he placated Rosika with the promise that he would see her soon in New York.

Professor Covet's final instruction to Warberg before enrolling him as a special student was, "I want you to master Economics, so that you can turn it upon the capitalistic order."

Nature had not smiled when Warberg had been ushered into the world.

An undeveloped puny body had been finished with an enormous head, bulging oddly over his ears. When his spirit was lashed to a frenzy, he became an emotional hurricane. He had slipped over the line of sanity but retained a craftiness that enabled him to pass, when away from comrades, as a colorless creature, inoffensive in appearance, and an object of no particular force.

He was an admirable aid to Covet. His Russian training had made him singularly secretive. As time

went on, Covet entrusted to him more and more detail.

Professor Covet had dipped his hands into the money barrel. Some of the huge sums of Russian money sent to this country to work its destruction were available for his purposes.

The campus people spoke to one another of the good fortune that had come to the professor in inheriting a legacy that had permitted expenditures denied those less fortunate. Occasionally this was mentioned in his presence, but invariably he dismissed the subject lightly with the statement that "really, money has very little interest for me," a remark that was received in some quarters with quite a little eyebrow-lifting. Fortunately for the professor and his cause the source of his money supply was not investigated.

Chapter XVIII

THE TRAP AND THE BAIT

His faculty associates would have been surprised had they known of the professor's secret files. Amazement would have been theirs had they known that the history, antecedents and financial condition of each member of the faculty were at Professor Covet's finger tips in his card index system.

It was an amazing and comprehensive collection of data. Seemingly the individual must have been subjected to microscopic investigation. There were registered on the cards notations showing the individual's taste in books, extracts from important conversations, recreations, traits, ratings indicating capacity. Seemingly nothing salient was omitted.

For some few weeks a certain card had come often to Covet's attention. It was evident that the name it bore was of unusual interest to the Professor.

Again Covet read it. He noticed the salary, $2,400.
Dependents—Wife and four children.
Means—Salary only—parents poor.
Commitments—Home purchased on long time payments.
Financial condition—Behind in his home payments.
Remarks—Wife invalid, major operation, Feb. 19.
Evidently pressed for money. Commencing to look shabby.

Buys cheapest foods. Piano taken for non-payment of installments.

For some time Professor Covet had been following this case. The man was an Assistant Professor, a graduate of one of our leading colleges. He had graduated with honors and had annexed most of the letters of the alphabet after his name. The prophecy of a brilliant career had dulled almost to the extinguishing point during the last year.

Covet was aware of the cause, sickness and overwork.

He was following the case till it reached its climax. He decided the psychological moment had arrived to enlist a new worker, one who gave promise by his brilliancy of being of worth to the comrades.

Covet replaced the card in his desk file. Warberg helped him slide into his well-tailored silk lined overcoat. In a theatrical manner he gave his hat a careless pat and sauntered down the street.

Reaching the young professor's home, he opened the rustic gate and entered the yard that at one time had been a profusion of flowers but was now overrun with weeds.

He followed the flagstone walk winding its way past former flower beds to the house, commencing to look shabby in its peeling white paint.

It was a cottage to inspire imagination. At the side of the house had been built an old fashioned circular well wall with its shingle covered roof and long arm on one end of which was the chain and old bucket.

On every tree was a bird house. The heavy thatch

effect roof of the cottage was weather tinted and added the last touch of picturesqueness.

Professor Covet had an eye only for the shabby decay in evidence everywhere.

He searched for the bell and found it out of repair. After a few minutes of waiting he left the doorway and took the little flagstone walk that led around the side of the cottage.

This suited his purpose, for it gave him the excuse to enter the stage under the spot light of his own arranging.

As he passed a basement window he looked down and saw what the diligent Warberg had told him he would find.

Standing before the wash tubs with his sleeves rolled up and with an apron on was the young professor doing the family washing.

After nodding Covet passed on to the side door where the chagrined professor, drying his hands with a towel, met him.

Professor Covet immediately took command of the situation. "Pray, don't let me disturb you," he said, and proceeded down the stairs to the laundry followed by the bewildered junior professor. It was the distilled essence of cruelty to lead his victim back to that torture chamber, but Covet figured in his cunning way that it would serve his purpose best.

Apparently Covet took it for granted that there was nothing extraordinary in witnessing a family washing being done by a doctor of philosophy.

As for the younger professor, his face was peony red.

He stammered incoherent remarks and brought forth an hysterical laugh.

"You have caught me at it, Professor Covet," he said. "I might just as well be perfectly frank with you. I spent almost my last dollar on doctor bills, nurses and hospital charges when my wife was in the hospital two months ago. Thank God, she is better and will be herself again soon, though the doctor is urging me to send her to a warmer climate where she can get out of doors and in the sunshine. He tells me thirty days out there would work wonders and hasten her complete recovery, but I am afraid we can't make it.

"As a matter of fact, we were disappointed in securing a laundress, so I pitched in."

His statement about the disappointment was correct, but didn't go far enough. His disappointment consisted in not having the money to pay her charges.

Covet felt a glow of voluptuous pleasure in watching his victim squirm. A cat in the corner was watching a mouse hole. It was the final touch to a scene that would have delighted a stage manager in its faithful carrying out of details.

Not a particle of sympathy or admiration did Covet register for the gallant man who was doing his bit.

Down deep in his make up he gloated over the other's embarrassment. He did not miss a single reaction.

He gave himself over to the demon of destruction that ruled him for a few rare seconds while he summoned to his face the expression that was to aid him in the consummation of his plan.

Covet cleared his throat in his most impressive manner,

wiped his eye-glass with a studied, theatrical manner. and beaming upon the younger professor said, "My dear professor, how commendable! I have always entertained a high—yes—I may say a very high opinion of your ability.

"You majored in English, I believe. I called today to ascertain if you would write an article for the Magazine with which I have the honor to be associated.

"They will pay one hundred dollars for it. It is really a very simple performance. You could dash it off in a few hours. We want a new viewpoint. You are just the man. I will be very glad indeed to furnish you all the necessary data. As a matter of fact, being one of the Associated Editors, I feel warranted in saying that the magazine would publish a series of articles from your pen. Does it interest you?"

The young professor swallowed hard several times. The back of his knees felt strange and weak.

From out the blue had come the miracle. With tears streaming down his cheeks, he groped blindly for Covet's hand as he stammered his acceptance and thanks.

He saw in the opportunity the means of helping his convalescing wife to a quicker recovery; he saw his children better fed and clothed. It was typical of him that always they came first.

From half closed lids, Covet noted all the reactions and fought with himself to keep the jeering devils far back from the windows towards which he sensed they were scrambling. He had no wish to have them peep from his eyes where the younger professor might see them.

He labored until he produced the right expression.

"If everything goes well," commenced Covet, "it may lead ultimately, maybe in a year's time, to greater remuneration. You may be able to command higher prices. From the start, however, it will be worth $1,200 a year extra to you."

"Half of my present salary," thought the younger professor.

Then for the first time came to him a thought that in his eagerness he had not taken into consideration, and he voiced his inquiry.

"Along what lines do they wish me to write?"

Covet produced a smile while he said:

"The next issue will be an 'International Edition' and your article will be on special features of Internationalism."

In dismay the younger man declared that he was wholly unprepared to cope with it, a statement that Covet waived aside with a careless gesture, saying:

"Come over to my house tonight and I will give you all the necessary data. As a matter of fact, I haven't anything in particular engaging my attention this evening. Suppose we start tonight. You can type it there. It shouldn't take more than two evenings."

Securing his acceptance of his proffer, after a few minutes, Covet bade goodby and strolled across the campus. Upon entering his study, he drew out again the card that bore the young professor's name, and after making new notations upon it, transferred it to another file.

This time the jeering devils were permitted to scramble to the windows unrebuked. So looked Mephistopheles when he watched Marguerite playing with the jewels.

Often the stunning effect of joy parallels very closely the reaction to sorrow.

After Professor Covet had left the little cottage, young Professor Sleeper stood as one in a trance for several moments.

He had become so accustomed to the pressure of worry that its removal found him unprepared for immediate readjustment.

His engine of worriment was idling to a stop, though the car was still running under its momentum. Finally, with a smile that had not been on his face for months, he rushed into the room where his wife was in her sick bed and, dropping on his knees beside the bed, told her the story.

The wan hand of the wife stroked his hair as he poured out the story of his Aladdin lamp.

Too well did she know the strain under which he had been. Womanlike, she became the mother, soothing him and sharing with him his new hopes.

Evening found him in Professor Covet's study.

He threw himself into his task and after Covet had outlined to him the theme and had read to him various tracts, he grasped the idea and for the next few hours the typewriter clicked incessantly.

The evening of the second day saw the article completed. Covet sat at his desk, reading the finished article. The author of it stood in the shadows of the room.

To him came a new dread. What if it didn't meet the views of the one who was giving it such careful perusal?

The reading of it ceased. Professor Covet opened a drawer and, without a word, drew out a check book and

started writing. Even then Professor Sleeper did not grasp the situation.

The writing ceased. The check was torn out and for the first time Covet looked up.

"Maybe this will come in handy. The company will reimburse me. Your article is very much worth while."

Slowly Professor Sleeper accepted the proffered check. It seemed to him that he was the spectator in a play watching others. It must be a play. It couldn't be real life.

As for the article, it was a fair presentation of facts based on idealism.

When he left, Covet reviewed it with a wry face. It didn't have the punch that the radical editors sought for, but it would serve their purpose nicely for a smoke screen and would impress a casual reader who might take alarm if the color of red was too noticeable.

Covet collaborated with him in the articles of the next few months. In one article, Covet had suggested the insertion of several hundred words. Adroit words they were, with double meaning, stressing the fact that nationalism was obsolete. He emphasized that the dawn of a better day called for the obliteration of national boundaries.

Gradually there crept into his articles, always at the suggestion of the crafty Covet, vague hints and tints of Socialism.

The little cottage now shone in a resplendent coat of white paint. Again the flowers blossomed in well weeded beds. The real estate man again was cordial; the payments were up-to-date. The piano was back in its accustomed place. Back of the house in the chicken yard

came the clucking of the white hens. Overhead, circling the loft, were the pigeons.

The gate opened and the young professor, drinking his fill of the wonders of his home, came up the flagstone walk. From out the window came the strains of his favorite opera. He smiled as he envisioned his wife, restored to health, at her piano. Around the corner of the house came running pell mell his children to pounce upon him and overwhelm him with the affections of childhood.

The playing of the piano ceased and his wife came to the open door, smiling at the avalanche that was bearing down upon her.

Today he had more good news. The magazine had notified him that his checks in the future would be $200.00 per month.

Long that night, after the children were in bed, the two sat out on the vine covered porch with the moon bathing the lawn in its silver light.

"I don't understand it all, Arthur. It seems too good to be true. I wonder why Professor Covet has opened all this to you?"

So engrossed with his good fortune had he been, that the question came to him with an abrupt suddenness.

"Come to think about it," he replied, "I wonder why."

That night he went to sleep baffled by a question for which he found no answer.

Upon awakening the next morning, the question still persisted. He ate his breakfast absent-mindedly. As he went about his daily tasks, even when in the class room, the question would not down.

Professor Sleeper like a monk in his secluded cloister

dreamed of a world wherein by waving a wand of wishes, human nature would change over night, making possible what, he did not realize, was the impossible.

In his theories, the human equation was never taken into account.

Incapable of deliberately deceiving others, it never occurred to him that others might attempt to deceive him.

As he walked through the campus he encountered Professor Covet, who greeted him with his habitual delicate touch of condescension blending with an attempt at cordiality.

"My wife and I were talking about you last night," Professor Sleeper said. "She was wondering why you singled me out for this opportunity."

Professor Covet had been waiting several weeks for this question. He knew he would encounter it some day and, knowing the answer that Sleeper would react to best, was ready.

Covet replied, spacing his words with impressive deliberation.

"Professor Sleeper, I wanted to be associated with you in the great adventure of making over a world into one wherein human instincts will be guided and controlled by the Intelligentsia."

Sleeper's doubts disappeared like a mist before the sun. The vague answer satisfied him.

After a few minutes' conversation, the men parted.

On Covet's face was the grim smile of the counterfeiter who fingers in his pockets the real money received from the exchange of the counterfeit.

As time went on Covet indoctrinated Professor Sleeper

more and more. He secured for Sleeper speaking engagements and helped him prepare his speeches, always injecting more and more red propaganda until the day came when Professor Sleeper was running with the pack, unaware of the thirty pieces of silver, bearing the thumb prints of Judas, with which Covet had bribed him.

The inquiry naturally arises—would Professor Sleeper have fallen a victim to the cunning of Covet had he not been in such dire straits? Let us imagine him the possessor of sufficient salary to maintain his standing as an educator, immune to the ever present worries of an inadequate wage.

Had he been in such a position, Professor Covet would not have found such a well prepared avenue for his approach.

If he had been in position to spend his time in original research in the preparation of his class room work, instead of being obliged to do the household work, not only he and his family but his students would have benefited.

He was a victim of the public's short sightedness.

Two prize fighters maul and pummel one another for thirty minutes for a million dollar purse. Ex-clowns of the circus become stars of the stage and play before six dollar seats. A baseball player with a reputation of knocking home runs commands a salary of $50,000 per year. A jockey with the knack of hand is given a single fee of $2,000 for a winning race of seconds. A football coach receives a salary double the remuneration of some professors.

Strange it is that those who take care of our horses, our

dogs and our games are well paid, yet the educator who has in his hands the delicate task of instructing the young generation is begrudged a reasonable recompense.

At least twenty years must be spent in apprenticeship before he has a chance to earn. Figure the investment in money and time he must make before he comes into earning.

There is no nobler profession than that of teaching. No profession is called upon to make greater monetary sacrifices.

If our professors were better paid, the profession would attract many who have the talents and inclination to teach but who now seek other fields promising greater remuneration.

It is time America addresses itself to this most important issue. The future of the young men and women of our country is at stake. America can not ignore the problem any longer. We are paying too much for our blindness.

Chapter XIX

THUS SPAKE THE COURT

No one could deny the fact that Covet possessed a real gift of leadership.

Had he selected a just cause, he might have gone far.

During the World's War there had come into existence a society created to defend and protect slackers and traitors. As usual, it attracted to its board eccentrics and cranks of all sorts. When the war was over the suggestion was advanced to keep the organization intact and direct its functioning towards the protection of peacetime radicals. Steps were taken to reorganize the society so that it could operate as a clearing house for various subversive societies and become a legal bureau. Covet grasped its possibilities.

It laid great stress upon Free Speech, seeking to have the term cover the advocacy of violence. In fact, it sought to do away with all reasonable safeguards.

In time there came to power in the society one calling himself Adams Jackson VanBuren, an assumed name taken not from Presidents but from cross streets in Chicago.

From this individual one day came a letter to Professor Covet asking his assistance in starting agitation against a Supreme Court decision that had driven the radicals to despair and promised to interfere with their pleasant pastime of tearing down America.

The decision that caused them to lose sleep was rendered

by the *Supreme Court of the United States* in the Benjamin Gitlow case, June 8, 1925:

"It is a fundamental principle, long established, that the freedom of speech and of the press which is secured by the Constitution, does not confer an absolute right to speak or publish, without responsibility, whatever one may choose, or an unrestricted and unbridled license that gives immunity for every possible use of language and prevents the punishment of those who abuse this freedom. . . . Reasonably limited, it was said by Story in the passage cited, this freedom is an inestimable privilege in a free government; without such limitation, it might become the scourge of the republic.

"That a State in the exercise of its police power may punish those who abuse this freedom by utterances inimical to the public welfare tending to corrupt public morals, incite to crime, or disturb the public peace, is not open to question. . .

"And, for yet more imperative reasons, a State may punish utterances endangering the foundations of organized government and threatening its overthrow by unlawful means. These imperil its own existence as a constitutional State. Freedom of speech and press, said Story, does not protect disturbances to the public peace or the attempt to subvert the government. It does not protect publications or *teachings which tend to subvert or imperil the government* or to impede or hinder it in the performance of its governmental duties. . . . It does not protect publications prompting the overthrow of government by force; the punishment of those who publish articles which tend to destroy organized society being essential to the security of freedom and the stability of the state. . . . And a State may penalize utterances which openly advocate the overthrow of the representative and constitutional form of government of the United States and the several States, by violence or other unlawful means. . . . In short, this freedom does not deprive a State of the primary and essential right of self preservation, which, so long as human governments endure, they cannot be denied. . . .

". . . The immediate danger is none the less real and substantial, because the effect of a given utterance cannot

be accurately foreseen. The State cannot reasonably be required to measure the danger from every such utterance in the nice balance of a jeweler's scale. *A single revolutionary spark may kindle a fire that, smouldering for a time, may burst into a sweeping and destructive conflagration.* It cannot be said that the State is acting arbitrarily or unreasonably when in the exercise of its judgment as to the measures necessary to protect the public peace and safety, it seeks to extinguish the spark without waiting until it has enkindled the flame or blazed into the conflagration. It cannot reasonably be required to defer the adoption of measures for its own peace and safety until the revolutionary utterances lead to actual disturbances of the public peace or imminent and immediate danger of its own destruction; but it may, in the exercise of its judgment, suppress the threatened danger in its incipiency. . . .

"It is not necessary, within the meaning of the statute (N. Y. criminal anarchy law), that the defendant should have advocated 'some definite or immediate act or acts' of force, violence or unlawfulness. It was sufficient if such acts were advocated in general terms; and it was not essential that their immediate execution should have been advocated. Nor was it necessary that the language should have been 'reasonably and ordinarily calculated to incite uncertain persons' to acts of force, violence or unlawfulness. The advocacy need not be addressed to specific persons. Thus, the publication and circulation of a newspaper article may be an encouragement or endeavor to persuade to murder, although not addressed to any person in particular."

When Professor Covet read this decision he fell into his customary rage of passion.

Here was a power that was in the way of his comrades. For once his ingenuity failed him; he had no immediate suggestions to make. His answer to the letter was one of the weakest he ever wrote. "Even Professor 'Infallible' has no answer," commented Adams Jackson VanBuren when he showed the letter to his comrades in New York.

Chapter XX

THE WITCHES' CAULDRON

There came times when Professor Covet had his ingenuity taxed to its limits. He was sadly handicapped by the necessity of sitting as far back in his darkened corner as he could while his dupes were dispatched to gather in the flies that had become enmeshed in the web.

He felt that wisdom dictated discretion and that time was fighting on his side.

Always before his eyes danced a certain will-o'-the-wisp that fascinated him in his allurements.

He realized that "Prexy" Potter was bending under the weight of years and that the time might come at any day when the chair of the president of Paxton College would be vacant.

He addressed himself constantly to the task of ingratiating himself with the complacent trustees of the College. Past master in the art of estimating reactions, he read the trustees aright.

To some he assumed a false dignity, the cloak worn by fools to hide their mental nakedness; to others he became the genial golf companion. If a close check had been made of his golf games, it would have been noticed that his brilliant play always faltered in a crisis for he never succeeded in turning in a better score than his trustee opponent. The games were always sufficiently close to bring a glow of victory to the trustee whose chaffings were borne by the defeated professor with suggestions that next

time might tell another and maybe a different story.

A few trustees there were who did not react to any of his adroit advances. Apparently to them there was no avenue of approach. Upon these he concentrated his schemes for removal. His audacious plans brought fruit.

The time came when many of the trustees became obsessed with the idea that Professor Covet was an outstanding figure in the educational world and that their chief interest centered in retaining such a brilliant professor for whom other colleges "might break through and steal." Consequently at one of the meetings of trustees Professor Covet was made "Dean of Men."

That night there sat in a certain library of Italian setting an individual with a sardonic smile who tapped the desk with idle fingers while he dreamed of the rung of the ladder next above him.

When the appointment was tendered to the Professor, no actor on the stage ever played his part better. The anxious committee was greeted by the picture of a man weighted down by the impending responsibility.

A pompous individual in the hide and leather business cleared decks for action. "Really, Professor," he said, "we are counting upon you. By your eminent attainments and scholarly reputation you owe it to Paxton College to take upon your shoulders this great task."

Reluctantly the Professor permitted his staged opposition to be beaten down. Slowly he yielded and with consummate skill.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I will accede to your wishes though my inclination is otherwise. It necessitates a sac-

rifice, yet I feel I owe it to the great cause of education, to say nothing of my very earnest desire to lend myself to your wishes."

He stabbed his egotism with poignant pain when he added, "I fear you overrate me. However, if this is your decision, I will bow my head to your wishes with one very important provision. I will accept the burden if I can depend upon your whole-hearted support."

A clamor of voices, anxious and convincing, arose. From out the babble came the voice of the Committee's spokesman.

"Professor Covet, I am confident that I voice the unanimous pledge of our committee, and I might add that of the entire body of the trustees, when I say that you will have our undivided support."

When the Committee filed out of the house and as they made their way down the street, one young exuberant committeeman turned to the hide and leather member and with a voice filled with awe and admiration expressed to him the debt that Paxton College owed to its persuasive chairman.

In the Italian library sat Professor Covet. At his side was his secretary, Warberg. On the desk were two glasses of moonshine whiskey.

Covet raised his glass. "Here is to damn fools in general," said Covet.

"Drink hearty," said Russian Warberg.

On forgotten book shelves are ancient tomes written by brains that long since have reverted to the dust from whence they came. The careful fingers that wrote the lines have themselves become a dust in which the finger of

destiny traces lessons, too seldom studied by the living.

In these ancient tomes appears often the term "gentle reader," an intimate little touch of confidence and friendship happily assumed.

From the storehouse of almost forgotten things, let the old term make its winsome courtesy.

Gentle Reader then!

Does it seem incongruous to have Professor Covet lift his glass of moonshine whiskey and propose the toast, "Here is to damn fools in general"?

Recently in a class room in the city of Chicago a professor was lecturing. He stood before his desk. Becoming tired, he threw one leg over its corner and sat on the edge.

Hanging from his thick lips was a cigarette that insolently danced up and down as he talked.

"Have you prepared your paper?" he inquired of a young girl, addressing her by her family name, omitting the Miss.

"No sir!"

"Well, why in the hell haven't you?" snarled the professor.

Too often have the manners of the gutter been turned loose in our class rooms.

Too often have inarticulate nonentities been converted by academic necromancy into noisy, incompetent and radical teachers.

If the fathers and mothers of students investigated conditions and asked their sons and daughters about some of these things in our institutions today, American parenthood would have an awakening. It is safe to hazard

the prophecy, if parents visited class rooms and sat through some of the lectures and analyzed the undercurrent, that the enrollment would decrease before the next day dawned.

In the state of Florida to the State Board of Control in April, 1926, came a protest.

Prior to that meeting matter had been brought to the attention of the president of the Florida State College for Women.

No action. The next step was to acquaint the Board of Control.

The protest centered around certain books used in the college.

A paper in Jacksonville, Florida, treated the matter in the following words:

> "The wonder of it all appears from the fact that Mr. Tatum claims to have brought this matter to the attention of the president and the board of control, and that his protest was not only treated with indifference, but with manifest hostility. We are wondering further just how such books can escape censorship and how they can be sent through the mails. But the wonder of it all is that men and women can be found in the teaching profession who would even handle such books, much less teach them. One would readily conclude that any gentleman after reading them would question his own respectability, at least until at such time he could take a bath. It goes without saying that no lady with any of the pure instincts of her sex would suffer her eyes to feast upon such putrid stuff, much less pass it on to those of her sex whose minds are supposed to be pure and free from such things. Well may we ask, whither are we tending?
>
> "If such matters are to be taught to our girls, our civilization is doomed."

From north and south, from east and west is coming the rumbling of dissatisfaction of much of the teaching of the day.

America is long suffering. She has a way, however, of correcting conditions when she becomes sufficiently aroused.

America had a banking scandal, out of the muck of which came a banking system that today is the admiration of the world.

America had her insurance scandal. Out of it came a calling clothed in respectability and responsibility, conferring its blessings upon untold thousands.

America is on the verge of an educational scandal, the colossal size of which will dwarf all former scandals.

Let us fervently hope that from it will arise a system purged of the undesirables—a system that will hold fast to the basic thought that made America great, that will make her sons and daughters worthy of the heritage of the ages.

Chapter XXI

UNDER THE DOORS OF CONGRESS

Senator Morrow and William Conover were seated around a table in the Senator's office in Washington. So much had transpired since their days at the Grand Canyon that the camping trip seemed an event of long ago.

When Conover returned to his home from that never to be forgotten trip, he addressed himself assiduously to his task. He made many valuable contacts. He became identified with organizations that helped him very materially in preparing himself. He became familiar with the names and methods of those whose activities were aiding the forces of destruction.

The loyalty and sincerity of the unpaid officials who were giving their time and their money generously for the cause of preserving our institutions he contrasted with the flippant attitude of the paid officials of the subversive societies whose lavish expenditures indicated that a hidden vein of wealth had been unearthed.

Conover became a living interrogation point. He wanted to know why and generally found out.

He and Senator Morrow were in constant communication. His visit to Washington this time was due to the fact that he wished to discuss with his friend an idea that had shaped itself to urgency.

He explained to the Senator that his only son, Jack, expected to enter the freshman class at their old college in the fall.

"Here is the point, Jim. When Jack is settled, his mother and I are thinking of closing our home and going to Europe for a few months. By the way, Jack is going to have the same old room down there that you and I had.

"Tell me frankly, Jim, if I have the right idea. I want to make a study of the Red menace at close range. It will save time in the long run."

The idea in all its ramifications was discussed by the two, the result being that the Senator gave his enthusiastic approval of the plan.

"Bill," said the Senator, "your methodical and painstaking preparation puts a new heart into me. We will be carrying the old ball again for a touchdown before many months."

The rest of the day was spent in outlining the itinerary. The Senator wrote many letters of introduction.

From Conover came a letter written on shipboard to the Senator in Washington.

"Dear Jim:

"This morning I was standing on the upper deck towards the prow. No one was near me. Yet the spirit of the sea seemed to brood there. No sail in sight—just an endless expanse of turquoise water, pulsating gently and blending itself into the horizon.

"The wonderful, clear, salty air blew away all mental cobwebs.

"An ocean voyage re-establishes old lost perspectives.

"And here is the thing, Jim, that confirms me. When I leave my sandals of conventionality at the door and enter my temple of solitude I come back from my pil-

grimage fired with a greater zeal to do my part in the great drama of life. To keep America on the right track where its example will challenge other countries to emulation, what a magnificent adventure!

"At night we plow through phosphorescent waters—the stars come out—the sea as smooth as glass save where our prow plows high white crests of foam.

"The lounge is crowded—the decks are deserted. The solitude of the decks with the call of the sea with its romance and history allures only a few.

"Jim, I love human beings. I enjoy contacts, but I must have my breathing moments of solitude in which I can arrange my thoughts in orderly procedure."

The Senator was on his way to the Senate when Conover's letter came. He was pressed for time, so he put the unopened letter in his pocket until he reached his seat.

He opened the letter and read it slowly. He understood. Suddenly he was aware of a raucous voice disturbing him.

He studied the face of the Senator who had the floor. His mind went back to a meeting held in July, 1921, when Socialist party leaders passed a resolution:

> "Be it resolved: That the incoming national executive committee be instructed to make a careful survey of all radical and labor organizations in this country with a view of ascertaining their strength, disposition and readiness to cooperate with the Socialist movement on a platform not inconsistent with that of the party."

The Senator recalled a meeting in Chicago on Saturday, February 18, 1922, at which a pronounced Socialist was

made president of the group. He saw emerging from that meeting an organization with the name

"The Conference for Progressive Political Action."

In Whitney's "Reds in America," published in 1924 by The Beckwith Press, New York City, the following appears on page 49:

> "In the two years of its existence, the Conference for Progressive Political Action, with frankly communistic connections and with a program which parallels in many respects that of the Communist party of America, has succeeded in accomplishing this:
>
> "It has crystallized the small amount of radical sentiment to be found in the national legislature at all times; furnished this nucleus with aid and comfort; given it a standing by forcing upon it a positive program; disciplined it, thereby giving it advantages which are to accrue from such measures.
>
> "It has backed this element in its home districts and secured re-elections; added to its strength by influencing the election of other radicals and brought the whole group to a point where by voting en bloc on certain matters, it exercises the function of a majority party notwithstanding the fact that its members were elected (with two exceptions) on regular party tickets.
>
> "In 1922 the Conference for Progressive Political Action endorsed among others for Senatorships the following:

McKellar of Tennessee
Frazier of North Dakota
Kendrick of Wyoming
Ralston of Indiana
Swanson of Virginia
Howell of Nebraska

"In 1923 the Conference endorsed:

Dill of Washington
Wheeler of Montana
Ashhurst of Arizona
LaFollette of Wisconsin
Brookhart of Iowa
Norris of Nebraska
Shipstead of Minnesota
Johnson of Minnesota.

"All the above were elected."

Senator Morrow sat silently studying the twisting features of the Senator with the raucous voice, the Senator who had received the endorsement and the active support of "The Conference for Progressive Political Action."

Senator Morrow half closed his eyes. It was bad enough having to listen to that strident voice, to say nothing about the torture of watching the grimaces. It seemed to Senator Morrow that through his half-closed eyelids he could see filing past him disgusted Senators of other days, the giants who had given distinction to the Senate.

The monotonous voice droned in mediocrity. And as Senator Morrow studied the one whose capacity he was gauging, he thought of this blatant pigmy's mental twin in the lower house of Congress.

He asked himself the question: "Does America sleep that she permits, to serve her as Congressman, a man who is guilty of addressing the Socialist Party in the words of anarchy?" The Senator recalled the words.

"Comrade Chairman and Comrades:

"There is a growing tendency, not only in this country, but in other countries to depreciate political action. That tendency you can see in Italy and France, even in Germany to some extent, although less there than anywhere else, and in this country. The Syndicalists in Italy fight political action. They call themselves Socialists and are members of the Socialist Party.

"There is a strong element or was at least in this country doing the same thing, and I have heard it pleaded many a time right in our own meetings by speakers that come to our meetings, that the only salvation of the proletariat of America is *direct action; that the ballot box is simply a humbug. Now I don't doubt that in the last analysis we must shoot and when it comes to shooting Wisconsin will be there. We always make good.*"

The following year this man who sat in Congress and helped make the laws of the United States of America said:

"Therefore I say, each of the 500,000 Socialist voters and of the 2,000,000 workingmen who instinctively incline our way, should, beside doing much reading and still more thinking, also have a good rifle and the necessary rounds of ammunition in his home and be prepared to back up his ballot with bullets if necessary."

Senator Morrow's thoughts went to Conover who was preparing himself to counteract just such subversive agents.

Chapter XXII

THE TRAIL THROUGH EUROPE AND ASIA

The great ocean liner was nosing its way towards the coast of Ireland. Word was passed along that passengers for Queenstown would receive an early call in the morning.

A dense fog enveloped the boat as it crept slowly forward foot by foot with all bells ringing and the fog horn sounding its dismal note. It was like a game of blindman's buff. Out there somewhere in that dense fog was the pilot trying to locate the liner by sound and somewhere else out there were the lighters to take the passengers ashore.

Mr. and Mrs. Conover stood at the rail, interested watchers. Finally the tiny lighters drew near and the passengers were transferred.

For the next few months, no student ever applied himself more diligently than did Conover. He made a close study of the Socialist movement in England, France, Belgium, Holland, Scandinavia, Switzerland, Czechoslovakia, the Balkans, Spain, Italy, Germany, Hungary, and Austria.

In Italy he studied the defeat of anarchy after it had fastened its teeth upon 240 Italian cities, among them Genoa and Florence, before reason drove the scurrying red rats before it.

He studied the Soviet rule in Hungary after Count Karolyi, the president, in despair, turned over the Hungarian government to the Communists Bohm and Garbai.

With Russian bribe money in his pocket came to Budapest one Cohen, alias Bela Kun, making it possible for the plotters to Sovietize Hungary and hold supreme power for several months.

In Bavaria, Conover made a study of the Russian conspiracy, that resulted in a short-lived Soviet government on Bavarian soil.

In Germany he studied the manifesto calling for revolution in Germany in 1919 when Zetkin, Luzemburg, Liebknecht and Mehring and their Socialist revolutionary followers sought to create a Sovietized Socialistic Germany.

In every trap he saw and smelt the same old Russian bait of German Cheese.

Soon he noticed that each bait bore a thumb print, and that the thumb prints were identical in every case.

The thumb prints were those of Weishaupt, Marx and Lassalle, German Jews. In his investigations he came to look for the slogan "Made in Germany," knowing that he would find it somewhere. Bebel and Liebknecht, the leaders of the early Socialist movement in Germany, had been disciples of Marx and had been his intimates.

Conover traced the "Made in Germany" theory, from Germany to France, and found that the seeds in French soil had been sown by Jules Guesde who had studied in Germany.

Conover studied the various Utopian theories of Saint Simon, Fourier, Cobet, Owen and many others. He found that all the various Utopian plans were patterned from that of Phaleas of Chalcedon, six centuries before the Christian era. He saw the disastrous failures of the ab-

surdities when the attempt was made to put them into practice.

He regarded them as well meaning but impracticable plans—the dreams of visionaries, well meaning dreams that sought to lift the lowly but did not seek to tear down the competents. The appeal was not directed towards the baser passions.

Conover, with unerring instinct, placed his finger on the document that twisted Utopian theories into a plan that appealed only to the passion for theft.

Marx in his "Communist Manifesto" supplied to Socialism the deadly ingredient of class hatred and spoliation. He sought "to legislate unsuccessful men into success by legislating successful men out of it."

Whereas the Utopians sought to aid the submerged to climb, Marx shamelessly boasted that his interest lay not so much in the advancement of the incompetents as it did in the dragging down of the competents. He figured it was easier for the many to pull down the few than it was for the few to pull up the many.

Standing on the ancient mountain top, the crafty Marx dangled before the dulled eyes of his dupes the bribe of a stolen world.

The Communist Manifesto more than any other one instrument in the world today is responsible for the cancer that is eating its way into the body politic.

> "The fascination of the Manifesto consisted in the facts that (1) it diverted socialism from the policy of creating ideal communities by its own exertions to the more attractive task of seizing

property and appropriating institutions already in existence; (2) it abandoned the method of secret conspiracy and subterranean operation hitherto practised by communistic coteries—humorously camouflaged as 'Leagues of the Just,' or 'Societies of the Seasons'—and openly proclaimed war upon all established creeds and organizations; (3) it formulated a philosophy of history which filled the credulous with hope and confidence, for it told them that communism was the next predestined and inevitable phase in social evolution, and that so far from having to fear such failure as had overwhelmed the Utopians, they had only to sit still and watch the predetermined development of communism out of capitalism; (4) in order that they might assist the fore-ordained and hasten the inevitable, it provided them with a practical programme of great allurement, the keynote of which was 'abolish, confiscate, appropriate'; (5) it held out a prospect of revenge, destruction, and sanguinary devastation—the overthrow and humiliation of thrones, aristocracies, and above all the hated bourgeoisie—that appealed with irresistible attraction to the passions of envy, hatred, and malice which filled Marx and his associates with fanatical and truly diabolical fury. The energy and vigor of the *Communist Manifesto* is the demoniac energy of the madman, possessed by the evil spirits of jealousy, greed, lust of power, and insane hunger for revenge in respect of imaginary wrongs." [10]

[10] Professor Hearnshaw's "A Survey of Socialism," page 221.

From Germany to Russia—from Russia to Germany, back and forth, Conover followed the trail of the Frankenstein monster, the exponent of crass materialism that sneered at all the finer impulses.

In England Conover found that the movement had proceeded from the top downward. Here the "intellectuals" were the first to nibble at the bait. The Fabian Society in England in the eighties lent willing ears to its abstractions.

Engels, the patron of Marx, in writing of the Fabians said:

> "Their tactics are to fight the liberals not as decided opponents but to drive them on to Socialistic consequences; therefore to trick them, to permeate liberalism into Socialism and not to oppose Socialistic candidates to liberal ones but to palm them off, to thrust them on, under some pretext."

Conover found that George Bernard Shaw and Sidney Webb were the outstanding figures in the Society.

Conover puzzled over the name Fabian for some time until he recalled his Roman history and found that the Society was named from Fabius Cunator whose "Fabian policy" in the wars against Hannibal was one of delay, of harassment and attrition, a policy that coincides precisely with that of the present society bearing the name.

In his research Conover found many peculiar coincidences.

The use of classical names in the various Societies was too frequent to be classed as only accidental happenings.

When Weishaupt, the German, founded "Illuminism," the wanton that gave birth to Marxism, his associates adopted classical names for purposes of concealment and of safety. Zwach became Cato—Massenhausen, Ajax—Hertel, Marius.

Weishaupt took the name Spartacus. When Conover identified Weishaupt under his ancient name Spartacus, his mind raced forward from Weishaupt's day to the time when

"The Revolutionary Communist Labor Party of the German *Spartacus* League" on January 5, 1919, caused the streets of Berlin to run red with blood. Joffe, the Bolshevik Ambassador in Germany, manipulated the propaganda behind the German massacre of 1919.

"So Weishaupt adopted the name *Spartacus*. The Revolutionary party in Germany was the *Spartacus* League," reflected Conover.

Back and forth, Conover studied the trail with the peculiar readings. Always the trail led back to two countries, Germany and Russia. On these two countries, he determined, must be concentrated his investigation.

With unerring instinct he realized that the vehicle had come from Germany, yet it seemed that Russia had seized the reins and was driving. Yet he was reluctant to think that Russia possessed any dialecticians superior in plotting to the German Reds.

He had his answer when he deducted that the apparent supremacy came from one fact alone and that was that Germany still mulled over theories while Russia had precipitated the crisis by attempting to put the theories into practice.

So again his trail doubled back to the Germany of Weishaupt and Marx.

His study took him back to August, 1914, when the first shots were exchanged between Germany and Russia.

He uncovered the rumors that the Russian minister of war, General Souhomlinoff, was the paid agent of Germany at the time. It was an undisputed fact that Russia at the time was totally unprepared. In her army were entire regiments without guns or ammunition.

A record of the time stated:

"The appointment of Stuermer in Russia, an avowed pro-German, as premier, and the consequent ghastly betrayal of Roumania to Germany, increased the feeling of desperation."

Conover commenced to see light. He found that in 1917 a certain group of international bankers transferred a huge sum of money from Germany to Lenin and Trotsky in Petrograd. When he unearthed the fact that the Imperial German government issued a pass to Lenin to cross German territory in a sealed car with eighteen other Reds in his journey from Zimmerwald, Switzerland, to Russia in order to meet Trotsky coming from New York, Conover saw the German plan in all its boldness. Russia fell into the hands of the Reds. The armies of Russia that had held the Germans to the Eastern front melted away; and the millions of Germans on the Russian front were hastily transferred to the Western front, where the Germans augmented by the masses released from the Eastern front nearly swept to victory.

The first part of the plan succeeded. Germany's strength was massed, but victory eluded her.

She had created a Frankenstein monster of Socialism that, after her defeat, turned upon the maker.

When the Exile of Doorn fled from the German throne and the Princes of the various Federal States had either abdicated or been deposed, the first national assembly to be called thereafter had within it 165 Majority Socialists and 22 Independent Socialists, a total of 187 out of 423 members.

In 1924 the Reichstag consisted of 493 members. Of this number there were 131 Socialist Democrats, 14 National Socialists and 45 Communists, or a total of 190 out of 493.

The one thing that Germany did not count on was defeat. The Frankenstein monster she created was supposed to march forward, not to turn about and trample upon the one who had made it.

Conover reviewed his findings. He weighed and measured the Soviet thrusts at the various countries of Europe. He saw the Russian bear dragging its broken chain on whose links were the words "Made in Germany." He heard the Russian bear grunting and growling, and saw it fighting with jaw and paw as slowly it went back to its den.

The leaders had developed a new plan. Europe, they recognized, must season awhile longer before the idea would take hold. In the meanwhile the consolidation of Asia under the Red flag would be a matter promising quicker consummation. That accomplished, there would come a more serious threat for Europe. *Again would Asia threaten Europe.*

How craftily the Red Rulers of Russia manipulated

the Kuo-Ming-Tang party and the first President of the Chinese Republic, Sun-Yat-Sen, is shown by the letter dated March 11, 1925, written by the misguided and Red-influenced Sun-Yat-Sen to the Central Executive Committee of the *Soviets in Moscow.*

> "Dear Comrades:
>
> "While I lie here in a malady against which men are powerless, my thoughts are turned towards you and towards the fates of my Party and my country. . . . Therefore I charge the Kuo-Ming-Tang to continue the work of the *Revolutionary Nationalist Movement*. . . . With this object I have instructed the Party to be in *constant contact with you.* I firmly believe in the continuance of the *support* which you have hitherto accorded to my country. . . .
>
> "With fraternal greetings
>
> "SUN-YAT-SEN"

The campaign of propaganda started against China with the Russian agent, Borodin, sitting in China with his hands encircling her throat.

In the meanwhile the idea was developed to direct more intensive Socialist efforts against *institutions of learning in all countries,* indoctrinating the coming generations against the time when the *dupe within* will open the gate to the *enemy without.*

Conover grasped the fact that this was the explanation of the intensive Socialistic campaign taking place today in American schools.

Chapter XXIII

WHILE WE SLEEP

Again Mr. and Mrs. Conover were on the Atlantic. The days melted into one another. For most of the passengers the voyage was one of lazy lounging in deck chairs and conversations that seized eagerly upon the sail in the distance, the spouting of a whale or the playing of the dolphins about the ship.

Around and around the deck paced a restless individual whose eagerness to get to work chafed under the strain of enforced idleness.

What he had uncovered in Europe had sharpened Conover's resolution to a razor edge. He had laid the foundation carefully and deliberately and was waiting somewhat impatiently to reach his America and to start upon his undertaking.

The cry was raised, "The Statue of Liberty."

Conover and his wife stood on the top deck, straining their eyes to see the symbol of their country that they loved with a devotion that filmed their eyes with tears.

His hand closed over hers on the rail. "Our country, Will," she whispered. "Yes, our country," he replied, as he quoted:

> " 'Breathes there a man with soul so dead
> Who never to himself hath said
> This is my own, my native land?' "

Then from the very depths of his soul came the words,

"God grant me understanding and power to open the eyes of my countrymen before it is too late."

The gang planks were down. Below them on the piers was a sea of upturned faces—came cries of joy when friend espied friend—came the fluttering of thousands of handkerchiefs.

The following evening in a living room in Washington, D. C., four friends foregathered.

The eyes of Mrs. Morrow and Mrs. Conover melted with understanding when Senator Morrow and Will Conover patted and slapped one another while their right hands were gripped in a bone-crushing clasp.

Long into the night sat the Senator and his friend. Master of condensation, Mr. Conover sketched his findings. The nods of approval and confirmation from the Senator became more and more frequent. Conover developed his subject with consummate skill. His grasp of the subject, his sane deductions, his orientation in world affairs drew forth the admiration of the Senator.

"Bill," said the Senator, "your conclusions are sound. Your deduction is correct that the 'Communist Manifesto' is responsible for the loose thinking of many of our college professors. Professor Shadewell in his book, 'The Socialist Movement,' referring to the Marxian plague states that it is 'the most poisonous doctrine ever poured into the ears of men; a doctrine involving the deliberate cultivation of hatred and universal strife.' "

The Senator continued, "I have been waiting for this visit. Tomorrow you will meet a group that is in sympathy with our efforts yet have no conception of the immediate

danger surrounding them, nor of the world wide ramifications of this foreign imposed menace."

The next afternoon in a banquet hall in a Washington hotel, there gathered a representative group of people. Mr. Conover was called upon to make an address. Somewhat reluctantly he consented, his reluctance coming from the thought that he was not duly prepared.

Slowly he started speaking. As he went on his earnestness met with close attention. Suddenly there came to blossom that which his days of intensive study had been preparing.

Always a forceful speaker, he now added to his extraordinary eloquence the inspiration of a self-sacrificing mission. Rose and fell that wonderful, melodious voice, shaking at times with the fervor of his convictions, now and then falling to a whisper as he leant forward etching his thought with the delicate touch of a master. He gathered his hearers to his heart and held them gently by the hand as he walked with them in his garden and talked his thoughts out loud.

Even the Senator who thought he knew his friend sat spellbound by the matchless eloquence, by the rugged face shining with a glow of inspiration and conviction.

Then in a bursting climax that carried his hearers to the heights of courage and resolve, Mr. Conover ceased speaking.

For a moment or two he stood silent, as though he were summoning from the silence an answer to his spirit.

Then came deafening applause as men and women jumped to their feet, their hearts filled with the spirit of crusaders.

In surprise, Conover looked around. He had so lost himself in his speech that he failed to recognize immediately that the ovation was for him.

Humbly he bent his head as he slowly regained his seat.

That evening as the two men and their wives sat around the dinner table, the Senator still under the spell of the speech told about the meeting.

In Mrs. Conover's eyes there was a light that was good to see. It was almost like the light in a woman's eyes when for the first time she looks at the tiny first-born by her side.

The next morning Conover was sitting in the Senator's office in the Senate office building. At his desk sat the Senator going over his mail.

On a table near the desk were thousands of letters received in the morning's mail.

"Bill," said the Senator, "nearly every one in that pile is a propaganda letter. The wording is exactly the same though the letters come from different corners of our country. In Washington there are 300 organizations spending about five millions of dollars every year from their Washington offices. Their total expenditure is over ten millions of dollars yearly. It is the 'invisible government.' Fifty organizations spending $3,000,000 annually are centering their fire against preparedness."

"Of course, I knew a little about this thing, Jim," replied Conover, "but I had no idea of the magnitude of it."

"That is the best part of it, the increasing size, Bill. It has reached such stupendous proportions that its size will work its own defeat. The reaction is setting in—the

Senators and Congressmen are becoming extremely irritated by the domineering commands. I wonder how long a lawyer or a surgeon or an engineer would handle a case if he were annoyed constantly by amateurish demands coming from uninformed meddlers.

"Some of these meddlers who know nothing of statecraft, or, for that matter, anything about the technical subject which they glibly discuss with all the assurance of ignorance, remind me of the satire that Socrates put in the mouth of Euthydemus:

> "'Men of Athens, I have never yet studied medicine nor sought to find a teacher among our physicians; for I have constantly avoided learning anything from the physicians and even the appearance of having studied the art.
>
> "*'Nevertheless, I ask you to appoint me to the office of a physician and I will endeavor to learn by experimenting on you.'*

"Bill, the other day we were discussing these propaganda letters in the cloak room. One of the wits of the Senate suggested that each Senator install a large platform scale in his office and weigh the letters. Each Senator would report a certain number of pounds of letters in favor and a certain number of pounds of letters against the bill. By totaling the poundage of letters received by all the Senators, the presiding officer of the Senate would report that the bill passed, 48237½ pounds of letters in its favor against 48237⅛ pounds in opposition.

"Each mental pigmy propagandist has his own little rocking horse—up he jumps on it, whipping it violently

as he digs into its side with his heel. Back and forth he rocks, getting nowhere, but by furious efforts manages to face in every direction before he runs out of breath or falls off."

The Senator turned to his desk and again plunged into his work.

Suddenly he straightened in his chair.

The Senator was reading a voluminous letter to which were attached many papers.

Conover with his premonitive mind sensed the importance of the document to which the Senator was addressing himself with such intense concentration.

The minutes passed. Still the Senator read on, absorbed with the contents. He detached a newspaper clipping from the papers and without ceasing his reading or looking up, passed it to Conover who saw that the clipping was from the *Cardinal,* published at the University of Wisconsin.

"Zona Gale pleas Gordon release
"Donor of Scholarship Concurs with Prof. O'Shea in Message"

Conover recalled the early history of this flagrant case. David Goronefski, alias David Gordon, an 18-year-old Communist, published in *The Daily Worker* one of the vilest, most obscene poems that the brain of a moron ever conceived. It reeked with filth and pollution.

So utterly vile was it that the state and United States Government took cognizance of it. He was convicted and sentenced to serve three years in the New York State Reformatory.

Immediately following his confinement in prison, agitation was started for his release.

The Daily Worker came out with an editorial protesting his sentence. Many of the same people who ran with the pack of Sacco-Vanzetti sympathizers joined with the rabble clamoring for the release of the convict.

The *Worker* editorial stated:

> "David Gordon, the 18 year old member of the Young Workers (Communist) League and former *scholarship student at the University of Wisconsin* is now serving an indeterminate term of three years in the New York Reformatory for having written a satirical poem 'America' which annoyed the judges of the Court of Special Sessions.
>
> "The immediate and unconditional release of David Gordon, 18 year old member of the Young Workers (Communist) League, now serving a three year sentence in the City Reformatory at New Hampton was demanded yesterday by the Executive Committee of the Youth's Committee for Minors' Relief, representing 52 youth organizations of this city. . . . Gordon was attending the *University of Wisconsin* last April where he was an honor student, having won the Zona Gale scholarship, when the Court of Appeals ruled that he must immediately begin serving this sentence. Returning to New York, Gordon was immediately thrown into prison where he has been for the last four weeks. The Young Workers (Communist) League, of which Gordon is a leading member, is

planning a nation-wide campaign to secure his release, it was announced last night. Many liberals have also joined the liberation campaign, numerous appeals being made to the parole commission, which has announced that it sees 'no reason for giving special attention to Gordon.' "

Conover was familiar with the case so far, but he was not wholly prepared for this sequel.

He read the clipping from the *Cardinal* published by the University of Wisconsin students, which the Senator had handed to him.

" 'Professor O'Shea's statement expresses my own sentiments with regard to David Gordon's case,' Regent Zona Gale told the Daily *Cardinal* yesterday over the long distance telephone.

"Defense of Gordon as a recipient of a *Zona Gale Scholarship* was made by Professor M. V. O'Shea in the *Cardinal* of April 29. The sentiment was expressed that further university training rather than a reformatory sentence would go further to change Gordon's cynical attitude.

"According to a despatch from New York in a local paper yesterday, Miss Gale has written the New York parole board asking for Gordon's release. The letter follows:

" 'I am interested in the future of David Gordon. Mr. Gordon was the winner of a scholarship in competition with many other applicants, a scholarship which he held at the time of his conviction for

an offense committed before he entered the University of Wisconsin.

" 'As the donor of this scholarship, I want to let you know that *with the approval of the president* the scholarship will continue to belong to Mr. Gordon upon his release from the reformatory.

" 'May this release be after as short a sentence as is consistent, because I feel that a reformatory can not prove so desirable for the correction or the direction of this young man as would the surroundings and influence of a university.' "

When he finished reading it, Conover sprang to his feet and with flashing eyes said:

"Jim, it is unbelievable. Is it coming to the point that a prison record is a requirement for admission to a university?"

Conover reread the article in the *Cardinal,* reading aloud the closing lines, "I feel that a reformatory can not prove so desirable for the correction or the direction of this young man as would the surroundings and influence of a university."

"Since when," exclaimed Conover, "have our universities taken on the rôle of reformatories? How do the fathers and mothers of young girls attending this university take to the idea of having their daughters associate with a purveyor of filth and obscenity, a jail bird?"

Chapter XXIV

THE SHADE OF HEROD STALKS AT DUSK

Late that afternoon two men were walking on Pennsylvania Avenue. Behind them was the wonderful dome arising majestically from the halls of Congress. Before them came into view the White House.

"Bill, this walk is a very familiar one to me. I take it often, but it is always new to me. It is now and always will be inspirational. Washington is the heart of America. I can feel the throbs of it. From the bottom of my own heart I pity the jaded and supersophisticated one who does not respond to its enchantment."

The two men fell into a period of silence as they continued their swinging walk.

Two small boys scampering by sung out "Good evening, Senator."

"Why hello, hello," boomed the Senator. "Senate pages," he explained to his friend.

Over to the University Club went the two, where they spent the next half hour. From there they took a taxi to the Senator's home.

Mrs. Morrow and Mrs. Conover were in the living room.

When the men entered, Conover sensed something unusual. Quickly he glanced at his wife. Her eyes met his bravely, but he noticed a fleeting glance of pain. In her hand she had a letter with several papers. On Mrs. Morrow's face he noticed an expression of bewilderment.

The four sat down.

"Busy day, Jim?" asked Mrs. Morrow.

"The usual day," he replied. "Here is a piece of news, though," and he told the women about the University of Wisconsin and how its president and regent had thrown open its doors to a Communist convict who wrote obscene and filthy things.

"Thank God, I haven't a daughter in school today," he said.

When he finished, Mrs. Conover's eyes were suffused with tears.

"Unusual," thought the Senator.

For several moments she strove to obtain mastery of her voice. She felt that it was coming from a great distance.

Turning to her husband she said, "Will, listen to the closing lines of this letter.

" 'You are at liberty to use these letters in any way you wish, keeping my name out of it as much as possible, using it if it will help.'

"Will, that is the conclusion of one of the most loyal women that Smith College has graduated. It was her loyalty for her old college that prompted her to investigate conditions there.

"She had been filled with indignation when she encountered the charges directed against the school which she loved with such intense devotion, charges that the institution was a hot bed of 'radicalism and atheism.'

"And it was because she had encountered such accusations that she sought to learn the actual condition so she might do her bit in counteracting such things.

"With that thought in mind, she wrote to the President, honestly asking for information so that intelligently she might aid her beloved school with voice and pen in righting what she hoped she would find to be only malicious rumors."

Mrs. Conover's voice broke with emotion as she continued.

"I will read to you the questions she asked and the answer she received.

"HER FIRST QUESTION.

" 'Do you believe in nationalism, as opposed to internationalism?'

"THE COLLEGE PRESIDENT'S ANSWER.

" 'I do not think it wise to send you replies to the questions.'

"HER SECOND QUESTION.

" 'Would you support our country if it should become involved in war?'

"THE COLLEGE PRESIDENT'S ANSWER.

" 'I do not think it wise to send you replies to the questions.'

"HER THIRD QUESTION.

" 'Do you believe in teaching patriotism?'

"THE COLLEGE PRESIDENT'S ANSWER.

" 'I do not think it wise to send you replies to the questions.'

"HER FOURTH QUESTION.

" 'Do you believe in our form of government, a republic?'

"THE COLLEGE PRESIDENT'S ANSWER.

" 'I do not think it wise to send you replies to the questions.'

"HER FIFTH QUESTION.

" 'Do you believe in Christianity?'

"THE COLLEGE PRESIDENT'S ANSWER.

" 'I do not think it wise to send you replies to the questions.'

"HER SIXTH QUESTION.

" 'Do you believe in the American home, based on the established rules of matrimony?'

"THE COLLEGE PRESIDENT'S ANSWER.

" 'I do not think it wise to send you replies to the questions.'

"HER SEVENTH QUESTION.

" 'Are there any members of the Smith faculty whose teachings or convictions would lead you to believe they could not answer these questions in the affirmative?'

"THE COLLEGE PRESIDENT'S ANSWER.

" 'I do not think it wise to send you replies to the questions.' "

With her eyes shining with tears, she handed both letters to her husband, who read them aloud in detail.

" 'President William Allan Neilson,
Smith College,
Northampton, Mass.

" 'My dear President Neilson:

" 'As a graduate of Smith College in the class of 1910

and as one who loves the College and its high standards, I have been very much interested and disturbed by the recent unpleasant notoriety of Smith College. Here in Washington, where I am the wife of . . . I am frequently called upon to defend Smith College, its president, and faculty. In doing this I wish to be intelligent and accurate, so I shall be very happy if you will be good enough to answer the following questions, if possible either by 'yes' or 'no.'

" '1. Do you believe in nationalism, as opposed to internationalism?

" '2. Would you support our country if it should become involved in war?

" '3. Do you believe in teaching patriotism?

" '4. Do you believe in our form of government, a republic?

" '5. Do you believe in Christianity?

" '6. Do you believe in the American home, based on the established rules of Matrimony?

" '7. Are there any members of the Smith faculty whose teachings or convictions would lead you to believe they could not answer these questions in the affirmative?

" 'Your answers to these questions will aid me materially in the defence of our college which means so very, very much to us all.

" 'I am very sincerely yours

. . . . . .

THE ANSWER

SMITH COLLEGE
NORTHAMPTON MASSACHUSETTS
OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

March 6, 1928

Mrs. ____ - ____
The ____
____ ____ Street, N.W.
Washington, D. C.

My dear Mrs. ____:

Your letter of February 12th reached me on the eve of the meeting of the Trustees and the Alumnae Council, and as it required a good deal of thought I have postponed replying until now. I may say that I have also read your letter to Miss Snow and the officers of the Alumnae Association. From the former of these I gather that the answers are to be used by two organizations, the names of which you do not give. It is not difficult however to conjecture from the nature of the questions and the contents of your letter to the officers of the Alumnae Association that these organizations belong to a type which has given us a good deal of trouble through fragmentary and inaccurate quotation from utterances attributed to members of the college. Under these circumstances I do not think it wise to send you replies to the questions.

I am

Sincerely yours,

W. A. Neilson

When Mr. Conover ceased reading, the Senator glancing at the astonished group, said: "I wonder if you know that President Neilson is a director with Professor John Dewey of Columbia and Professor Ross of Wisconsin and others on the board of the 'American Society for Cultural Relations with Russia.' I wonder if you know that the names of Newton Arvin, professor of English, S. Ralph Harlow, professor of religion, Granville Hicks, department of English, all of Smith College, appear as committeemen in the circular letter signed by Professor Paul Douglas of the University of Chicago, in which the plea is made to bolt the old parties and vote the *Socialist ticket?*

"An Associated Press article under date of August 24th in the *Chicago Tribune* listed these Smith College names and others in the Socialist plea. Afterwards this list was published in the Shanghai Times in China.

"I wonder if you know that in a class under Professor Hankins was prepared the Smith Questionnaire in which the third question was:

> " 'Which do you prefer for yourself?
> " 'a. A companionate without marriage?
> " 'b. A companionate with marriage?
> " 'c. Marriage with children?
> " 'd. Children without marriage?'

"Do you know that the *Chicago Daily Tribune* quotes Professor Harry Elmer Barnes of Smith College as saying:

> " 'The bible deserves no reverential awe, the ten commandments no obedience except insofar as they conform to modern science.'

"Do you know that the same paper under date of November 26th quotes Professor H. E. Barnes of Smith College as saying:

> " 'There is no such thing as sin scientifically speaking, and hence it disappears into the limbo of ancient superstitions.'

"Do you know that Professor Hankins of Smith College, speaking in *Dynamiters Hall* in Holyoke, stated according to the reports in the *Springfield Daily Republican* that 'If we could wipe out the theological notions of the world we would banish forever all hindrances of mankind'?

"Do you subscribe to this statement of Professor Hankins of Smith College made on page 375 of his book:

> " 'This is not a question of preserving the Anglo-Saxon stock. Much of that stock is utterly worthless and should be sterilized at the earliest possible date.'

"Do you know that this same teacher of girls in Smith College in his book on page 349 states:

> " 'In fact it seems obvious that large numbers of mulattoes have latterly crossed the line into white stock. One cannot see that there should be the slightest objection to this from the standpoint of race biology.'

"What a sweet assurance this statement would be to a white girl graduate married to one who crossed the line and whose issue was a throw-back, a child as black as the ace of spades! I am also a friend of the colored people,

and I hate to have them misled by theories that will injure them."

Mrs. Conover with tears in her eyes and with trembling lips said, "Senator, how would you feel if you were standing in my place? I love the school. It means so much to me. Surely others who love it the same as I do—others who think as I do, will seek to bring it back to the school we knew and loved.

"Why, oh, why, couldn't at least some of the questions in that letter have been answered with a yes?

"Just one 'yes' would have helped us cling to our old school. We would have had a little happiness, a little hope if only one question had been answered yes! We 'asked for bread and they gave us a stone.'

"We asked 'Do you believe in the American home, based on the established rules of matrimony?' The answer 'Yes' should have been shouted from the house tops in no uncertain tones. Yet all we received were the words *'I do not think it wise to send you replies, etc.'*

"We merely wanted a little assurance so that we could fight for our old school.

"The evasive letter proves that help will not come from within but must come from without.

"May God give me strength for the task! I am going to fight for the old school that was so dear to me."

"Bess," said Senator Morrow, turning to Mrs. Conover, "I think I know how you feel. I know what it all means to you. I wish all the parents of young people in our schools today had the grasp of this thing that you have. You are amazed at the sweep of atheistic teaching in the school. There is a reason for it. The plan calls for

it. There is a well defined tie between Socialism and a hatred towards religion on the part of Socialist teachers.

"The Socialists figure that they must break down religion before Socialism can take hold.

"The high priest of Socialism in all its unmasked viciousness, Karl Marx, said:

" 'RELIGION IS THE OPIUM OF THE PEOPLE.'

"Engels, the right hand of Marx, said:

" 'NOWADAYS, IN OUR REVOLUTIONARY CONCEPTION OF THE UNIVERSE THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NO ROOM EITHER FOR A CREATOR OR A RULER.'

"Bebel, the Red leader of the German Social Democrats, said:

" 'CHRISTIANITY AND SOCIALISM STAND TOWARDS EACH OTHER AS FIRE AND WATER.'

Bukharin, the Russian Communist agitator, said:

" 'RELIGION AND COMMUNISM ARE INCOMPATIBLE.' "

The Senator continued, "Socialism and atheism are Siamese twins. Socialism can advance only by keeping step with Atheism.

"It is time American fathers and mothers investigate conditions before it is too late.

"You and others like you must hang the lantern aloft and give warning.

"Well do I know the heartburns that will be yours when in your crusade you will meet with indifference and lack of interest. What warning hands will be raised to persuade you to remain silent! What loving fingers will beckon you from your mission! You will be attacked as one who is injuring her Alma Mater. Every conceivable agency will be enlisted to make you mute. You will be accused of

maligning the institution you should love with such intensity as to make one blind to her faults.

"That is the side that will hurt you to the quick. The other side is one of glorious adventure in seeking to rehabilitate your beloved institution.

"From the fire will arise the Phoenix to bear on its soft wings your old loyalty that will come to you again, if your mission of awaking the right-thinking people is successful, as I know it will be."

Chapter XXV

COLLEGE DEGREES AND PRISON STRIPES

The great wheels of the locomotive were spinning rapidly, each time taking hold a little more, as the long train got into motion. On the rear platform were standing Mr. and Mrs. Conover waving goodby to the Senator and his wife. Out into the sunshine rolled the train. The Washington monument, like a huge finger of stone, seemed to be pointing a way to the serene sky in contrast to the swirl of clashing interests near its base.

The last glimpse of Washington soon faded from view.

The Conovers were looking forward eagerly to their approaching visit with their only son who had the same room that his Dad had lived in many years ago in old Paxton College.

The train was running through the country filled with recollections for Conover. How many times had he passed that row of elms, with the old oak rail snake fence.

Every landmark seemed to greet him kindly. The train pulled into the station, not the old frame one he had known as a student, but a new stone one. On the platform was standing Jack whose greetings to his mother left her with eyes swimming with tears of aching joy. Father and son clasped hands with quick glances of satisfied appraisal while they laughed and slapped one another's shoulders with disguised caresses.

Through the old familiar campus they walked—past the halls the elder Conover held in memory with a per-

sistency that defied the years and the diverting activities.

On the other side of the campus stood the old fraternity house with its wandering porches on which were grouped the younger generation of Conover's fraternity brothers.

Father and son glanced at one another with the same thought in mind. They were thinking how much it meant to father and son to have this new bond of fraternity brotherhood.

"How is everything going, Jack?"

"Fine, Dad. After you register at the hotel and get settled, supposed we run over to the fraternity house." Turning to his mother, he added, "I want you to meet the fellows too."

For years Mrs. Conover treasured the recollection of that evening when father and son sat as brothers in the circle in the living room of the fraternity house singing the old fraternity songs, talking the old fraternity lore.

The father lived his youth over again in listening to Jack's enthusiastic talk about the old college.

During Jack's high school days, he had been the outstanding football player of his school. The papers described him as the "flashing half-back." As captain, he had brought his team through his last year of high school playing without a defeat. Old timers in watching the play would forget the passing years and imagine they saw "Bill" Conover again plunging through the line, so much did Jack look and play like his father before him.

In his Senior year in high school Jack had been captain of the football team, editor of the school paper, and had graduated with the highest scholastic standing of his

class, an altogether unique personality—one that flashes across a school's horizon only once in many years.

Through all the honors that were showered upon him, he kept his sanity and modesty. It was a grueling test for youth, but he came through it unscathed with no other visible results from it than a judgment that had matured somewhat faster than in his companions of equal age.

"Dad, what do you think the fellows have done? I hope I can make good. They elected me captain of the Freshman team. I think Trueblood should have had it."

The father inquired, "Jack, can you handle it without interfering with your studies?"

"Yes, Dad. I have been getting A's and B's and feel sure I can keep it up."

"All right, Jack. Go ahead, but don't let your studies suffer. I am depending upon your good sense."

Mr. and Mrs. Conover paid their respects to "Prexy" Potter. They found the old gentleman in his study in his home. How familiar that old library was to Conover!

He was the same delightful lovable character, but the years were bending him slowly. As Conover and his wife retraced their steps to the hotel, each felt that the gentle soul with whom they had parted was setting his house in order against the journey that awaits each traveller.

"How he will be missed when that time comes!" thought Conover to banish the premonition quickly as the pain of it drove in.

Two wonderful days passed as so many hours. The last goodby was said as the train hurried Mr. Conover and his wife homeward.

For quite some time the two had been sitting silently in the club car looking out the windows. Each without the knowledge of the other was reviewing the interval of time between the day when "Prexy" Potter had exacted a promise from Conover to help preserve the schools, to the interesting days in Europe where conditions were studied at close range. Conover's mind went back to the days at the Grand Canyon with his friend, the Senator—days that would forever loom large in his recollection. He felt somewhat amazed at the distance he had covered, the distance along the mental trail. His eyes had been opened, as had been the eyes of Saul of Tarsus.

All his thoughts focused to one inquiry. "Would his complacent fellow Americans take the time from their absorbing activities to listen to the warnings?"

Excessive luxury is the brocaded lining in the casket awaiting a dying civilization. Conover asked himself: "Has excessive luxury so enervated us that our sterling qualities have atrophied? No! By the Eternal God, No! It is only the few who cry 'After me the deluge.' When America gets the facts, she will react as she always has to truth. Nothing can shake my abiding faith in the good sense of my fellow countrymen, careless though they be at times."

Turning to his wife whom he found looking at him intently as if she was fathoming his thoughts, he said as she nodded in approval now and then at his words, "Bess, we both are in this fight—don't have any illusions about it—it isn't all going to be clear sailing—there will be many squalls. At times the very heart of you will be sick. You are going to be hurt as other patriots have been hurt.

You will be thwarted in places that you had most counted on for help. You are going to meet with ingratitude that even in times of victory will yield to you only silence or worse than that, begrudging approval.

"You will wince under the meanness of those who 'having eyes see not, and having ears, hear not' yet assume a superiority that makes them immune to patent facts. Lies will block your way. Self-interest will make many of those whom you hope to interest deaf and dumb to your appeal.

"But our path is before us. Our feet are on it. We will take the long trail that our conscience has mapped out. No other course is thinkable."

With a smile of understanding she sought his hand. "I know, Will. I will pay the price. Our country and our boy are worth it."

The details, always incidental to the return home from a long absence, engrossed their attention for a few weeks while both were endeavoring to gather up the loose ends.

One morning Conover was sitting at his desk. Before him was his file on the "War Registers International." He found affiliated with this group the "Fellowship of Reconciliation," as well as the "League of Youth for Peace (or Fellowship of Youth for Peace)."

To become enrolled in the "War Registers League," the applicant must sign a pledge.

The pledge is the notorious "Slacker's oath." It reads:

> *"I declare it to be my intention never to take part in war, offensive or defensive, international or civil, whether it be by bearing*

arms, making or handling ammunitions, voluntarily subscribing to war loans or using my labor for the purpose of setting others free for war service."

"Wait a minute," thought Conover. "Seems to me I remember, the radicals have declared they would fight against but not for our country." He searched through his files until he found many statements to the effect that the radicals objected to bearing arms for but not against the country.

From his files he took a clipping from the *Chicago Daily News,* dated July 30, 1925.

"A lecture given at the University of Chicago by a Communist newspaper man, in which the overthrow of the government was said to be the proper goal of radical organizations of the country, was simply part of the University's policy of allowing the student body to hear all sides of a question, the acting president said to-day. He said the policy of not muzzling the students had given people attending the university a healthy habit of mind.

"The lecture was given by Carl Haessler, formerly an instructor at the University of Illinois, who was imprisoned as a conscientious objector during the war. He is now managing editor of the Federated Press, a communist labor news service. He talked to members of the *Liberal Club,* an organization of students interested in political and social movements. . . .

"Haessler, who *served twenty-six months in*

Leavenworth and Alcatraz Military Prisons, from June, 1918, to August, 1920, said he would never go to war for the United States, *but that he would take up arms against it if he thought there was a chance for a revolution to succeed.* He would go to war for a workers' government, he said, but would never join in a war for what he called 'capitalist tyranny.' The subject of the lecture was 'Dissenting Youth in War Time.' "

"Why," thought Conover, "should an ex-inmate of a penitentiary, advocating such doctrines, be allowed to speak before a group of students on a university campus?"

While Conover was busying himself in his various activities his wife had plunged into her mission with an absorbing interest.

At first, she was surprised at the complacency she encountered. In many instances, her intuition told her that her statements were received with only an assumed interest. However, in various Alumnae groups her words were listened to with rapt attention. Committees of investigation were formed. Constantly she pleaded, "Don't take my deductions—investigate—prove to me that I am wrong—my prayer was that I might be wrong, but I found otherwise—let a committee make a thorough investigation—a fair and impartial one—isn't it worth at least that little effort?"

Investigations confirmed her warnings, and she made headway with Alumnae groups.

In his contacts with acquaintances, Conover was amazed at the absence of knowledge displayed regarding the trend

of instruction in the schools their sons and daughters attended.

For the most part the parents merely assumed the teaching was correct. They registered surprise that such a matter was even questioned. Certainly they "didn't countenance such things!"

"I don't think there is any such thing where my son is attending," was a remark he encountered so many times that he awaited it. Invariably, when pressed, refuge was taken in the statement, "It has always been a wonderful school."

To which Mr. Conover would reply, "Yes, it has been a wonderful institution. *Is it now?* Do you personally know the president or anything about his outside affiliations; have you taken the trouble to find out what the members of the faculty stand for, who are moulding your son today? Have you investigated their records as carefully as you investigated the treasurer in your business who is handling your money?"

"Why, no!" would come the prompt answer.

"Don't you think," Conover would continue, "it is more important to know who is handling your son than who is handling your dollars?"

Months afterwards he would encounter a dismayed parent who would berate himself for his former blindness and after relating what he had found, would plead with Conover for advice and remedy.

* * * * *

The Conovers had accepted an invitation to a dinner party at the home of a friend in the neighborhood.

"By the way, Will," said Mrs. Conover to her husband

who was struggling with a necktie, "Mrs. Walker called up this afternoon and told me that Professor Wise of Columbine College will be at the dinner tonight."

"The evening promises to be quite an interesting one," remarked Conover.

Around the table that evening were seated five couples and the Professor who sat in the seat of honor.

Mr. Conover found himself studying the professor. He saw the wolf eyes that kept their steel when the lips were smiling.

"True to his subversive type," he mused. Very adroitly the professor gathered together the casual remarks till he headed them for his own pasture, where the loco weeds grew in profusion. Pompously he declaimed, "Parochial America has passed. We have a plague of inherited prejudices. Chauvinism is another term for Americanism." On and on he talked. The hostess smiled with suppressed amusement.

Conover and his wife exchanged glances with their hostess. Most of the guests seemed quite willing to subscribe to the professorial chastisement America was receiving.

The professor ceased and flashed his glance around the table. Sensing hostility on the part of the quiet, steady-eyed man opposite him, his egotism drove him to the challenge, "You agree with me?"

For a moment or two Mr. Conover paused. He was a guest. For that matter, so was the other, he thought.

He couldn't acquiesce in the vapid nonsense. Neither did he feel that it was the time or the place to discuss differences.

His hesitation was taken as a weakness by the professor, who made his second strategical mistake by saying, "I hope you are not a nationalist."

"Let me suggest, sir," replied Conover with a courteous bow to his hostess, "that we defer the discussion till later."

The hostess with a smile exclaimed, "O, Mr. Conover, we all want to hear what you have to say."

Her wish was championed by the others. It was like the cry "fight! fight!" at recess in school days.

"Very well, then," said Mr. Conover, who remained silent for a moment or two as he marshalled his thoughts. In the meanwhile the ardor of the professor across the table was cooling as he estimated his adversary who, in his calmness, was becoming wholly different from the one whom he had tried to browbeat.

Slowly Conover started speaking. "The statement was made, I think, that 'Chauvinism is Americanism.'

"Let us examine the word Chauvinism. If my memory serves me correctly, it came from Chauvin, a soldier under Napoleon the first, whose admiration for his leader was boundless. In time Chauvinism came to mean exaggerated patriotism. Now mark this well; it came also to mean 'unreasonable devotion to any cause.'

"Let us start with clearness.

"A moment ago the professor was pleading the opposite of exaggerated patriotism with a vehemence that warrants me in calling it his cause. Now go back to the second definition, 'unreasonable devotion to any cause.' An unreasonable devotion to his cause of internationalism drove him to the length of waiving aside the amenities of a

social evening and forcing me into a position where I would stultify myself by apparent acquiesence by my silence or be forced to make the same social error he committed in disregarding a courtesy we owe as guests. It is true, however, in my case I was urged by my hostess to enter the discussion."

Then followed a talk that those at the table remembered for many years. Repeatedly he sought to stop. Each time he was urged to continue.

He closed his talk with, "Yes, let us strive for understanding; let us get a world vision. But it is arrant nonsense to say if I love my family less, I will love my country more—if I love my country less, I will love my world more. Such a sequence is wrong—the right sequence is—the more I love my family, the more I love my country—the more I love my country, the more I love the world. All other deductions are but idle dreams or, worse than that, a *scheming for something* that does not permit frank explanation.

"It is a reasonable deduction and one in which you all will concur, that those who are espousing internationalism are the aggressors. For instance, this evening the professor introduced this subject and plead the cause with extreme vehemence. I think the second definition of Chauvinism might aptly be applied to the gentleman. The professor applies to those who think as I do the term Chauvinists; yet, I think it is a fair inference that he and his fellow workers rather than myself are entitled to the term. They are the aggressors. It is they who exercise 'unreasonable devotion to a cause.'

"As for myself, in the interest of our hostess, I am

perfectly willing to accept the term exaggerated patriotism, providing our friend accepts the second definition as applying to himself. As fellow Chauvinists together we can bow to our very gracious and patient hostess and mutually say it is always an honor to be numbered among her guests."

"Nicely said," laughed the host, as the others clapped hands in delight, while the routed professor drew about him his mantle of tattered dignity and silence.

Chapter XXVI

THE LITTLE WHITE HEN LAYS AN EGG

As time went on Conover received many requests to speak before various groups. One day an invitation came to address a Business Executives Organization. When he reached the banquet hall, the Chairman asked him if he had any objection to trading places with Professor Duglost, explaining to Mr. Conover that the professor had suggested that he be permitted to appear first on the program. The request amused Conover, but he smiled indulgently as he told the Chairman that he was not temperamental and would be perfectly satisfied with anything the Chairman might do.

In due time the Chairman arose to his feet. His introduction of Professor Duglost was fulsome and flattering. As the introduction proceeded, Conover recalled the three excursions into the business world the professor had attempted, each one terminating in disastrous failure. Yet, the one who had encountered disaster in practice still posed as an expert in theory.

"We will now have the great honor of hearing from one of the foremost authorities in Economics in the United States, the distinguished Professor Duglost." He might have added, "one of the most radical ones also," but probably the Chairman didn't know.

A half hour passed—three quarters—an hour—an hour and a quarter. Still droned that voice in uninteresting definitions and commonplace data. A resigned hearer

would straighten in his chair, light a fresh cigar, and sink back with a martyrized expression.

The speaker gathered his scattered papers before him. A look of hopefulness came into many eyes only to die out as the papers were put down again.

At the end of an hour and a half the speech was finished.

During the professor's talk Conover sat up many times in expectation of hearing the speaker swing into the socialistic thought that permeated all his books. Tonight he was "on guard." He contented himself with sly references in order not to alarm his audience by too pronounced radicalism.

The Chairman had finished his "paid in full" words to the last speaker and now was introducing Mr. Conover.

The audience had had its vitality sapped. Conover correctly estimated the situation.

"Gentlemen—My talk will take me exactly five minutes." Gratitude shone in the eyes of the audience, now alert and receptive.

"I am going to tell you a story about a little white hen."

The reaction had set in and the audience applauded good naturedly.

"This particular little white hen flew into an open window of a Socialist professor's house and in the absence of the teacher took possession of his study.

"A letter basket on the desk attracted her. She appropriated it for a nest. As she was advertising to the world the age-old miracle of the egg, the door opened and the professor entered.

"Now it happened that the professor had the gift of tongues and could talk with man and beast and fish and fowl.

"'Ah! an egg,' said he.

"'Yes, an egg,' quoth the little hen.

"'All life starts with an egg,' said the professor.

"No reply from the little white hen, yet in her eyes shone a look of suppressed amusement and acquiescence as her thoughts turned to addled eggs.

"The learned one proceeded. 'I wonder if you know the component parts of your handiwork?'

"'My handiwork? O, very well then. It has a shell and inside of that is white and yellow stuff.'

"'How ridiculous your explanation is. Know then that the word egg is derived from the Latin word *ovum*. Egg producing animals are oviparous. The pyriform egg before us weighs approximately 1,000 grains. The white weighs 600 grains, the yolk 300 grains, the shell 100 grains. The glair is a strong solution of albumen in water and whilst readily miscible with water in its ordinary state, it becomes insoluble when heat is applied. Its chemical parts are CO_2, albumen and salts. The yolk is composed of ingredients through which multitudes of minute globules of oil are suspended which render it essentially an emulsion."

"'Cluck-cluck,' exclaimed the amazed hen, an expression which as everyone versed in hen lore, as was the professor, would readily interpret as 'Indeed!'

"'Reverting to the shell,' continued the professor, it is well known that its component parts are carbonate of lime and magnesia. The shell is made up of three or more

crystalline layers, transversed by vertical canals making the shell porous, it having been deduced by nature that the free passage of air was necessary for the embryonic chick in its development.'

" 'Cluck-cluck,' meaning 'Do tell!' in the idiom of henology.

" 'As to the color predominating on the outer surface of the shell,' explained the learned theorist, 'it is derived from the haemoglobin or red coloring matter of the blood stream.'

"For a second the two, the professor and the little white hen, eyed one another across the gulf between them.

"Piercing the little hen with his eye of disapproval, he said, 'It is astonishing to contemplate such mental darkness.'

"With drooping head and discouraged tread the little hen slowly walked towards the window. She jumped to the sill. Outside the world was flooded with sunshine. The gentle winds of spring were caressing the newly awakened flowers.

" 'Come again, any time,' spoke the erudite one, who had failed three times in business, 'for without possessing my theory, your attempts at practice are absolutely absurd and doomed to failure.'

"Her back was towards the room, so the little white hen was obliged to turn her head towards the one who had put her to shame.

"Back and forth swung her tail feathers. One not seriously minded might have thought there was blasphemous derision in the motion.

" 'I am only a little white hen—a layer of eggs. I and

my ancestors have layed eggs all our lives. You have opened my eyes by your words. May I ask you one little question?'

" 'Certainly,' replied the one who had turned the light of his overmastering knowledge upon the benighted one.

"The little white hen stretched her wings for flight as she asked:

" *'Did you ever lay an egg?'*

* * * * *

" 'Cluck-cluck,' went the little hen, as she raced to the chicken yard where the other hens joined her in joyous cluckings of praise for those who claim to know theories but who always fail in practice—for those who tell how and why but can't lay eggs."

Chapter XXVII

THE COLLEGE PRESIDENT AND THE GANGSTER

Jack Conover had occasion many times to remember his father's parting talk before the third generation of Conovers matriculated at old Paxton College.

"Jack," said his father, "you are going to the college from which graduated your grandfather and your father. I remember my father's words. 'Will, you are going to a wonderful institution. You will find there professors, eminent in their calling and men of unusual culture. Lend yourself gracefully to their teachings.' Jack, I wish I might repeat those words to you, but I can't. The times have changed and the caliber of some of the teachers has changed. Some are espousing dangerous theories.

"You have been grounded far beyond the average in the American Constitution and the growth of governments. Fortunately you are governmentally and legally minded. You have studied with me the trend of modern subversive teaching. You have learned to distinguish between fundamental truths and visionary and unworkable theories. You are immune to the unsound doctrines promulgated by some teachers."

During his college career, many times these words of his father would flash across his memory.

By a strange prank of fate, Jack came to be enrolled in the class in Economics under Professor Covet.

From the start, Jack and his fellow students sensed

the poorly concealed hostility manifested by the Professor whenever Jack was called upon to recite.

As time went on, it seemed that the teacher's exasperation fed on his inability to "unhorse" the student whose thoroughness in preparation estopped him from the expressed disapproval that Jack felt was impatiently awaiting its opportunity.

Realizing that there was no hope in placating the professor, Jack took refuge in asking questions in a bland voice and an artless way, questions that drove the professor to the limits of his short patience.

Covet's hatred of Jack grew with the months. It became an obsession. He saw Jack becoming an outstanding figure on the campus, and knowing the young man's immunity to the socialistic teaching and sensing the impossibility of changing him, he became seized with the premonition that sooner or later this young man would make it difficult for the professor to make headway in molding his class to the socialistic plan.

There was only one name, Jack Conover, mentioned on the campus for Captain of the College football team.

When he heard of it, Covet's inner rage was boundless. It was doubly torturous to him on account of the necessity for repression. He chafed under the necessity of acknowledging to himself his inability to interfere. He recognized that his task would be made more difficult now that Jack had become a campus character.

Father and Son! What a damnable turn of fate, thought Covet, that these two had crossed his path. His mind went back to the High School day when the elder Conover had thrashed him soundly in the fight he had

never forgotten. How he hated him and all the others who had applauded his humiliation! He worked himself into a frenzy of rage as his mind reverted to the days of his youth when he drove through alleys, listening to the cry of his father, "Rags an' old iron." He thought of that patient old man, his father, as "the old fool who was half asleep all his life."

Into his memory flashed again that High School fight. Over Jack's head he poured the vials of his hatred. It was an accumulated hatred, fermenting during the years till it had become the very essence of fury.

* * * * *

The class in Economics had assembled. Professor Covet had removed his heavy-rimmed eyeglasses with the broad ribbons and was twirling them theatrically around his finger, as was his custom when he sought to create the atmosphere so dear to his pedagogic imitations. For a few seconds he stood before his class motionless with his eyes rolled up to the ceiling.

Always he overdid his attempted effects. He had a way of saying "young men" in a tone of voice that produced the same effect as if he had said "you congenital idiots."

"Young men, today I wish to direct your attention to the goal of personal investigation. Accept nothing as a fact till you subject it to test and confirmation.

"How do you know that somewhere in your line was not an addle-pated ancestor who has given his posterity an absolutely wrong point of view. You must not accept opinions without subjecting them to strict investigation in the light of current thought. Inherited deductions are

absolutely unworthy to stand under the light of science.

"So, when anyone, even your own father, gives you his point of view, insist upon him submitting to you proofs so that you can analyze the question."

Before he was aware of it, Jack Conover was on his feet saying:

"Pardon me, Professor, may I add a word or two?"

The suddenness of the question startled Covet, and the Covet fear of the Conover drove him to a consent before he had recovered from his surprise.

In Jack's mind was the thought of his long line of ancestors. Back his mind raced to those who played big parts under Washington—to those who had landed on Plymouth Rock—to his forebears who had wrested the Magna Charta from the reluctant hands of King John—to his ancestor, Charles Martel, who at Tours thrust back the Saracen threat to western civilization.

It seemed to Jack that the heritage that was his had been challenged. His thoughts raced to his father who had always talked to him like a brother and who had always sought to wake up rather than to make up the son's mind.

With lightning perception he put the proper value on the weasel words he had just heard. He recognized the true intent—to discredit early home influence no matter how excellent it might have been.

Slowly Jack started speaking.

"It seems to me, Professor, that it is ill-advised to single out one's father alone to take the witness stand. I subscribe to the idea of investigation, but why mention fathers only? Are we to understand that we must reject

a father's counsel till our investigation and younger judgment weighs it—*that we are to accept class room mandates in blind faith?* Or is it assumed that we will test the professors' conclusions also?

"Possibly every ancestral line may have within it some 'addle-pated' ancestor as you state. My puzzle is what made that particular ancestor 'addle-pated'?

"Do you think it was an inherited addle-patedness or do you think it probable that the condition arose from receiving 'addle-pated' instruction maybe in a class room?"

Jack sat down in a deep silence, broken soon by gales of laughter as the thought drove into his fellow students.

As for Professor Covet, his face was twisting in demoniacal rage. "Leave my class room at once," he hurled at Jack, who slowly proceeded to the door with a look of grim determination on his face.

Rumors of the "run in," as it was called, flew around the campus. Each repetition would have added to Covet's discomfiture, had he heard the universal verdict.

The physical beating the father had inflicted upon him in his youth now took second place in Covet's mind to the mental chastisement the son had administered.

"Singular," thought Jack, "that he singles me out every time." He could not understand the animosity. Had he known that Professor Benedict Covet was the Izzy Zug of his father's boyhood, the solution would have been simple; but neither Jack nor his father knew that the feud was of long standing.

Jack fully expected to hear from the college office, but the days went on and no word came. Evidently Covet had decided to take no formal steps. The professor appar-

ently ignored the occurrence. Jack continued in the class and, though his classmates realized that between Covet and Jack there was an armed neutrality, they noticed that the professor became more guarded in his talks and called upon Jack less frequently.

At first Jack decided to write to his father in detail, but finally decided that it was impossible to cover the matter in a letter, so contented himself in merely stating in a letter that he had had a "run in" with Covet.

"Will tell you all about it when I see you, Dad. Don't be disturbed about it. I didn't hear from the school about it, so I guess it has blown over."

Jack saw his father much sooner than he had expected.

Senator Morrow and Mr. Conover received identically worded telegrams on the same day.

"President Potter passed away today. Funeral services Tuesday in Paxton."

William Conover sat in his home looking out a window with the telegram in his hand. It had not been unexpected. Ever since his last visit with old "Prexy" he had expected such a message, but even so, he was not prepared for it. The tears coursed down his cheeks—quiet tears—a man's tears.

Mrs. Conover found him that way and understood, without the spoken word. She packed his grip and telephoned for railroad reservation and then came and sat by him, the silent man whose heart was too full to talk.

Senator Morrow and William Conover met in the old inn the day of the funeral. It was held on the old campus under the big elms he loved, nearby the old ivy covered tower. The simple casket was banked with flowers that

grew in the home gardens of the campus folk. From every walk in life came those who stood under the trees and mourned for one who had drawn their hearts toward him.

Unashamed and with no thought of concealment stood men blinded with their tears.

As the last word was spoken, the chimes in the old tower rang out, the chimes that for years had brought that gentle smile to the face now stilled in majestic and gentle sleep.

The services were over. The two friends had returned to their room in the hotel. Silently they sat looking out the window. On the Senator's lap was a metropolitan paper with the last page uppermost.

He hadn't glanced at it but held it absent-mindedly.

Glancing down, he noticed an article of a few lines which he read to Conover. It announced the passing of President Potter and summed up his life in less than forty lines. Evidently there wasn't much news value in the passing of that gentle soul who had influenced so many other lives.

The Senator turned the paper over. Shrieking headlines running across the entire front page announced the funeral of an assassinated gangster.

The Senator read:

> " 'Six thousand persons, among them high public officials and gangland overlords, today participated in the funeral service.
>
> " 'A $5,000 bronze casket was covered with a blanket of white roses. Two airplanes flying ahead

showered the route with 10,000 roses, over which the hearse proceeded. Assistant State's attorneys, assistant corporation counsels, acted as pallbearers.

" 'Politics, crime, factional strife and family feud hovered back of the stage.

" 'Judges, Congressmen, State Senators, and prosecuting attorneys rubbed shoulders and exchanged greetings with racketeers, bootleggers, panderers, gunmen, and vagrants.

" 'Fifty uniformed policemen, twenty motorcycle officers cleared the way for the tremendous procession. Twenty-five automobiles were loaded with flowers.

" 'And leading them all was the murdered degenerate gangster whom the police had implicated in *murders, bootlegging, and blackmail.*' "

When he finished reading, the two men sat looking at one another. Conover reached for the paper and spread it before him. On the back was the tiny, three-inch item, telling of the passing of a great soul—on the front was the main portion of the page shrieking to the world the funeral of a gangster at which law enforcers and law makers rubbed elbows with the law breakers, the crooks and the outlaws.

"What a commentary upon our vaunted civilization!" said the Senator. "These are the things that make one pause and wonder and ask, 'What has happened to our civilization that makes possible such false toleration?'

"Other civilizations have perished by the same cause. Is the same cancer eating into our civilization of today?"

"Jim," said Conover, "these things have this value. They goad my determination to fight all the greater.

"Jim, we are going to fight this thing to a finish. We are going to carry on for 'Prexy.' *Here in this paper is one of the best examples that could be found of the result America is getting from some of its radical teaching.*"

That evening Jack told his father and the Senator the details of his affair in the class of Economics. When he finished, the two older men exchanged significant glances.

When Jack left them, the Senator turned to his friend and said:

"Bill, there is something behind this that I can't put my finger on. I can understand some things about it, but why should Covet evidence such a pronounced antipathy for Jack? It evidently started upon sight. What is it, do you suppose?"

"Jim, I have no idea. Professor Covet prides himself upon being an ultra-modernist. I have unearthed quite a bit about him, but he is very canny. I don't like his outside affiliations. His name figures in too many subversive societies.

"From this time on, I am going to run this thing to earth. In the first place, Covet has a strange hold upon the board of trustees. As a matter of fact, our house cleaning must start with the trustees themselves. For the most part I think it is sheer carelessness on the part of many.

"Check them over and you will find that there isn't a strong man on the board. Most of them are there for the

honor and are content to let the few do the work, and it so happens in our case the few are not the right sort."

"Well, Bill," replied the Senator, "there is no better time to start than right now. A meeting of trustees has been called for tomorrow evening. You and I must see some of them before the meeting. There is a rumor going around that Covet is aspiring to the presidency of the College."

It was fortunate that the Senator and Conover interested themselves in time. They found many of the trustees in favor of tendering the office at once to Covet. The board invited the two old "grads" to appear before them with the result that definite action was postponed and a compromise was effected by having one of the older professors function as acting president pending the selection of a new president.

Later that evening the president of the Board of Trustees wended his way to Covet's house and related in detail the proceedings of the meeting, winding up by assuring the disappointed Covet that it was merely a matter of a few months before he could swing the majority around to his point of view.

However, as the months went on, the assurance of a quick decision given to Professor Covet by the trustee did not materialize. There was developing an opposition that the dominant trustee could not understand. Some of the trustees, whom he had been convinced he could wind around his fingers, were displaying a strange obstinacy.

"Senator Morrow and William Conover are determined to block your appointment," he told Covet, "but I will put them in their places."

Chapter XXVIII

THE QUICKSANDS OF RAGE

The summer vacation had passed. Again the campus was alive with students.

Still the college was functioning under the leadership of an acting president.

The protracted disappointment of Covet was telling upon his temperament.

"If Conover's son was not in school, maybe he wouldn't take such an intensive interest in its affairs," thought Covet.

The idea possessed him; he could not let it go. For months he had held himself in leash with his subversive activities deciding that the temporary neglect might strengthen his hands to obtain possession of the presidency and then he could make up for lost time.

As a matter of fact, this course was urged upon him repeatedly by the radical professors who met in his study and counseled the temporary "soft pedal" against the time when they would dominate the school and instill their teachings without the fear of dismissal that would be theirs were a president of another type at the head.

Covet did not discuss with them the thought that persisted. "If Jack Conover wasn't here, maybe the father would not be so keen to interfere."

Professor Covet's great weakness was his ungovernable temper. It is difficult to see the white light of reason through the red of anger.

The rush of red overflowed every trace of white one day when he picked up the college paper and read an article that shouted to him the name of Jack Conover, though the article was not signed. There was no need for him to inquire the name of the writer, though his secretary, Warberg, had obtained it from the editor and had told him.

The article read:

"Professor Covet read to his class last week an extract taken from the book of Robert Owen, the Socialist. The article was headed 'Private Property.'

" 'In this new state of existence all private property, in persons and things, that is in opposition to the fixed laws of human nature, will cease; and, in consequence, selfishness and jealousy will terminate, and poverty will be unknown.

" 'Instead of submitting to the innumerable evils arising from private property, arrangements will be formed to secure to every one, from birth to death, a full supply of everything that is best for the human nature; *taking, also, into consideration the minor differences formed by nature, in the organization of each individual.*

" 'As soon as all unnecessary private property shall be abolished, it will no longer be, or appear to be, for the interest of anyone, that anything inferior in quality shall be produced for the use of man.

" 'There will be no inferior cultivation; no inferior houses or buildings of any kind; no inferior

roads, bridges, canals, aqueducts, vessels for navigation, or machinery for any purpose. All of them will be constructed of the best materials that can be produced.' "

The article continued:

"It would seem that little Robbie Owen passed away with mental colic before he could finish his Ode to the Poppy, so we have taken pains to finish the thing for him, preserving as much as possible his style and absence of thought.

"All countries are to be of the same size as well as all oceans. There will be no trees higher than other trees and no trees higher than any other form of vegetation.

"Everything that grows from the earth shall be of the same size, quality and quantity.

"No river shall be longer than any other river. All hills and protrusions on the earth's surface shall be of the same height. All hollow places will be turned upside down to gain a levelling aspect—equal in all ways with surroundings.

"The lion and the lamb will be mated, thereby producing a species with the best qualities of each. By so doing, the lion and the lamb will lie down together because each will be both.

"There will be no more distinction between land and water—only one will remain, to be decided by a world wide referendum, excluding from the voting only those who live on the water and those who reside on the land.

"All factories, stores, office buildings and homes, if any, shall be of the same height, width and breadth.

"All locks shall be the same kind and the same size so that one key only will be necessary.

"There will be no differences in individuals as to age, height or weight. Everyone shall be born precisely at the same moment, somewhat like spontaneous combustion. Everyone will be exactly the same as the other. No person shall have more hair than another for it is rank injustice for one to be endowed with a shock of hair while his neighbor is so destitute that the upper part of his head lays itself open to the charge of gross immodesty. There will be no more differences in the color of eyes. All eyes shall be of a composite neutral color, each eye to have all the properties of the microscope, the telescope and the X-ray. All brains, if any, are to be of the same weight and material.

"The functions of the brain and the wish bone to be transferable at will.

"There is to be only one sex so that future generations will have more time in which to study the grand law of mediocrity."

The reading of the article ceased.

The professor's face was mottled with anger. Warberg gave him one hurried glance and sought to leave the study. "Stay here," yelled Covet.

"Does this young fool think he can frustrate me?" he

exploded. Rushing to the bewildered Warberg, he shook the magazine with Jack's article under his nose in a delirium of passion, as if Warberg had been the instigator.

"Does this insane stripling think he can cross me and spoil our plans? I tell you he will pay—he will pay; do you hear? Answer me, you fool! His silly Americanism! Damnable rot! Who is this upstart who thinks he can undo all that I and the other comrades have done? Warberg, I tell you in another five years we will have our fingers around the throats of American colleges. Let the patriotic fools get in our way at their own peril! I will push them from my path."

The last thread of reason snapped as he dashed a chair with inconceivable fury against the wall. "Like that, I tell you. Like that!"

* * * * *

Great as was Covet's anger, it would have reached even higher peaks had he heard the student body's comments regarding Jack's editorial. Hardly a week passed by in Covet's class without references to the Utopian theories of Saint Simon, Fourier, Cobet or Owen, a favorite approach for Covet to his Marxian theories. There are few weapons as effective as ridicule, and Jack's Owenistic addenda with its biting sarcasm took from one of Covet's references its last vestige of influence. Owenism stood out in all its naked absurdity.

Those in the faculty who stood shoulder to shoulder in the movement with Covet were filled with apprehensions. Not having his Tartar blood, their reactions were less violent.

But as a unit, they recognized that a damage had been done that it would require considerable time to repair.

Most of the members of the faculty, however, indulged in chuckles and weren't at all displeased at witnessing Professor Covet's discomfiture, which they thought he had brought down upon himself.

The campus atmosphere seemed to be surcharged with premonitions of a fast approaching climax.

Whisperings increased. There were some who hinted that Mrs. Covet's prolonged absence from home was queer. For six months or more the professor had told his associates that his wife was traveling in Europe. Casual inquiries developed the fact that no one had heard from her—no letter had been received by her most intimate friends. At first the absence of advice direct from her caused no special wonderment, for her acquaintances knew that she had suffered a nervous breakdown and had left her home in a weakened condition. The situation was accepted at its face value, but as the months went on and no word came the whisperings increased.

When asked how his wife was, Professor Covet invariably replied that she was much better; and, such is the innate sympathy one has for misfortune, the professor escaped with a perfunctory answer that gave no details.

The whisperings subsided until new ones arose, this time regarding the wife of a professor in a college in an adjoining state. She had moved to Paxton and rented a house directly back of the one in which the Covets lived. Her husband remained behind. She lived alone and became an interesting problem for the neighborhood. Covet gave out the information that she was writing a book on

Egyptian Civilization and possessed one of the keenest minds he had encountered.

It seemed that the professor must have been interested also in Egyptian Civilization, for as time went on conferences between the two became more and more frequent.

If his thoughts ever dwelt upon his absent wife, it was only with an intense compassion for himself that he was yoked with one whose mentality had taken another path than his. The idea that she was his superior in every way never entered his blinded mind. His neglect of her had slowly sapped her ability to carry on.

The tragedy of his radicalism growing with the years and feeding upon itself until he had become more and more morose left her with no hopes for an understanding.

Valiantly did she swim against the breakers. Every art at her command she used in vain. The coming of the woman across the alley was the last straw; the last vestige of her hope for betterment disappeared. Evening after evening she sat alone with only the sad joy of the memory of her boy who died "over there" doing his bit for his country; her boy who was cursed and reviled by his father for donning the uniform of a United States soldier. When the boy had left his home for the last time, Covet had locked himself in his study deaf to all knockings. But the courage of the mother had mounted to its sublime peak as she kissed her boy goodby and sent him from her with the smile of an angel on her face.

Now her boy was gone. Only memory lived. Nor would the father permit the name of his son to be mentioned in his presence.

Covet's wife was away, so he dismissed her from his

mind. He regarded his affair with Rosika as only a temporary and unavoidable escapade. The muck of Bertrand Russell's so-called philosophy with its driveling about inhibitions had become his creed. The writer on Egyptian Civilization, of which in truth she knew little, intrigued the professor.

She affected Egyptian costumes when at home. Many times when Professor Covet called he found her reclining on her couch in the indolent ease of the Oriental. She would be dressed in a very full pair of silk trousers, pink stockings and a tight vest with hanging sleeves. Her person was adorned with bizarre ornaments of the East. Her eyes were treated with black oriental powder, while her hands were stained delicately with henna. She and her lover, Covet, were reincarnations, she would explain to him; reincarnations of this one or that one who lived on the Nile many centuries ago when King Den was on the throne of Egypt. They would try to recall unfinished conversations in which they had engaged in that long ago. As their houses stood back to back, it simplified matters greatly to use the rear gates.

The professor's calls became more frequent.

In his conversations with the lady of his later choice it came to be understood that the word "she" referred to his wife.

"I have it all planned," he said. "You will get your divorce in Reno. I have made inquiries and find that I will be obliged to go West for my divorce. You know she is in a sanitarium. I have seen to it that she is under restraint. In the state I have in mind the grounds of insanity will answer. It will be very easy to give out the

impression here that I obtained the divorce on the grounds of desertion. No one will be the wiser. As a matter of fact, I think the sympathy of the puritanical public will be with me on those grounds; not that I care, but it will be more expedient maybe not to arouse animosity."

As he strutted back to his house, Warberg, who was peeping out the window, murmured, "Why doesn't he leave women alone? Rosika and he stirred up a mess in New York and now this 'Pig head' is doing the same thing here. Wait till Rosika hears about this other woman. That wild cat will scratch out his eyes."

With a shrug of his shoulders and a rolling of his eyes he made haste to leave the window before the professor's arrival, for he had no desire to cross this man who dominated him and whose fanatical eyes of hatred, when aroused, made him tremble.

Warberg hurried his departure from the professor's study, but before going he hastily rearranged the papers in the letter basket marked "Unfinished business," taking pains to place on top the article in the college magazine written by Jack Conover.

"Maybe," thought Warberg, "this will take his mind off his affair across the alley. Women! Bah!"

And like a magnet, the letter basket with the opened college magazine drew Covet's eyes immediately upon his entrance.

His thoughts were as chips of wood in a whirlpool. His native cunning was exiled. In its place was sitting the usurper, Uncontrollable Rage, that had already banished from its presence all that counseled caution.

Chapter XXIX

EXAMINATION TIME

The football squad was in the dressing room of the "Gym" in various stages of dressing and undressing. In half an hour they would be on the field for practice. What magnificent specimens of manhood they were. How their muscles rippled. An exuberance of vitality radiated from those clean bodies. What an inspiration for the quickened brain of a master sculptor!

As they trotted out to the field, the big center and Jack jogged along together.

"How do you stand in Economics, Jack? Some of the fellows tell me Professor Covet has it in for you. No chance of his getting nasty, is there, Jack?"

"Not a chance," replied Jack, "if you mean that he may 'flunk' me. He has been handing me the lowest marks I have ever received in my life. I expected that, but he wouldn't go to the length of a 'flunk.' "

The team was rounding into condition in preparation for the great game of the year. So far it had come through the season without a single defeat. The team it was to meet on the coming Saturday was its oldest rival. A victory over that particular team meant more to the student body than one over any other team in the conference.

An examination in Economics came the Thursday before the game. Jack Conover was in the class room bending over his papers. Several questions caused him to puzzle for some time. They were adroitly worded. Jack realized

at once the "catch" questions. He answered them, explaining the deduction in the textbook from which the questions were formulated but continued his answers with the statements that other authorities took issue with the solutions therein expressed.

Jack felt that the professor had prepared the dilemma especially for him. Either he had to concur with the textbook's deductions and thereby outrage his inherent honesty of conviction or he was obliged to answer according to the textbook and elaborate the answer with his findings from more dependable and trustworthy authorities.

He felt intuitively that the professor was ready to run him through with either one or the other of the two horns of the dilemma.

Jack turned in his papers after reviewing them carefully as was his habit and strolled across the campus.

"About a 'C' is the worst I can get," he thought.

The team was trained to the minute. There had been no scrimmage for several days. Friday's work consisted in running a few signals, followed by blackboard work.

Said the coach to his assistant, "I never saw a bunch so confident in my life. Jack Conover fights best when he is coming from behind and he has shot his fighting spirit into every man on that team. Without Jack in the game tomorrow, if I was optimistic, I would say our chances at the very best are about even; with Jack in, my guess is our edge will be about six, maybe seven points."

* * * * *

While the team is preparing for the big game, and while across the campus before his desk in his library sits Professor Covet bending his mighty intellect upon the task

of marking the examination papers, a train was speeding westward due in Paxton early Saturday morning.

Rather an important train it was, for one of its passengers, unknowingly had within her hands the destiny of Paxton College.

It is an interesting study to trace important events back to the apparently inconsequential incident that set in motion the climactic agent.

The pawn of destiny in this case was Rosika, the throwback to the time of club and fang, the unregenerated barbarian who ran with the pack, hating the restraints that civilization had attempted to impose.

It was a better dressed Rosika than in her basement days. She was attired in a flare of rioting colors. No other type of woman would have attempted such a combination. Upon her, however, the result was undeniably striking and exotic. Her raven black hair in great quantities was dressed with oriental effectiveness. No line on her face proclaimed her abandoned life. Nature had played one of its rare jokes in covering a depraved mind with a face of striking beauty.

As the train sped westward, her restlessness increased. Back and forth, from club car to observation car, she walked with the fascinating glide of a tigress. Everything she did exuded excess of vitality.

"All passengers out for Paxton," sang out the brakeman.

Rosika settled herself in a taxi. She gave the address of Professor Covet to the driver.

Chapter XXX

THE REVENGE THAT BANISHED REASON

It will be recalled that on Friday afternoon Professor Covet was engaged in marking the examination papers.

He was far from being in a judicial frame of mind when he sat down to the task. His subversive activities, his domestic complications, either one alone would have been a sufficient reason for his nervousness, but on top of all that had come an incident that had shaken the dictatorial one more than he cared to acknowledge even to himself.

As he was walking across the campus, he met Mrs. Sleeper, one of his wife's best friends. Immediately he sensed the strained greeting.

Hitherto when they had met, always had come the solicitous inquiry regarding Mrs. Covet. Today a decided restraint was noticeable. The absence of the usual inquiry disturbed him; it hinted of knowledge.

"Isn't it a beautiful day?" he declaimed in a tone of voice that rang with the lofty deduction.

"Professor Covet, I have just received a letter from your wife."

Had he received a blow in the face, his reaction would not have been greater. He struggled to regain his composure while his mind raced for a solution. Never was his need greater for skillful handling of the unexpected.

It was the last thing he had expected to encounter. The needed inspiration did not fail him. There came to him a glow of satisfaction as there flashed across his mind a

method of handling the situation that would solve everything and redound to his credit. Always himself!

But had he known human nature better, he would have realized that a pair of eyes made shrewd by friendship were appraising his efforts and correctly weighing them on the delicate scales of intuition.

He fancied he had himself in hand. Actor that he was, he summoned to his assistance a look of profound grief.

Not a step of the process escaped the watching eyes of his wife's friend.

With a voice choked with emotion the professor said, "What a relief it is to be able to talk freely with you! The silence of the months have driven me to distraction. To shield her, I have been obliged to resort to expediencies that have galled me. I took her to Europe; the specialists there gave no hope of a recovery. Back we came. What could I do? There was only one thing left—a sanitarium —the best obtainable.

"It is driving me to distraction. Tell me what to do?"

Covet was quite pleased with himself at his climax. By flinging himself upon her advice, he had hoped to disarm her.

Was it possible that he had not worked his will upon this woman whom in other days he had always considered as being rather colorless?

The wide open blue eyes before him were reading him like a book. Why didn't she say something?

And then this gentle little soul before him experienced one of her first touches of subtlety when she replied:

"Professor Covet, we must bend all our efforts toward doing the best thing for her."

The cryptic answer disturbed him. He had it on the tip of his tongue to ask her to treat the matter as confidential while the husband and the friend worked for a solution, but before he could frame his request they were joined by the wife of another professor who bore away her friend, leaving Covet puzzled and filled with alarm.

"Why didn't she show me the letter? The situation is absolutely absurd. I was in the dark completely. Damn the luck. Why did it come up at this time?"

Great as was his agitation, it would have been still greater had he read the contents of the letter with the pathetic plea for release from a confinement that was not only illegal but full of threat for the darkening future.

As Covet sat at his desk marking the examination papers, he was in a frame of mind that clamored for a sacrifice; his temper demanded a scapegoat. He reached for another examination paper. A caprice of chance—it was Jack's. He read Jack's answer true to textbook, then followed the elaboration taken from other sources.

Sardonic smiles played over his face. "The fool has gone a step too far."

His red pencil marked an "E" at the top and the thing was done.

Late that afternoon word flew around the campus that Jack had "flunked" and that he was ineligible for the big game of the year on Saturday.

Chapter XXXI

THE WOMAN SPURNED

When Rosika arrived at Professor Covet's house on that memorable Saturday morning and had received no answer to the repeated ringing of the bell, she opened the door and walked in. Covet and Warberg had gone up town for breakfast. By chance the door of the Italian study was unlocked and Rosika entered. She heard the professor open the front door. Hurriedly she concealed herself as the professor and his Communist secretary, Warberg, entered the study.

Warberg was in a paroxysm of excitement. "The students are wild. They are crazy mad. They say they will turn the buildings upside down if Captain Conover doesn't play," he jabbered. "Never did I see anything like it."

"That is all," replied Professor Covet. "I have made the decision. I 'flunked' him regardless of his marks, and that will not be changed. The students' anger will turn upon him when he doesn't play. My next step will be to remove him from the campus. I will not have him upsetting my plans."

Covet and Warberg jumped to attention upon hearing a noise across the room. Turning they saw Rosika, who glided towards them in her sinuous walk.

"And how is the Prof. this morning and my little playmate?" she said, chucking the bewildered Warberg under the chin.

"What are you doing here, Rosika?" blurted the surprised professor.

"Seems I'm not wanted," replied Rosika, who hurried out of the room, making for the front door. Her hand was on the knob. Her oriental craftiness came to her aid. She opened the door, slammed it in front of her, and silently ran upstairs.

"Where has she gone?" frantically asked the professor. Warberg hurried to the door, opened it, peered out and returned to the professor with the advice that she had rushed out of the house and wasn't in sight.

"There will be the devil to pay if you don't get hold of that wild cat and cut her claws," he told Covet.

Scarcely had the excitement of Rosika's arrival and disappearance died down before another caller had announced her arrival.

Covet went to the door expecting to see Rosika and found instead his "soul mate" from across the alley.

"Benedict, Mrs. Sleeper called on me at seven o'clock this morning. The indignity of the thing! She presumed to question me about your wife. She tried to appeal to my 'better nature.' She made me sick. Think of it. She tried to make me think I was a culprit. I stood it as long as I could. I told her your wife had deserted you—that my husband had left me—that we both were of age and knew our own minds and that nothing in this world was going to keep us apart."

Yesterday Mrs. Sleeper had told him about receiving a letter from his wife. Today she called upon the woman.

"Did she say anything about a letter?" the professor inquired.

"No, she didn't; what letter?" the woman replied.

The significance of the omission was not lost on Covet.

Covet grabbed her into his arms and hastily attempted to calm her. "Don't be disturbed. Everything will come out all right. Now run home and I will come over in a little while. We will get this thing straightened out."

She hung on his neck while he showered her with the rough caresses of a mating wolf in whose eyes tenderness never shines.

The door shut and she was gone. It was fortunate for Covet that he had not glanced upstairs, for if he had he would have seen Rosika hanging over the banisters, digging her finger nails into her palms until they were lacerated.

So great a mastery had her need for revenge achieved that she had succeeded in holding herself in leash against her passionate lust for immediate destruction.

Again were Covet and Warberg in the study behind closed doors.

Rosika came silently down the stairs. Quietly she opened the front door and noiselessly followed the path to the campus. Her mind was in a whirl. Mastering every other impulse was the dominating thought of revenge, an urge that would give her no rest short of its accomplishment. It was the elemental rage of a thwarted tigress.

Coming from the other direction were two figures. Rosika in her blind anger at first took no recognition of them. The two had just come from the train together with a host of alumni who were returning to the old school to witness the great game of the year.

Having just arrived, they had not heard the news of

the captain's ineligibility. As was their wont, Senator Morrow and William Conover were walking through the old campus, though the distance was greater, to the Inn.

Rosika glanced at the passing men and recognized the Senator. She knew William Conover by name but had never seen him.

Here was her chance. She confronted the Senator. For several minutes the two men failed to grasp the information she was pouring out incoherently.

"I tell you I was in Covet's study and heard him say he 'flunked' the captain purposely and that he intended to drive him from the school," she screamed.

Conover spoke up. "Do I understand you to say that Jack Conover was 'flunked' in spite?"

"That is what I am trying to tell you," she snapped back at him.

Covet had opened his front door. He saw the three deep in conversation.

He called quickly for Warberg and when that surprised individual appeared, Covet grabbed him by the arm with fingers of steel that tore into his flesh.

"Hurry, hurry, Warberg, run over there. Get that wild cat away from those men. Take her away, anywhere, hurry. Get them apart."

As he shot his words at Warberg he pushed him as if he would aid his speed.

Warberg's appearance on the scene took Rosika by surprise, but before Warberg's dénouement could take place, the Senator and Will Conover had recovered from their surprise and had become masters of the situation.

In a frenzy of rage, Covet saw the four proceed across

the campus. He stumbled to his front gate and stood there swaying as a man deep in drink while he watched them enter the Inn.

Quickly Conover arranged for the suite of rooms, reserved for him from the year before.

In surprise the room clerk followed the four with his glance as they ascended the stairs.

"Rosika, this is Jack Conover's father," said the Senator. Turning to Warberg, he smiled as he said, "And your name is . . . ?"

Quickly and before Warberg could reply she supplied the missing name, adding, "He is Covet's secretary."

Then followed the cross-examination of Rosika, who again outlined, and this time in the presence of Warberg, the conversation she had overheard in Covet's study.

Warberg's mouth sagged open. His keen mind signalled that behind Rosika's words was a motive that so far had escaped him. His mind refused to function. Only one thing was uppermost. Some way out must be found. Some reasonable excuse must be given.

But it was the Senator who first thought of a plan to utilize the squirming of the trapped animal.

Turning to Warberg, he said, "Evidently some mistake has taken place. Run over to Professor Covet and ask him to review the papers. Come back in half an hour. Time is the essence of this matter. Don't let there be any delay."

Warberg hurried to the door, but before he could depart Rosika went to him and whispered, "You might tell him for me that I was upstairs and heard him talk with that 'baby doll' of his this morning."

Bursting into Covet's study, Warberg found the agitated professor pacing up and down the room, plunging his hands through his hair.

"Listen and listen fast. Rosika has spilled. She told them that you had 'flunked' Jack Conover on purpose. Don't know how much more she told them. She is with them now. I couldn't get her away. They have given me just half an hour to get back. When I left she came over and whispered to me to tell you that she heard you and your 'baby doll' talk this morning. She was upstairs when we thought she had gone out."

Covet's nervous system had gone to pieces. The events of the day had left him incapable of attempting a solution.

Warberg gave him a quick glance and took the situation into his own hands.

"Here is the only way out," said Warberg. "I will be the goat. Tell them Jack's first page became loose and by mistake it was pinned to the last six pages of mine—that I discovered the mistake and that I 'flunked' but Conover's own pages gave him a 'C.' You have got to come through this time. It is the best lie I can work up. It isn't so good, but it will have to answer.

"You just went crazy. I want to see him kicked out, but you didn't do it right. You will have everyone around here about your ears if you don't watch your step."

The glazed eyes of Covet stared at him as the thought drove home that there was no other way out. He knew Rosika would stop at nothing. Maybe she had not told about the woman. That was her trump card.

Back to the Inn rushed Warberg to find that Rosika and William Conover had disappeared.

Very ingeniously Warberg made his explanation. The door opened. Jack and his father and Rosika entered.

The Senator requested Warberg to repeat his explanation, which he did to the amused glances that passed between Jack and his father.

The next hour was crowded with events. Warberg secured Covet's written advice that Jack had passed. Over to the college office rushed the elder Conover with Professor Covet's letter. Hurriedly was put in motion the necessary steps. Details were brushed aside and Jack's record cleared.

At one o'clock the last obstacle had been surmounted and Jack was eligible to play in the great game of the year.

As the elder Conover slapped Jack on the back, the boy looked away lest his "Dad" might see his tears of joy. If Jack had looked at his father, he would have seen that the eyes of his father were somewhat misty also.

Chapter XXXII

THE THIRD DOWN, TWO MINUTES TO PLAY

A somber crowd filed into the grandstands. As yet the student body was not aware of the surprise in store for them.

The band of Paxton College played, not as of old, but in a listless manner.

The cheer leaders in a perfunctory manner sought to stir enthusiasm.

Suddenly the crowd sat up. Out on the field came running the team. Here was not a team subdued by the absence of a leader who was not only personally popular but credited with being the best "half" in the conference. It was a team charged to the full with an exuberance and spirit that in its dynamic power passed its excess spirit to the student body.

A cry went up. "Conover! Conover! Conover!" He waved his hand to the hysterical crowd whose yells rose and fell with a force that sent the blood tingling through the veins in a mad race.

Amid the yells, the team ran signals—up and down the field where throats were becoming raw and where men hugged one another in a delirium of joy.

The whistle blew. Came the kick-off. What need is there to portray the game? By the end of the first half the score stood 14 to 0. The rival team tried the center, the ends, forward passes—always they failed to overcome the superhuman team before them.

"If I could have a thing like this happen before every game," thought the coach, "there isn't a team in the country that could beat us."

As he sent them out to the field for the third quarter, the coach said, "When you tackle, just figure you are tackling Covet."

It was nearing the end of the fourth quarter. The score stood 20 to 0. Two minutes more to play. Came a quick formation. The ball is snapped. Jack receives it. The line holds. He circles the right end. The interference is superb and the field lies before him. Those legs of steel are carrying the ball in leaps and bounds and gathering momentum with every spring. Here comes a rival "half" crouching with hands extended. Jack's change of speed bewilders him. Jack swerves but not enough. The hands of the tackler have caught him around a knee. One could fairly feel the intake of breaths from the grandstands. The hands slid off. Jack had kicked himself free.

His interference takes care of the last opposing man and Jack falls over the line with the last touchdown of the game. He gained his feet and stood there with that good-natured smile of his playing over his face.

From ten thousand throats roared the age old cry—the cry that has come down through the ages and swells a thousand-fold in recognition of deeds of daring.

As long as red blood flows there will always be something Homeric in games that prove valor and ask for no reward other than the laurel.

At the previous games of the season, the grandstands emptied rapidly after the games. The shot from the pistol

announcing the finish of the game today found the student body reluctant to depart.

Jack had played, notwithstanding the advice current on the campus that he was ineligible.

That was the mystery that held them rooted to the seats. The air was surcharged with the unusual.

The players had not jogged to the "Gym" after the game, but had gone to the benches where trainers and helpers were throwing the blankets around their shoulders.

"Van," the big center, seemed to be taking things into his own hands. Whatever his plans were, it was apparent to the crowd that the rest of the squad was in hearty consent. He walked towards the band and came back with a cornet player. He secured four cheer leaders with their huge megaphones and the six together walked to the center of the field.

The cornet player blew a few shrill notes. The megaphone men took their places in front of the grandstands.

"There will be a mass meeting at the gymnasium tomorrow afternoon at three o'clock. Every man on the team will be there. If you love your school, don't stay away. Tomorrow afternoon at three o'clock—the gymnasium."

* * * * *

Again the team was in the dressing room. The boys rushed themselves through the showers with no time lost. The rubbers had caught the spirit of haste and hurried the massages. A grim look of determination was on every face.

When dressed, the men assembled in a small adjoining room. Plans for the evening meeting were quickly made.

Spoke one of the ends, "Why wasn't the meeting called for tonight?"

The center replied, "It will take us the better part of the night to work out the plan the committee has under way. It would be a mistake to hurry it too much. All you fellows know the facts. Don't dodge them. Answer inquiries about everything except the program tomorrow.

"Graham here is in charge of publicity. See that every fraternity house, every 'dorm,' has a notice on the bulletin boards of the meeting.

"Get the band out, have some banners made, and gather the crowd on our way down to the 'Gym' tomorrow. We want every student there."

So quickly were the plans formulated that by eight o'clock that evening there was assembled a special committee of seventy-six men. In after years it came to be known under the name of the *Committee of '76.*

In their rooms in the Inn were seated Senator Morrow and William Conover deep in conversation. The door opened and Jack entered.

"Jack," said his father, "what sort of a turn do you think the meeting tomorrow will take?"

"Can't say, Dad, the fellows are up in arms. It was such a childish thing for Covet to do. He hates me, but why should he let his hatred for me take the turn of injuring the team?"

"Well, Jack, it is only natural that the fellows should be indignant. It was a contemptible trick. The Senator and I have been discussing it. There is something behind it all that we haven't uncovered. Keep the fellows in hand. We are going to get at the bottom of this thing."

When Jack left them to hurry back to the committee meeting, he found that three of his friends had departed upon an errand and had left word for Jack that they would call for him at his room early the next morning.

Had anyone followed the three committeemen, they would have seen them enter Covet's yard and proceed to the front door. Deliberation and patience marked their attitude. The push button was pressed and after a short wait the door was opened by the very one they were seeking, Warberg.

For several seconds no word was spoken. Warberg's tongue and mouth were dry. He grimaced in his attempts at speech.

"Professor Covet is out. He won't be in till very late," he stammered at last.

"In that case we will come in," said the center, who entered the hallway and proceeded into the professor's study, where a dim light was burning, followed by the bewildered Warberg and after him the two guards, "Joe" and "Harry."

The big center helped himself to a comfortable chair and proceeded to pack his pipe with a deliberation that threatened to take from Warberg his last bit of control.

"Let me see," he opened, "you are Russian born, aren't you, Warberg?"

Came nods that threatened to continue for some time.

"How is it, then," the center continued, "you have no passport?"

A sigh of relief came from Warberg this time.

"But I have one. It is all straight."

"Suppose you let me see it," drawled the center.

"Professor Covet has it in safe keeping for me," replied the confused Warberg.

"All right, tomorrow will do," replied the center, who arose to his feet. "By the way, Warberg, I have never been honored by a call from you. Suppose we go over to my room."

Warberg started to protest but caught a glint of cold steel in the center's eye that stayed his coming protest while he struggled with his word of reluctant consent.

Reaching the room, the center made great ado in getting Warberg comfortably seated. Cigarettes were passed. Warberg jumped back in alarm when a lighted match was proffered him.

The center's friends excused themselves and left the room.

"Do you think you did the wise thing, Warberg," commenced the center, "when you gave Professor Covet your passport for safe keeping?"

"He asked me for it," whined Warberg.

"O, I see," replied the center, "he asked you for it. You gave it to him. What a comfort you must be to him, Warberg."

The center bounded to his feet. An accusing finger darted towards Warberg as he recoiled in fear from the words.

"What name was on that passport with your picture?"

Like a trapped animal, Warberg's eyes darted here and there about the room.

Before he attempted an answer, the big center realized that his guess had been correct.

The sweating man before him was taking refuge in

silence. The door opened and the two guards walked in. Ignoring Warberg's presence, the three indulged in a well rehearsed conversation, at the termination of which "Van" bolted from the room after telling the guards to entertain Warberg until he returned.

The two guards subjected Warberg to a rapid fire cross-examination. A great fear grew in Warberg.

The hours dragged by. First one and then the other of the guards nodded. It was sufficiently good acting to deceive the watching man. A crafty look came into Warberg's eyes as he quickly made his plans to escape. Quietly he tested the floor under his feet. With a technique that proclaimed long apprenticeship he crept towards the door. Slowly and with infinite patience he turned the knob and disappeared.

The two guards grinned at one another. Not a move had they missed. The lower hall doors were wide open. As Warberg crept down the stairs he made a quick estimate of those open doors.

"Better be safe," he decided, so he went down one more flight and found himself in the basement. At the end of the hall, he saw a small door and on tip toes hurriedly reached it. It opened. He shut it behind him and heard the lock snap. Up the outer stairs he crept.

Then the stillness of the night was shattered by a pistol shot, the noise of pounding feet, and smothered words of command.

From out the shadows came a figure to grasp Warberg by the arm.

"Hurry, you fool, do you want to be killed?" said the man from the shadows.

From the windows of the room from which he had escaped came a rain of torpedoes. The half-crazed Warberg thought he was running through a barrage of pistol shots.

Half carrying, half dragging, the center succeeded in "rescuing" Warberg. Across the campus they sprinted. The "Gym" lay before them. "Quick," spoke "Van," "in the window."

"Van" and Warberg were sitting in the coach's office. "What happened, Warberg? What did you do? What started the trouble?"

Warberg shrugged his shoulders. "Me? I didn't do anything." From time to time the voices of the pursuers faded away, only to strike the hidden man with more alarm when again they drew nearer. It was nearly morning before the center figured the craven one was ready for the last pressure.

The pursuers, acting their parts with great gusto, could be heard searching downstairs in the "Gym."

"Come, Warberg, I am through. You can get out of this mess the best way you can. Why should I help you? What did you come to the school for in the first place?"

"Covet wanted me; he wanted me to act as his secretary."

"Yes, I understand that, but how did you happen to pay so much attention to Economics?"

"He arranged it," whimpered Warberg. The center let come the question "Why" as he walked away.

"Wait, please." Came a momentary struggle as Warberg weighed his problem. So great was his fear of the searchers, no price seemed too high.

"He told me something I never forget. Exactly he told me, 'I want you to master Economics, so that you can turn it upon the Capitalistic order.' "

"Now one thing more, Warberg; how would you like to be sent back to Russia?"

Slowly Warberg's resistance was broken down. When daylight broke, "Van" telephoned Mr. Conover, who arranged for a stenographer and soon Warberg in a torrent of words was dictating a statement covering the faked name on his passport, the details of his secretaryship, Covet's conspiracy in entering him as a special student and the falsity of Covet's explanation regarding Jack's examination papers. It was a most amazing confession that poured itself out in a torrent of words.

When the last word was written, Warberg affixed his name. The witnesses signed it. A notary public took the deposition.

"Mr. Conover," said the center, "I honestly feel sorry for this chap. Dangerous, of course, he is. Anyone with such a twisted mentality is dangerous. But how about a man like Professor Covet who has not hesitated to bend this weakling to his purposes? Dangerous as Warberg is, a thousand times more dangerous is Professor Covet, who is trying to make more Warbergs from his students."

"Warberg," spoke up Mr. Conover, "the confession you have signed makes amends for many things. You must keep out of sight of the students for several days at least. I will rent an extra room here in the Inn. You are welcome to remain here. Do you wish to?"

Warberg swallowed hard. He looked into Mr. Con-

over's eyes trying to fathom his purpose. What he saw there reassured him.

His emotional temperament reacted, and he broke into tears.

"Mr. Conover, my head is going around. What a life I have had. I suspect everyone. But you—I feel you are friendly. I will do what you say."

Chapter XXXIII

THE HOUR OF DECISION

In newspaper vernacular, the inside story "had not broke." The Sunday editions in the sporting sections contained dramatic stories of the game itself, replete with sensational plays. There was considerable discussion regarding the sensational removal of the prohibition against Jack's playing in the game. Many reasons were assigned to it.

The Alumni in different parts of the country in reading the accounts of the game were bewildered in attempting to find the right solution.

The little telegraph station in Paxton had the busiest day in its existence the day after the game.

When Senator Morrow and William Conover came into the telegraph office with a telegram to be sent to over one hundred Alumni, the man at the key threw up his hands, saying, "I will do my best, but I am swamped."

* * * * *

Senator Morrow and William Conover were getting together their forces. The hour had struck for house cleaning in Paxton College. The regular monthly meeting of the trustees was to take place on the coming Monday. The two men recognized that the stage was set for action. Had they themselves selected a date for a trustees' meeting, a better one than Monday could not have been selected.

"Well, Bill, suppose we go down to the students' meet-

ing. It is called for three o'clock, and it is nearly that now."

Out on the street the band was playing. Big placards announced the meeting. After the band came an orderly procession of students. Past Professor Covet's house the parade marched. From behind the drawn shades the professor, with his Egyptian reincarnation at his side, watched them. Her inability to devise suggestions maddened him and drove him to answer her inane questionings with curt rejoinders.

Warberg's continued absence seemed to hold a threat of the unknown to him. He loaded the thought of his absence with hundreds of possibilities, each one pointing a finger of danger towards him.

The crowd filled the "Gym" to overflowing. As the Senator and Conover walked by the home of Professor Sleeper, the door opened and Professor Sleeper came out.

"Gentlemen," said Professor Sleeper, "will you come in for a minute? Mrs. Sleeper would like to see you."

The men entered the house and exchanged glances of inquiry as the professor hurried away to get his wife.

Soon she entered and plunged immediately into the subject too big to permit the usual amenities.

She recited to them the receipt of the letter from Mrs. Covet and her piteous appeal for help. "When I received the letter, I called upon the woman in the case. I can't describe her—just a nonentity—unwholesome in every way—a flaccid vampire. Incense so thick throughout the house as to be nauseating. I found no avenue of approach to her through the wall of her exotic mannerisms and her inordinate selfishness.

"I recognized that it would be useless to spend any time in that quarter, so early Saturday I took the train. Arriving at the sanitarium, I brushed aside formalities and saw the much enduring wife of Professor Covet.

"Some day I will tell you the plan I adopted to get results. Enough now for you to know I secured her release. An auto was awaiting me at the gates. The engine was running and the chauffeur drilled.

"Casually we walked around the grounds till we came to the gates.

"At last we made it. She is upstairs in bed resting. Never will I forget that ride. There is no hell too deep for that man. I am going to keep her here and nurse her back to health. I tell you her mind is just as clear as yours or mine.

"He drove her to a nervous breakdown and then with diabolical viciousness put her away while he could consummate his insane wishes.

"And now, Arthur," she continued, turning to her husband, "tell your side of the story. Tell them how this man hoodwinked you and drew you into his circle by his indirect bribes."

For a moment or two the shame-faced professor hesitated. "Gentlemen, maybe Covet's subtlety would have overpowered minds greater than mine. I don't know. As I look back upon it now I fail to reconstruct the conversion in its entirety. Anyway, it resolves itself into this. His sheer mentality overmastered mine. I was like a novice sitting at the feet of the master.

"It is very easy for one to charge against the world his own failure. I recall the day when he found me doing the

family wash in the laundry. I was in a rebellious mood. I am making no excuses for myself. I maintain though that I was honest. Weak? Yes! To me, in my mood of that day, society was wrong. Well, he indoctrinated me with what seemed to me, in my dire extremity, plausible reasons for following the path along which he led me.

"Later I commenced to have misgivings. My first deflection from his cause came, I think, one day when I detected a ring of insincerity in a statement he made. When I attempted to define our argument, he dismissed it impatiently with the phrase, 'What is the difference?'

"Then I commenced to analyze him and his methods. I studied both sides with diligence and my eyes were opened. Marxism is only disguised looting. The man is a sham and is full of deceit. My wife here was right. I had been wrong. There is the story, gentlemen, in a nutshell.

"Upstairs in bed is a little woman, his wife, whose story would make you weep."

When the Senator and Mr. Conover left Professor Sleeper's house, they carried with them the assurance that both the Professor and his wife would stand behind them in the fight that they had determined they would make at the trustees' meeting the next day.

Before they left, Professor Sleeper handed Senator Morrow a list in which were entered the names of all the radical professors of Paxton College who were working under Covet's guidance. As the Senator and Mr. Conover walked towards the "Gym" the Senator said, "Bill, this list is correct. Every professor entered thereon is a dangerous radical. I have their full records in my office."

When they reached the "Gym," they found it packed to the doors. They managed to squeeze in. Two students gave them their seats in the last row.

The big center had already called the meeting to order. To the amazement of the two men they noticed Warberg in an inconspicuous seat on the stage among the football squad.

So silent was the room, it might have been empty.

Slowly the center started speaking. Soon the words came tumbling out. He told of the incidents leading up to Jack's ineligibility. He carried the audience breathless through the days immediately preceding the big game. Dramatically he paused. "Now, fellows, I am going to have a man speak to you. He has come through clean. Treat him right. Listen carefully to what he says." He walked over to where Warberg was sitting, and the two came to the front of the platform together.

"Fellows, you are going to hear the truth from Covet's secretary, Warberg."

In a deathly silence Warberg with "Van" standing beside him started speaking. As he proceeded, his voice rose in volume as he told his story that gripped his audience in such intensity that they held their breaths lest they miss any word of it.

When he finished, "Van" took him by the elbow and led him back to his chair.

"Now, fellows, I want three cheers for Warberg. Let's go."

Like a dumb animal released from abuse, Warberg's eyes, filled with tears, followed "Van" as the big center again walked to the front of the platform.

"You have heard the story. I am not going to add anything to it. What is your wish?"

Up sprang men in all parts of the "Gym." A bedlam of voices were yelling "Mr. Chairman."

"Van" recognized one and the others sat down.

"Mr. Chairman, I move that a committee of five be appointed by the chair to draw up resolutions to be submitted to the Board of Trustees tomorrow demanding Professor Covet's resignation."

Hundreds of voices shouted "I second the motion."

"All in favor of the motion please rise," shouted "Van." Every man in the "Gym" was on his feet.

As the crowd left the "Gym," William Conover turned to the Senator and said, "Jim, things are moving fast. The trustees' meeting is called for three o'clock tomorrow. By tomorrow morning a good many of the old crowd who weren't at the game will be in town in response to our telegrams. I have seen to it that most of the Saturday crowd will wait over till after the trustees' meeting. By ten o'clock tomorrow morning there will be placards posted all over the town announcing another mass meeting in the 'Gym' at one o'clock. That will give us two hours before the trustees meet, and we ought to accomplish a lot in that time."

Again every seat in the "Gym" was occupied. The most distinguished Alumni of the college were present, as well as those whose endowments played such a large part in the perpetuation of the old school.

On the platform were Senator Morrow, William Conover, Professor Hamilton, acting head of the college, faculty members, trustees, and Alumni of national importance.

The old college song was sung, the song that had the grand marching swing, the song that these grey-haired men sang years ago when glorious youth was theirs. Higher and louder the volume of that song swelled till it turned back the years.

As the singing ceased, Senator Morrow arose to his feet. He glanced around the room and took heart at the sight of the earnest faces.

He had prepared no speech; it wasn't necessary. All he had to do was to talk straight from his heart.

"Fellow Alumni:

"The singing of that old song has shaken me to the depths of my being. You and I love this old school with a love that passeth understanding. You and I have reached the time of life when we can place the proper estimate on the things of life. As we journey along the road of life, the wise man dispenses with needless things and learns to hold fast to those things that will bring joy to his declining years. The great law of selectivity works incessantly. The memories of childhood and early family associations are carried close to our hearts to the journey's end, and mingled with them come our college days. When I step on the campus it seems to me that I have entered for worship into a vast cathedral. Every building, every tree, every boulder, beckons to me like a tried friend of my youth.

"Some time ago we stood on the same old friendly campus looking upon the last earthly couch of one of the greatest souls I ever knew. His gentle eyes

were closed in their last sleep. As long as memory lasts there will be etched on our minds that wonderful, kindly, yet forcible face of President Potter. We who knew and loved him for more than a quarter of a century know that he still lives. An influence like his can never perish. This day we are doing his work for him. Could those mute lips open, you know and I know what he would ask us to do.

"That brave, true soul would say, 'Make no compromise with eternal truths. Preserve our college from taint. Keep its feet on the path of loyalty and devotion to our country and to its Constitution. Let no sinister shadows be cast upon its students.'

"But you and I must charge ourselves with neglect.

"While we slept, the enemy crept in and the voice of treason has whispered into the ear of inexperience. While we slept, the enemy sowed tares.

"I don't believe that the courage that was our forefathers' has disappeared. That heritage is still ours.

"Today we have an unpleasant task to accomplish. I am firmly convinced we will not shirk it. The time has passed for soft words and disputations.

"Whenever a nation loses its capacity for righteous indignation and commences to wallow in smug complacency and the toleration of ideas inimical to its best traditions, it is headed for the same ob-

livion that has engulfed every other nation of the past that has gone similarly soft."

The Senator paused and with a low voice that was heavy with significance continued:

"Our action today will determine once for all, whether our school survives or perishes.

"There can be no halfway measures. Either we take drastic action and cut down to the healthy flesh or let the cancer alone to eat its way to the death.

"I am told not to be disturbed—that there are only a few radicals in the faculty.

"My friends, one decayed apple in a barrel in time will contaminate the rest.

"Small numbers insignificant, you say!

"Let this sink deep in your mind. Only six radicals out of every 10,000 of well-meaning, thoughtless people in Russia turned that country into a mad house and a shambles.

"Make no mistake about small numbers, nor think the peril is not at our door.

"Today there are 60,000 instructors in our colleges and universities. There are 163,000 instructors in our high schools. Nearly one quarter of a million instructors, all told, directing the thought of our young people.

"And in this vast number are those who plan night and day to undo all that the great majority of the loyal teachers are striving to accomplish.

"This serpent has entered our own Eden here in Paxton College.

"The time has passed for false toleration. I hold in my hand a list of professors who are known as radicals. I will read them."

Slowly he read the names. Each name he read twice. "I am going to ask the professor who handed me this list to tell you his experience. Give him your close attention. Paxton College owes a debt of gratitude to Professor Sleeper."

Silently the tall professor stood before them. In labored words, he commenced his talk in a nervous, high-pitched voice. As he went on, he found himself. His voice took on more tone. He caught the eye of his wife and was reassured. In simple words he told his story, not sparing himself nor seeking excuses, but talked as one neighbor would to another.

No more intimate talk could have been made. He carried his hearers through incident after incident. He unburdened his soul before them. Every sentence seemed to lighten the burden he had been carrying. He closed by saying: "When I realized the error to which I had committed myself, I knew no rest until I sought to find a method whereby I might make amends for my honest blunders. In throwing open my heart to you today and exposing this thing, I feel that you and I together can purge our school of this menace."

He regained his seat amid tremendous applause. He held his head high, and as he smiled to his wife, there was a light in his eyes she had not seen for months.

Mrs. Sleeper, who had never spoken before any group before, now was ushered to the front of the platform by Senator Morrow, who said:

"Mrs. Sleeper has consented to tell you about Mrs. Covet." In simple words of conversation, the little woman told her story. Eloquent was the recital in its simplicity. It rang with truth.

"Now, my friends," said the Senator, "I will read you a confession made by Covet's secretary."

When he finished reading, he carefully folded the paper and returned it to his pocket.

"There are the facts. That is why I say, the fate of Paxton College is hanging in the balance today. Yesterday the student body drew up a resolution petitioning the trustees to ask for Professor Covet's resignation. Today we must go one step further. Paxton College must rid itself not only of Covet, but of every other radical teacher also. If we are too timid to take such a step, we are unworthy of our rich heritage. A small group discussed this matter in every angle last evening.

"The consensus of opinion then was that we should demand that the trustees secure the resignation of every professor who is identified with Professor Covet in his subversive activities.

"That we should not permit anyone to teach in Paxton College who is not a native born or naturalized American.

"That we should demand that the trustees require every teacher to take the following oath:

" 'I do solemnly swear I will support the Constitution of the United States and that I will faith-

fully discharge the duties of an instructor in Paxton College according to the laws of the United States of America. I believe in our Republic. I believe nationalism is paramount to internationalism. I believe in the American home based on the established rules of matrimony. This oath I take without any equivocation, mental reservation, or secret evasion of any sort.' "

Scarcely had the Senator finished before shouts came from all corners of the room. The philanthropist whose yearly contributions were the greatest arose and said:

"I have contributed my last dollar to Paxton College without such a stipulation being attached to my contributions. I therefore make that as a resolution."

"One minute, please," pleaded the Senator. "Let me read that again, so that there will be no chance of anyone not understanding. If you will permit me, let me suggest we break the suggestion into three parts and act upon each one separately."

Slowly he reread the part calling for resignations. The motion was carried with every one on his feet.

He read the second and third parts, and each was unanimously passed.

"And now," said the Senator, "permit me to suggest that such trustees as are present meet in the main office of the 'Gym.' We have half an hour before the meeting of the trustees in the main hall. Will the trustees kindly meet me there at once?"

The Senator turned the gavel over to William Conover, and while he was winding up the meeting, the trustees and the Senator were assembling in the room downstairs.

The Board of Trustees of Paxton College consisted of seventeen men, twelve of whom were now in the room with the Senator.

The trustees pledged themselves one to the other to the agreed upon program. It was fortunate that the plans of the twelve were well made, because on the campus at that very hour were assembled five other trustees who were planning to perpetuate the arbitrary control that in the past had been theirs.

The President of the Board had decided that he would help Professor Covet weather the storm. "Rule or ruin" had always been his motto. He mistook obstinacy for firmness. Beside, he was tinctured with a pinkish brand of Socialism and was given overmuch to mental food that was a trifle "high."

"Remember," said the dominant one, "we will take no action today under any circumstances regarding Professor Covet," a statement to which the other four heartily subscribed.

"If it is brought up," he continued, "I will make the statement that if he is discharged or his resignation accepted that I will resign immediately from the Board."

Came protests from the others, but the dominant one was adamant and repeated the promise to his dismayed associates.

"And now, gentlemen, it is time for the meeting. Let us proceed to the room."

Chapter XXXIV

DRASTIC REMEDIES

At the students' mass meeting on Sunday when "Van" called for cheers for Warberg, he had opened a window through which the poor creature of plots and intrigues had never previously peered. It was a window looking out into a garden of friendship and good will, an oasis that the sun-scorched one had never envisaged. It left him breathless. His was the sensation of one inured to darkness suddenly thrust into dazzling light.

The habits of a lifetime do not change in minutes. It must be a trick, he thought. As he walked through the campus he was conscious of the difference in the greetings he received compared to those of other days.

Slowly the thought drove home to that trap-shy mind that this was a different world than the one he had constructed in his warped thoughts of the past.

"Van," he felt, was his friend; he knew he could trust Mr. Conover. He ceased envying Jack and commenced to admire him. Now that Warberg had escaped from Professor Covet's influence, he was reconstructing things in his mind and found his enmity dwindling, the closer he came into contact with those whom, as a class, he had hated with such intensity.

As he thought of Professor Covet, slowly there grew within him a hatred of the man who had tricked him. His was no halfway nature. The hatred grew with the hours.

In some dispositions, thought is comparable to the sput-

tering fuse whose sparks rapidly approach the explosive. Such was Warberg's emotional nature. The trail of his meditations forced him to a sudden decision. An idea flashed into his mind which drove him to prompt action. He headed for Professor Covet's house, running. He slammed the gate and rushed into the house to find the professor in his study.

Panting for breath, he stood before the desk.

"Where have you been, Warberg, the past three days?"

"Please, they captured me. Never did they let me out of their sight. Sleep! I could sleep standing up. Eat? I am starved," he replied as he stood there, the picture of dejection.

He was relishing the situation. It appealed to the guile that was part of his flesh and bone.

"But, I hear many things. They are going to fire you. Trick them you must. Beat them to it. Send the trustees your resignation quick. Then they back down maybe."

"That will be enough, Warberg," replied Professor Covet. "When I want your advice, I will ask for it."

Counterfeiting dejection, Warberg dragged himself from the room, shaking his head in feigned uncertainty.

Warberg's intrusion had come at the very minute that Professor Covet had made his decision. Even at this crisis in his affairs he was disturbed to think that he had not acted before one, whom he considered his inferior, had introduced the subject.

Hastily he turned to his typewriter and wrote his resignation. He was vastly pleased with himself. It put him in good humor with himself, for he felt that again he was master of the situation.

He knew the trustees were in session, and while he had felt apprehensive, he was inclined to think that the President of the Board would control the others. He had hypnotized himself into the belief that the affair would blow over.

Such was his overwhelming egotism that he had commenced to feel that he was indispensable to the school. By no stretch of the imagination could he reach any other conclusion.

He pressed the button for Warberg, who entered.

"Warberg," he said, "take this letter at once to the President of the Board of Trustees. They are in session now. Hurry."

Out of the house darted Warberg. As he entered the door of the building in which the meeting was being held, he encountered Senator Morrow and Mr. Conover.

The letter had not been sealed. Quickly he took it out of the envelope and handed it to the Senator, who, assuming it was for him, read it in amazement.

"This is not for me, Warberg."

"No, no," replied the crafty Warberg. "See, here is the envelope. It is for the President of the Board."

The Senator's eyes twinkled as he realized that Warberg had taken the only method available to let him see the letter before its delivery.

"Come with me," the Senator said to Warberg. "I will help you deliver it."

The three approached the inner door. It was opened. The meeting was proceeding in its usual manner. The big moment had not arrived. Routine matters were being disposed of first.

The Senator and Mr. Conover were invited to enter as the door slammed to, leaving Warberg shaking hands with himself as he strutted away in imitation of the professor's walk.

The Senator handed the letter to one of the faithful few with the request that the trustee hand the letter to the President, with the statement that it was Professor Covet's resignation, so that there would be no chance of the President not knowing that its contents were public.

The time the President spent in reading it was sufficiently long to have permitted the reading of a dozen letters.

"Gentlemen, I have just received a communication from Professor Covet in which he tenders his resignation. I will ask the Secretary to read it aloud."

Immediately after the reading of the letter the President arose to his feet.

"Gentlemen, I feel sure I express the sentiment of every trustee when I say that this is very unfortunate. We must leave no stone unturned in trying to persuade the professor to reconsider the matter and to withdraw the letter. He is the one outstanding figure on our campus. He has become known throughout the length and breadth of the country and has advertised Paxton College more than all the rest of the faculty combined. Scarcely a day passes without newspaper publicity due to his activities.

"I know you feel as I do, so I will entertain a motion to table the matter until our next meeting."

The four henchmen clamored for recognition. From one came the statement, "I make such a motion." Another seconded it.

"Are you ready for the question?" said the president, who was already congratulating himself for the ease in which the matter was being handled.

"Question! Question!" came the voices.

"All in favor say 'Aye,'" said the President.

Lustily did the four boom forth "Aye." Quite a volume of noise they made.

"Those opposed signify it in the usual way," he droned.

Came a thunder of "No's." For a moment or two the President stood bewildered.

From the back of the room came a voice.

"I call for a standing vote." It was taken, and the Secretary recorded the motion as lost, twelve to four.

The President was on his feet. He glared at the trustees whom in other days he had dominated with such ease.

"I fear that the motion was not understood. If, however, it was, I think this is an opportune time for me to say that I cannot be a party to any action that will deprive Paxton College of the services of its most distinguished professor. It is inconceivable to me that such action should have been taken. It would have been the part of wisdom to have deferred the matter. But before we proceed, I wish to make my position in the matter very clear. If the Board accepts his resignation today, my resignation, not only as President but as Board member also, to take effect at once, will immediately follow."

He settled himself in his chair, convinced that he had mastered those upon whom he had always worked his will in the past.

A soft spoken trustee was on his feet. Without lifting his voice or evidencing any tenseness he said:

"Mr. President, I move that Professor Covet's resignation be accepted, to take effect at once."

Another trustee slowly arose and said, "I second the motion."

The motion carried twelve to four.

Another trustee arose. "Mr. President, I move that the resignation of the President of the Board, as outlined by himself, be accepted." Came a hasty second. And before the dazed President grasped the situation, he had been taken at his word and was out of office.

There quickly followed the immediate resignations of the indignant four who gathered around the President.

"You men can run this institution into the ground, as I know you will," the President hurled at the victorious members as the five ex-trustees stamped from the room with as good grace as their lacerated feelings would permit.

Within the next few minutes Senator Morrow and William Conover had been elected trustees.

Three other names were proposed for the other three vacancies, and they were duly elected.

Then the real house cleaning started, and before the next hour had passed, motions were carried dismissing the radical teachers who had been associated with Professor Covet.

Fortunately, their contracts expired with the school year. It was voted to pay them their salaries in full to the end of the term, but to demand their immediate withdrawal from the faculty.

Never in the history of the school had such a thorough piece of work been done. The trustees were master sur-

geons performing an emergency operation. While the cut was open, all diseased parts were taken out.

Finally the thing was done and the trustees, rather breathless, sat back for their deserved rest.

Senator Morrow was speaking. "Gentlemen, I would call that a major operation, probably the biggest one that has ever taken place in an American college. When the history of this case becomes public, I expect to see similar operations performed in other colleges.

"The day of compromising with principles has passed in our institutions of learning.

"It is now nearly six o'clock. If agreeable to the members, I will entertain a motion to adjourn till eight o'clock this evening."

Adjournment was taken. As soon as the trustees appeared they were greeted by newspaper men who realized that from Paxton College had come news that would be front page material throughout the country.

Chapter XXXV

THE PEDDLER COMPLETES THE CIRCLE

As the trustees were walking across the campus for their dinners, one of them called the attention of the others to a swarming of students behind the "Gym."

A big bonfire was throwing out high tongues of flame. They noticed a main group around the outside of which milled the students who sought places of vantage. By the light of the fire they saw students hanging out the "Gym" windows, seated in the low branches of nearby trees and standing on boxes. Evidently in the center of the group was taking place something that was a matter to observe rather than a call for cooperation.

"That is a singular performance," said one. "Suppose we walk over."

When the trustees reached the spot, whatever the objective had been, it was evident that accomplishment had taken place. The crowd was less compact, so the Senator and Mr. Conover experienced no difficulty in worming their way to the inner circle.

On the ground was a mass of hair. Two students with clippers in their hands had finished their tasks. The one upon whom they had operated turned around squarely in front of William Conover.

"Izzy Zug," exclaimed Mr. Conover in amazement.

"Yes, Izzy Zug," said the one denuded of hair. "Damn you and that hell hound son of yours! May you both rot in hell."

Mr. Conover had not bridged, even now, the two personalities. He had come in too late for the first act.

One of the students spoke up. "Mr. Conover, what does he mean by saying 'Zug.' We thought Professor Covet would look better with his hair and beard cut off, so we made an offering to Delilah. He tried to trim us Saturday, so we thought it was only fair to trim him today."

Mr. Conover received the flash. Professor Covet was Izzy Zug! Now he read the riddle that had so long baffled him. Everything cleared. He understood Covet's enmity at sight for Jack.

He felt dazed. The unexpected event left him bewildered. Suddenly he realized he had a duty to perform. He raised his hand and said:

"Young men, you should not have taken matters into your own hands. Let the professor go at once. Give him an escort and see that he reaches home safely." He watched the slinking figure charged with venomous hatred enter his house. He saw a disturbance at the door step. The next moment the professor had entered and slammed the door shut as the men sought to reach him.

His mind went back to his fight with Covet in high school days, when he had received a similar insult, when the escort told him that just before Covet entered his house he had turned around and spat full in the face of one of the party and had hurled at them unprintable names.

"The same now as he was then," mused Mr. Conover as he walked to the Inn.

As soon as Mr. Conover stepped into the Inn, he was surrounded by a crowd of trustees, alumni, and students,

impatient to learn the details of the sensational news that had travelled like wild fire around the campus.

He was helped up on a chair where he stood. He painted the picture of old Zug huddled on the refuse wagon piled high with rags and old iron, drawn by the old bay with flopping ears. Before their eyes he drew the picture with little Izzy Zug sitting amid the litter yelling "Rags an' Old Iron," as the wagon made its way down the alleys.

He carried his hearers through the high school days. He told them of the provocation that started the fight in their boyhood days.

On and on he carried them to the climax which his hearers had so recently witnessed.

"And now, I must get a bite and hurry back to the adjourned meeting," he said as he stepped down and hurried away.

The little town of Paxton had suddenly become a magnet, drawing to it the attention of the entire country. Its streets swarmed with representatives of the press. In every train came "feature writers" and photographers.

It was recognized that here in Paxton College the tocsin had been sounded. That here had taken place a house cleaning which would be followed in other colleges. That here were men in authority who did not flinch from taking necessary and drastic action.

The newspaper men turned the search-light of their investigation into every nook and crevice of the school. They traced radicalism to its college lair and, experienced as they were, they were surprised at its ramifications in our institutions of learning. The veteran writers, the

deans of their profession, properly evaluated the tremendous news interest the case offered.

Eagerly they seized upon the sensational episode of the hair and whisker cutting whereby Professor Covet had been reconverted into Izzy Zug. Big headlines told of William Conover's amazement when he stood face to face with the one who had reached a professor's chair under an assumed name.

While the typewriters are busy with their stories, let us return to the Inn and listen to a conversation between the inner group of the "Committee of '76."

"Van," the big center, was talking. "Fellows, there is one thing I can't understand and that is a downright 'rotter.' You know I was against the hair cutting proposition when it was discussed. I am glad now we did it. If we hadn't done it, we would never have known about this 'Zug' angle.

"I was ready to let the thing drop after that, but when he vilely insulted the fellows who were seeing him home safely, well, all I can say is I have started boiling again.

"Mr. Conover's talk gave me an idea." "Van" outlined his plan amid the roars of his schoolmates.

"Great, we are for it," they shouted. Quickly the plans were formulated. Each squad received definite instructions.

* * * * *

The campus was filled with students. The electric lights threw fantastic shadows on the ground. Past the old towers came a strange equipment. An old bay horse with flopping ears was pulling a dilapidated old wagon with wobbling wheels. Piled high in the wagon was a motley

collection of "Rags an' Old Iron." On the back sat "Van" lustily yelling at the top of his lungs, "Rags an' Old Iron."

On the seat, with a great fear in his heart, sat the now smooth-faced Professor Covet with an old felt hat drawn down in a vain attempt to hide his shame. In listless hands he held the reins.

Past the buildings he drove blindly, casting *Sinister Shadows*.

A figure that had been standing behind one of the trees rushed towards the wagon. With a foot on the hub, Rosika sprang to the seat beside Covet.

"Drive on. Cheer up. You can get a job with other discharged radical 'profs' in the 'Foundation' at twice the money you get here. It is all set. The comrades fixed it for me over the telephone today."

The dull brain of the man started working. Here was the ladder that would enable him to climb out the pit of despondency. Rosika noted the glance of acquiescence.

Springing to her feet, she mounted the pile of refuse. She stood with feet wide apart, balancing herself as she faced the crowd, yelling loud and often "Rags an' Old Iron." Casting Sinister Shadows, they drove off the campus with the calls of "Rags an' Old Iron" ringing in Professor Covet's ears, proclaiming anew that which he started life peddling and that which he had peddled during all his days in the professorial chair.

The

Q. E. D.

of

Sinister Shadows

The question naturally arises, why are some educators so prone to espouse radical and communistic theories?

An explanation is found in "The Degeneration of Classes and Peoples" by Dr. Max Nordau who states:

> "Besides the extreme forms of degeneracy there are milder forms, more or less inconspicuous, not to be diagnosed at a first glance. These, however, are the most dangerous for the community, because their destructive influence only gradually makes itself felt; we are not on our guard against it; indeed, in many cases, we do not recognize it as the real cause of the evils it conjures up—evils whose serious importance no one can doubt.
>
> "A mattoid or half-fool, who is full of organic feelings of dislike, generalizes his subjective state into a system of pessimism, of 'Weltschmertz'—weariness of life. Another, in whom a loveless egoism dominates all thought and feeling, so that the whole exterior world seems to him hostile, organizes his antisocial instincts into the theory of *anarchism.* A third, who suffers from moral insensibility, so that no bond of sympathy links him with his fellow man or with any living thing, and who is obsessed by *vanity amounting to megalomania,* preaches a doctrine of the *Superman,* who is

> to know no consideration and no compassion, be bound by no moral principle, but 'live his own life' without regard for others. When these half-fools, as often happens, speak an excited language—when their imagination, unbridled by logic or understanding, supplies them with odd, startling fancies and surprising associations and images—their writings make a strong impression on *unwary readers*, and readily gain a decisive influence on thought in the cultivated circles of their time."

Professor Lothrop Stoddard supplies another key in his statement:

> ". . . we must never forget that it is the *'high-grade' defectives* who are most dangerous to the social order. It is the 'near-genius,' the man with the fatal taint which perverts his talents, who oftenest rouses and leads the mob. The levelling social revolutionary doctrines of our own day, like Syndicalism, Anarchism, and Bolshevism, superficially alluring yet basically false and destructive, are essentially the product of unsound thinking—by *unsound brains*."

The keen analysis made by Dr. Nordau explains the mystery of the tainted type of professor boring from within many of our institutions of learning.

This condition was foreseen more than a century ago by the great historian Macaulay, who stated:

> "Your Republic will be pillaged and ravaged in the 20th Century, just as the Roman Empire was by the barbarians of the fifth century, with this difference, that the devastators of the Roman Empire came from abroad, while your barbarians will be the people of your own country and the *product of your own institutions.*"

America sleeps while the cohorts of destruction are working day and night. The apex of their attack is against our schools. If that line of defense crumbles, civilization will go down under the ruthless heel of this hydra-headed monster, Anarchy.

It behooves America to investigate her educational institutions before it is too late.

George Washington's famous order should be shouted from the housetops.

"PLACE NONE BUT AMERICANS ON GUARD TONIGHT."

THE END

O8-DBD-544